Scribner's Magazine

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by
William Lyon Phelps

REVIEWS BY

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BOOKS I LIKE

William Lyon Phelps

HERE follows a list of recently published books that I like, with reasons for my admiration. And at the end of my remarks I add a list of books that may assist those who wish to make suitable Christmas presents.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL

To My Sons. By Harold Bell Wright.

I think many readers of Mr. Wright's novels, and many who would be ashamed to be found reading them, will be astonished by this record of the strange vicissitudes of his career. I used the word "ashamed" advisedly; it needs no comment.

More than fifty million copies of Mr. Wright's novels have been actually sold, which proves something or other. From the so-called moral point of view, they are innocuous; indeed the author is a preacher, upholding the virtues of courage, chastity, patriotism, loyalty, decency, generosity; and attacking their opposites. He will never be forgiven for this.

But the most interesting thing to me about the record of his life is that it proves he knows by actual contact more things about the slums and the people who live there than the little novelists who write about them; more about houses of ill-fame than the exquisite pinheads who endeavor to live off them with their typewriters; more about human cruelty, raw vice, degeneracy, degradation than those who exploit these qualities for cash and fame. He *knows*. Thus, the reason he does not use this material for his books is not ignorance.

No, I don't care myself for Mr. Wright's novels; no, not at all. But when I hear some one say that anybody could write them or that their author knows nothing of real life, I begin thinking of something else.

The first half of this autobiography is sharply interesting; what this boy endured illustrates the human capacity for accommodation and survival. The whole book is a combination of sincerity and naïveté. Certainly it is worth reading.

In the Dark Backward. By Henry W. Nevinson.

Here is as different an autobiographer as could well be imagined. A highly cultivated English gentleman, educated at Christ Church, Oxford, classical scholar, one of the ablest jorunalists in the world, a professional traveller to scenes made famous by literature, author of excellent books, a man who has had every advantage that can minister to a mind supplied with intellectual curiosity, compare him and his blessings with Harold Bell Wright!

And how natural it is that Mr. Nevinson is more than half pessimist, that in all his delightful intellectual adventures there is the steady current of bitterness, and that in his political opinions he is (though not a communist) a rather advanced radical; while Mr. Wright, who suffered all the horror, humiliation, degradation, and deprivation that accompany extreme poverty, who had to get along somehow without an education, should be a cheerful, hopeful, optimistic person, and in political opinion a conservative.

I suppose Mr. Nevinson would not call this book an autobiography; and indeed he has already published an autobiography in three volumes, which I read with extreme pleasure: *Changes and Chances* (1923), *More Changes More Chances* (1925), *Last Changes Last Chances* (1929). But the present book is, I am glad to say, autobiographical. It is the story of how he lived a double life. Wherever he travelled he had whatever experiences his bodily vision received and also the more acute and vivid mental experiences caused by the re-illumination of the past.

I especially recommend this book to all who in their youth read Xenophon's *Anabasis*—what a relief it was to encounter another *enteuthen exelaunei!* They were as truly oases in the text as were the actual ones in the traversed desert. Mr. Nevinson recreates history here in a brilliant manner.

Roman Spring. By Mrs. Winthrop Chanler.

And here is autobiography from a charming American woman who lived many years in Italy. She has had a thoroughly good time; and she has that cheerfulness so characteristic of cultivated Catholics. They live *sub specie æternitatis* as did the Puritans, but with a difference. Just the difference between darkness visible and the serene light of paradise. With this book must certainly be read

Scribner's Reviewers say of New Books:

My Shadow As I Pass by Sybil Bolitho—"Stands out saliently for its utter sincerity, its terrible, passionate grief, its poignant agony of remembrance."

Experiment in Autobiography by H. G. Wells—"An honest book and a rewarding one."

Morning Shows the Day by Helen Hull—"Alive with strong, vigorous writing . . . an impressive and moving story."

A World in Birth by Romain Rolland—"A vast, amazing book."

Russia's Iron Age by William Henry Chamberlain—"Important and valuable."

I Worked for the Soviet by Alexandra Tolstoy—"A brave, tragic, and awful story."

A Short History of the New Deal by Louis M. Hacker—"One of the most useful books of the year."

Her Majesty Elizabeth by Countess Larisch von Wallersee-Wittelsbach—"Good first-hand gossip, related by an intelligent woman."

Phantom Crown by Bertita Harding—"A superb spectacle of human folly."

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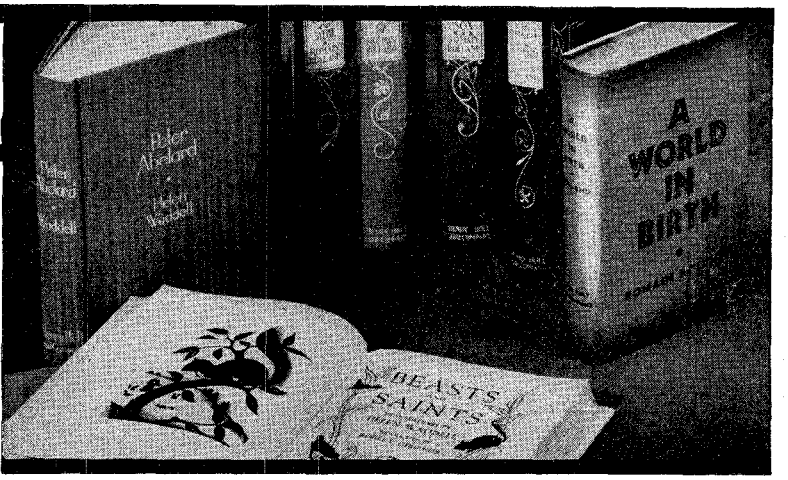

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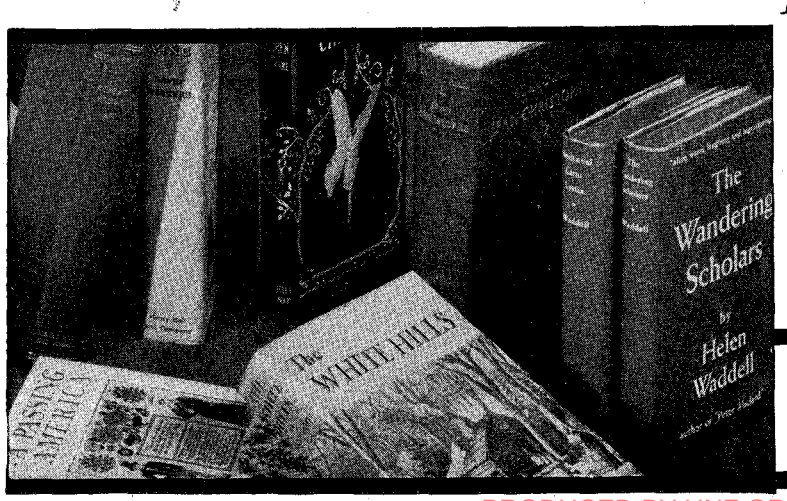

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When I was a boy in Hartford my father was editor of a weekly periodical and the new books were sent to us for review. I remember one day in 1882 when I made a particularly bad guess. A new novel came called *Mr. Isaacs* by a man unknown to fame, F. Marion Crawford. "Well," I said as I picked it up, "here undoubtedly is just one more novel, which tomorrow will be forgotten!"

The novel scored an immense success; and many others followed. Mr. Crawford became one of the favorite story-tellers of his day and generation. But I had thought he was eclipsed. I do not suppose he is read by our younger generation today; but he is assuredly not forgotten by those who read him forty years ago. Discussing this new book by his cousin, I asked those in the audience who had ever read anything by Crawford to raise their hands —and a large majority responded. Then I asked how many had read anything by him during the last ten years—only one.

I had no idea his own life was so interesting; this book is a revelation. He was an extraordinary person and had amazing experiences. He did well to write romances, for he looked like a romantic hero.

Late in his life I met him. He came to a friend's house in New Haven and gave a lecture on Leo XIII—an admirable lecture on a great man. Although I had only a brief conversation with him after the lecture, he made an indelible impression.

The Halcyon Era. By Lord Ernest Hamilton.

Here is a surviving Victorian nobleman. Born in 1858, sixth son of a Duke, he has been a man of action and a prolific writer. This is an account of fashionable London and English life as it was and as it is. The last chapter is the best. There he removed the veil of irony, and we discover that where his treasure is, there his heart is also. A gossipy, entertaining book, with an undercurrent of serious thought.

The Story of an Itinerant Teacher. By Edward Howard Griggs.

In the middle of the nineteenth century, the so-called Lyceum Lecturer began to revolve in his orbit with the approach of autumn. The greatest of these was Ralph Waldo Emerson, who lectured in nearly every State in the Union. Toward the close of the century, the word Lyceum disappeared but the number of lecturers increased. And of all these public teachers, native and foreign, the one who has probably given the largest number of lectures in the largest number of places is Edward Howard Griggs. I believe he has been a cultural force of high magnitude and that he will continue to be so for years to come.

This is his autobiography; and it resembles that of Harold Bell Wright only in the fact that the first half of it is more interesting than the latter half. For it describes the hard struggles he endured in order to win an education. The sacrifices he made would have subdued a man of less courage and determination. Doctor Griggs, it appears, could have been a university professor; but he deliberately chose the public forum, and he says emphatically that he has never regretted his choice.

I hope that the many thousands of his hearers and admirers will buy and read this autobiography; for it will increase their already high respect for the man.

Highlights of the *January Scribner's*

Kentucky Bourbon—Great American Editors II by Henry F. Pringle

Business, and the New Congress by a Washington analyst

The New Mediævalism by Ernest Boyd

Adopted Mother an anonymous article

Stories by *Thomas Wolfe, Struthers Burt* and *Graeme Macneal*

A dozen other articles and features.

Alexander the Corrector. By Edith Olivier.

The English edition (confound it!) has a different title. An innumerable number of English and Americans who were brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord were, even in their tender years, familiar with Cruden's *Concordance.* I suppose my mother consulted it every day.

No writer, except a journalist, is more impersonal than a maker of concordances. We reap where he has sown, but he is to us only a name. Cruden indeed! But it never occurred to me or to any one of the other millions who turned the pages of his concordance to ask anything about him. Well, he was an eighteenth-century man, and the pains-taking, minutely methodical method of his book naturally reveals nothing of his personality or character. It is the difference between a clerk in office hours and the same individual on a rampage. For Cruden was an amazing person. He was looked upon as a madman.

Edith Olivier has written a diverting tragedy. I think the reader will admire Cruden's tremendous courage and perseverance under difficulties.

But I wonder why she has never heard of Young's *Concordance?* She writes as if Cruden were still, in 1934, champion. Doctor Robert Young's *Analytical Concordance* to the Bible (1879) superseded Cruden. I could not keep house without it.

I counsel readers to examine the list of so-called Appleton biographies; these are small volumes, every one written by a competent hand. The latest is *Henry VIII,* by Helen Simpson, and she gives us a great deal of information in a brief form; she seems to me judicial and impartial, without ever becoming dull.

POETRY

Amaranth. By Edwin Arlington Robinson.

Man with a Bull-tongue Plow. By Jesse Stuart.

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Poems. By Stephen Spender.

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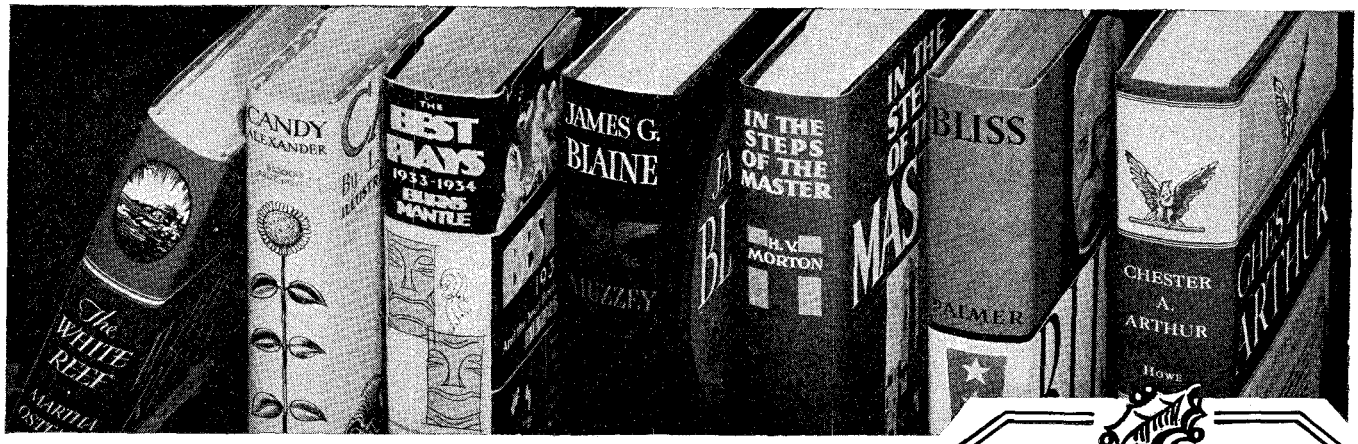

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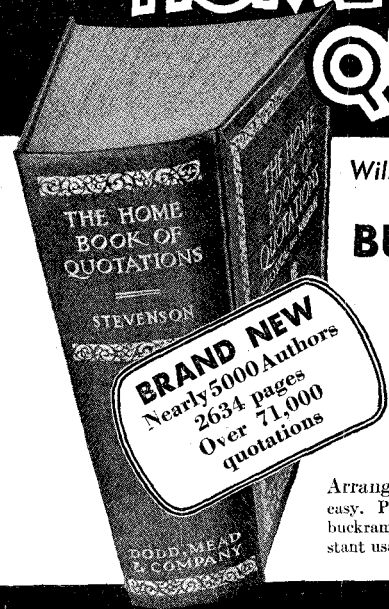

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CHRISTMAS BOOK SUPPLEMENT

Eight new volumes of verse, of varying originality and merit. Mr. Robinson's *Amaranth* is a particularly interesting presentation of people who are hopelessly miscast in the drama of life. But instead of mute, inglorious Miltons, instead of inarticulate poets repressed by chill penury or by the employment of Pegasus as a draught horse, it is exactly the other way around. This poem would have pleased Carlyle enormously; for it says that one of the most tragic errors is for people to imagine they are poets or singers or painters, when they ought to be business men. This thesis—unusual and even startling coming from a poet—is presented with all Mr. Robinson's skill in psychological analysis and with much of his beauty of phrase.

It is not surprising that *Man with a Bull-tongue Plow* should be highly acclaimed. It is arresting by its portentous size. It is a sonnet-sequence, which, so far as I know, holds the record for length—703 sonnets. The young author lives on the soil of his beloved Kentucky and glories in it; in the changing seasons, the work of the farm, and the love of mankind. He is a natural and spontaneous singer; verse comes easily to him. There are many beautiful lines and a few admirable sonnets.

I am not sure that he should have added all the graveyard sonnets; for the comparison with *Spoon River Anthology* is unavoidable. He is far from being a pessimist; he rejoices in his youth, and is very glad indeed to be alive.

He has so much force and fervor in expression, that although his morality is conventional (eat and drink, etc.) he may astonish us all some day, when he has more to say. He deserves hearty encouragement; but it is a disservice to compare him (on the jacket) with the great poets of the world.

The other volumes are worth reading chiefly for individual lines; in every one of these books there are single passages that will reward the reader.

TRAVEL

English Journey. By J. B. Priestley.

The genial British novelist goes on a tour through the English part of the island, and writes as a good journalist, though his book lacks the charm and humor and engaging qualities of H. V. Norton's *In Search of England*. Norton for my money! But Mr. Priestley is a skilful professional writer, and it is interesting always to see what a man thinks of his own country. He says there are three Englands—the cathedral towns and quiet countryside, which I agree with him are incomparable, and which ought never to be "improved;" the business-industrial sections, which are apparently steadily becoming less attractive; and the mass-production, cinema vulgarities, etc., which are altogether bad, and which are the result of American influence. It is not unusual for English and Continental writers, when they see anything in modern life that they deplore, to hold the United States of America responsible.

As for Mr. Priestley, he loves his native land, and I like to hear him say so. He says he would far rather live in West Bromwich (or is it East?) than in Florence. And I would far rather live in New Haven, Conn., than in either Bromwich or Florence.

One's Company. By Peter Fleming.

Mr. Priestley is an Englishman travelling at home; Mr. Fleming is an Englishman travelling in the Far East. By far the most interesting part of the book is the first sixty pages, which are full of the wit, humor, and shrewdness so delightfully abounding in the author's first book, *Brazilian Adventure*. His account of Moscow and of other places in European Russia is brilliant.

NOVELS

Among the new novels, I regard *My Shadow as I Pass*, by Sybil Bolitho (wife of the late William Bolitho) as standing out saliently for its utter sincerity, its terrible, passionate grief, its poignant agony of remembrance. We fatuously say to them, "Be brave!"

Here are three unmitigated thrillers: *Hearken to the Evidence*, by H. R. Wakefield, which I recommend to all for excitement and to young lawyers for their advantage; *The Casino Murder Case*, by S. S. Van Dine, fully worthy of his high reputation; and *The Strange Boarders of Palace Crescent*, by E. Phillips Oppenheim, one of his best.

To the thousands of graduates of the University of Michigan, and to all others interested in this great university, I recommend a tiny book which gives in remarkably able condensation (rarest of all gifts) its glorious history. The author is Wilfred B. Shaw and the name of the book is *A Short History of the University of Michigan*. (George Wahr, Ann Arbor, $1.)

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR AND BIRTHDAY GIFTS

Lost Horizon, by James Hilton. Morrow. $2.
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The Sceptical Approach to Religion, by P. E. More. Princeton. $2.
Remembrance of Things Past, by Marcel Proust, tr. by Scott Moncrieff and Frederick Blossom. 4 vols. (complete). Random House.
The Cambridge Modern History. Macmillan. 13 vols. $32 the set.

H. G. WELLS

EXPERIMENT IN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. Discoveries and Conclusions of a Very Ordinary Brain (Since 1866). By H. G. Wells. Macmillan. $4.

Reviewed by J. Donald Adams

"An Autobiography," says Mr. Wells in his introductory chapter, "is the story of the contacts of a mind and a world." And one notes that his subtitle reads, "Discoveries and Conclusions of a Very Ordinary Brain." There may seem to be no special significance in such an approach, we all being what we are largely by virtue of mental endowment and

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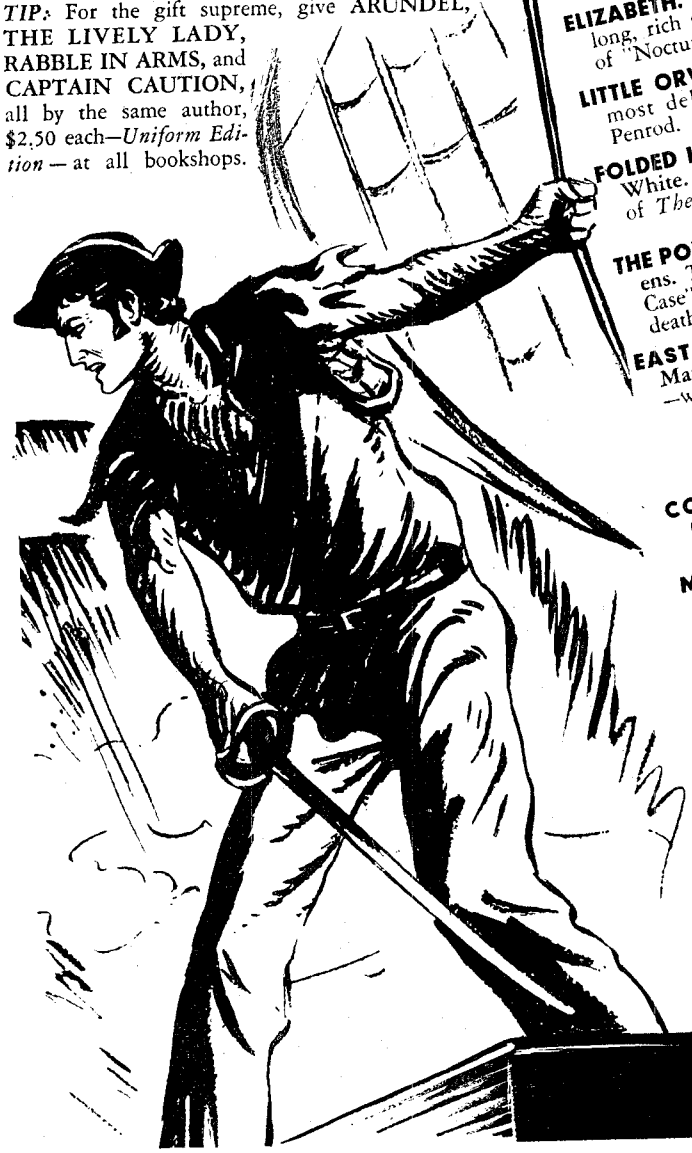

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CHRISTMAS BOOK SUPPLEMENT

development, yet Mr. Wells's insistence upon the point does appreciably determine the manner of his narrative. One finds it difficult to call to mind another personal record so persistently rational in its author's account of himself and those others of whom he writes. One is conscious always that what interests Mr. Wells most in another human being is the functioning of his mind. Even of his mother he writes, "I began to wonder what went on in her brain when I was in my early teens and I have wondered ever since."

Not that this is a cold or impersonal book, though it is rarely emotional. It is, in no small degree, a very human document, particularly in its earlier part, in which Wells describes his struggle to escape from the cramping environment in which he was born. That is an admirably told story, completely free of false pride and candid in the fullest measure. And that effort to clear a way for himself into a world of wider horizons and greater freedom, carried on under odds of a frail physique and without the benefit of helpful connections, is one of which any man might be proud.

Besides its quality of candor—and Wells is candid about everything: his own character his domestic relations—his book has those other qualities which, in addition to self-revealing frankness, are to be found in all memoirs of exceptional interest. Though this is by intention a definitely self-centered narrative, it turns a bright light upon many of Wells's distinguished contemporaries. His gift for portraiture has never deserted him, and at the other end from his tenderly revealing pictures of his father and mother, we have some especially vivid writing about Frank Harris, so sharply drawn that his very presence is felt and heard, and about George Gissing, to whose death-bed he was summoned. Though Wells does not fail to note that this was the first time he had "watched a brain passing through disorganization into a final stillness," his memory of Gissing and his end makes a moving and very human piece of writing. There are, too, interesting pages on Conrad and Stephen Crane, Bennett, Balfour, Henry James, Northcliffe, and, in our immediate day, on Stalin and Roosevelt.

It is natural that his book should have also the quality of vital contact with the currents of his time, for Wells has always been tinglingly alive to the forces at work in his world. Many readers will find that they could spare something of his pre-occupation with the idea of a world-state, but it is in his developing conception of a planned world that Wells finds meaning in the ferment of that "very ordinary brain." The book is, in the course of its 700 pages, discursive and repetitious. Wells has never been much concerned about form, nor is he interested in its presence in other writers. He has no patience with the conception of the novel as an "art-form," as he reminds us again; for him, it is simply a vehicle for the dissemination of ideas. At his best, he has been adept, however, at sugar-coating the pill, and no small part of this book's interest for those familiar with his novels will be the information it gives concerning the prototypes of their characters and the ideas to which they were to lend animation.

Experiment in Autobiography is an honest book and a rewarding one; it offers, as every memoir of value must, an enlargement of experience.

THREE AGAINST RUSSIA

RUSSIA'S IRON AGE. By William Henry Chamberlin. Little, Brown. $4.

Reviewed by William C. White

Mr. Chamberlin, who, for twelve years, was the Moscow correspondent of *The Christian Science Monitor,* has left the Soviet Union, presumably for good. This important and valuable book is his valedictory and a statement of his conclusions. It follows the usual outline of books on Soviet Russia today, but no other author writing on Russia has seen as much of the Russian land. And Mr. Chamberlin writes freely. For the first time he need not fear that because of something he has written he will be refused a Soviet visa.

"When I first came to Moscow in 1922 my attitude toward the régime was enthusiastic . . ." Mr. Chamberlin sees himself at that time "animated by little knowledge and much faith." Today his knowledge has grown and much of the faith is gone. He still admires many things in the Soviet system: the race policy, the policy of education, the promotion of health, the enthusiasm of the younger generations, but the amount of evidence he presents against the Soviet system seems to outweigh his admirations.

It is not personal hardship or ill treatment that has "bleached" the author. He lived comfortably in Moscow and he could travel abroad whenever he wished. Rather, it was increasing uneasiness about the Soviet belief that "The individual has no rights which the State is bound to respect." There are many Soviet achievements, in industry and in other fields. He lists them. For those achievements the Russian people have paid a price. He states that price. Are the achievements worth the cost? Like any honest foreign observer in Moscow, the author is uncertain. Some visitors for a day or a month often shout an enthusiastic "yes." Chamberlin, in twelve years, has seen too much hardship, too many friends shot or banished, too many innocent people exiled. He has seen forced labor and famine villages. He has known what government "by propaganda and repression" can mean to human beings—who are too often lumped together by callow observers with passports in their pockets, "But it is such an interesting experiment for the Russian people!"

Two facts seem to have influenced the author deeply: the forced collectivization of the peasants (he writes of "The Ordeal of the Peasantry") and the unpublicized famine of 1933 in south Russia. The refusal of the government to acknowledge that there was a famine and thus to secure help at the cost of admitting imperfections made a sharp impression on the author. At the same time, the hollowness of much of the Soviet propaganda, particularly that mouthed by the foreign Communists, nauseated him.

In his valedictory the author questions the value of State planning if it can only be accomplished at the cost of individual liberty; he believes the "peasants' lot has become harder"; and he sees no hope for any higher standard of living for many years.

"I have lived in the Soviet Union during one of its most dynamic periods . . . I have seen some of the greatest triumphs in terms of steel and concrete and witnessed some of its greatest tragedies in terms of human beings." On leaving Russia it is the tragedies that color his memories rather than the triumphs.

I WORKED FOR THE SOVIET. Alexandra Tolstoy. Yale University Press. $3.

Countess Tolstoy, youngest daughter of the Russian novelist, has likewise left Russia for good. She writes of her years under the Soviet *régime* until 1932—a brave, tragic, and awful story. After some time in jail she finally secured permission of the government to operate a school in the village in which Tolstoy had his home and to build there a Tolstoy center. She hoped to keep alive in one small spot in Soviet Russia the doctrines of Tolstoy and his teachings about religion, conscientious objection, the use of force. All these doctrines were opposed to Soviet practices. In spite of this, because of admiration for her father's literary talents, the Soviet officials at first co-operated with her.

It was evident to most foreigners in Moscow five years ago that it was a forlorn hope. A school was built, a hospital begun. No Communism was taught in the village. But the local Communists eventually complained about "this nest of counter-revolution" and the whole thing broke down. And as a bitter end, the hospital built by those who loved Tolstoy was made into a soldier's hospital.

Countess Tolstoy has written one case history—not a typical one—to illustrate Mr. Chamberlin's remarks about some human beings in Soviet Russia.

I LIVE TO TELL. By Jacob Rubin. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.75.

This is the story of a Russian Jew, later an American citizen, who spent 1919–20 in Soviet Russia, made a thrilling escape, and returned for part of 1931. It, too, is a story of disillusionment—the author was a Socialist at one time—but it tells little about hardships, jails, executions, and terror that has not been said before.

There is, however, the report of an interview which Mr. Rubin had with Jack Reed, the American hero of the Revolution who lies buried beside the Kremlin walls. If Mr. Rubin quotes Reed correctly, it is something new. ". . . I can see that the world," Reed said, "that is, human beings, will not be ready for Socialism for thousands of years. In the United States I hated the capitalistic system but I was at liberty to express myself—here where they are trying to free the whole world I can't even criticize the government . . ."

Jack Reed may have been disappointed. He lies in Moscow. Mr. Rubin is disillusioned. Mr. Chamberlin has lost much of his faith. Countess Tolstoy has suffered and has lost almost all of those things to which she devoted her life. Yet all three authors have at times, in various ways, been critics of the capitalistic system, under which there is also brutality, hunger, and impersonal cruelty.

As they leave Russia, disappointed, where do they go?

(Continued on page 15)

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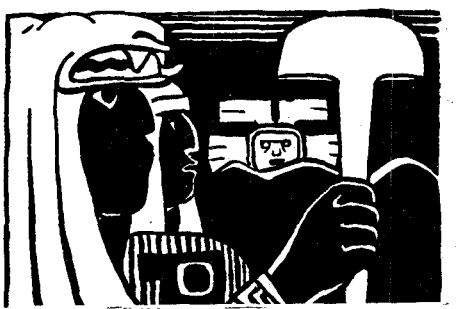

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CHRISTMAS BOOK SUPPLEMENT

(Continued from page 11)

DEATH INTO LIFE

A World in Birth. By Romain Rolland. Henry Holt. $2.75.

Reviewed by Otis Ferguson

With the death of Annette Riviere (she is the Soul Enchanted, she is the symbolic river: in finding her true course she has directed those of all her sons got by love or adoption), Rolland ends the five-volume work starting with *Annette and Sylvie*. The phase of her life taking up *A World in Birth* is represented by her son Marc, who serves to bind new characters to the central theme and to rally many formerly introduced. Of him, one half is the thinker, the individualist; the other that strange fierce intercessor for suffering men, the man of action (in Europe today, the son of the revolution). And in Marc's struggle to translate thought into deed, his partial victory and death, there is a fair picture of what is dead and what alive in this post-war movement of reaction against war and exploitation—against the death of a world, in short. Rolland must have got wounds in the same struggle. He knows what many wise heads will never learn: that, whatever the creed, no men are perfect and that all are the product, if not the dupes, of present forces. He knows that if you want to have a revolution you have got to have a revolution, with blood and discipline (not Marxian bombast); and yet knows the cost—that such a thing as a world can be born only out of generations of suffering. As to his novel, it is always amazing in its sheer conception and drive; often grand; sometimes pretty dull. Its characters are less the intimates of the reader than beings perceived as structural steel frameworks, frequently too prophetic, passionate enough, but intellectual in conception. It is a vast, amazing book with everything tossed into it in great hunks: polemics, passions, contemplation, and then suddenly the smell of the countryside, a yelp of bawdy mirth. Rolland can write like a witch when he wants, with vigor and human feeling and sheer charm; but he is in such haste that much seems half done and much more done twice. A world is breaking and he cannot wait, he cannot piddle, but must be up and down Europe, recreating events, people, life—"Life is where the suffering of men and their combat are, in the sun and the rainstorm. . . ."

JULES ROMAINS' PARIS

The Proud and the Meek. (Men of Good Will, vol. III.) By Jules Romains. Knopf. $2.50.

Reviewed by Eli Siegel

Jules Romains is advancing, with great effect, on a wide literary front. There is a kind of æsthetic relentlessness in the man. He has taken for himself one of the great jobs of our time; and no bookkeeper could beat him as to thoroughness or faithfulness; yet Romains' matter is the coalesced emotion of an old and swarming city. He is giving us proportionate poetry; he has beautifully measured metropolitan buzz.

A little boy's father loses his job and the little boy grieves and wonders; he wonders while in another part of Paris a sensitive, high lady tries, confusedly, to annul the effects of an adultery. A Parisian brothel, of a gorgeous kind, is described and, while a scene takes place there, a likable and naïve priest meditates on worldly and celestial love. Marie Champcenais at last succumbs to Sammécaud, elegant oil man, member of a massive French Trust; Havercamp, the accurately and grandly dreaming man of real-estate, at last is actively engaged in a scheme worthy of his magnificent ponderings; and the little boy delivers flowers and coffee in order to help his unemployed father.

Romains sees emotions as making a pattern, the way lines and colors do. It isn't just their simultaneity in a world-city that he's after. He sees the emotions as making an Emotion-Form that is greater in meaning than their simple aggregate.

In the present volume, the rhythm between Proud and Meek is the essence. There is that rhythm—of arrogance and humility—both as to the people of a city and the various aspects or parts of ourselves. Findings of sociologists and latter-day psychologists and psychiatrists are presented by Romains in terms of invention, action, color. Romains is indubitably one of the most informed men on today's earth. In this book are chemical analyses, popular songs, real-estate documents, theological meditations, political utterances, life in the streets—including a brothel and an abortionist's establishment. However, what is more important to me is the tenderness of Romains here and there: once, when two lovers suddenly know more; another time, when a small boy and his mother reach a deep place in themselves; and a third, when the sincere priest gets, really, a little nearer to the God of his innumerable broodings.

The Proud and the Meek is slower than the other volumes; there is in it less turmoil, less sharp and speedy contact. Yet it adds to both tenderness and pitiless knowledge. Romains is a poet of slow and sad twilight who knows his cruel daylight. He has industriously and successfully sought the spacious and mysterious.

ROYALTY EN PANTOUFLES

The Story of My Life. By Marie, Queen of Roumania. Scribners. $4.

Her Majesty Elizabeth. By Countess Larisch von Wallersee-Wittelsbach. Doubleday, Doran. $3.

Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman

The divinity which once did hedge a king has been largely winter-killed, and queens no longer deem it indiscreet to reign and tell. Marie-Louise, daughter of Duke Ludwig of Bavaria, who still styles herself Countess Larisch von Wallersee-Wittelsbach, rattles the amorous skeletons in the boudoir of her late imperial aunt, Elizabeth of Austria; and Marie, Dowager Queen of Roumania, sets down the story of her life, from 1875 to 1914, for all the common world to read. The latter's tale is, to be sure, a model of propriety through which no scandalous breezes blow; but it admits us with disarming candor to the intimacy of a princess and a queen, making us privy to her illusions and sentimentalities, her ambitions and heartaches, her enthusiasms and her stern ordeals. In the pages of both these books the reader meets royalty *en pantoufles* and royalty wholesale. Such affectionate titles as *Tante Kaiserin* and *Tante Königin,* Grandmamma Queen and Grandmamma Empress, slip easily from both authors' pens, while they write nostalgically of the vanished pomps of yesterday; and reigning monarchs, more often than not, are called by familiar nicknames. What could be better calculated to endear these chronicles to truly democratic readers?

Queen Marie writes well, exceedingly well for one who has not made writing her life work. If her style is a bit exclamatory, or high-flown, at times, it is only expressive of the woman. Dowered with keen senses and a long memory, she has lived with an exceptional awareness of her surroundings, and she has succeeded in translating that sensuous awareness into a vivid reconstruction of things past. We see "Grandmamma Queen at breakfast, under her écru-fringed parasol, surrounded by dogs, Indians, Highlanders . . ." We smell that "quite special odour" which the little princess encountered in her mother's homeland—"a mixture of turpentine, Russian leather, cigarette smoke and scent, uniquely characteristic of these Imperial palaces." We feel with small Marie as Uncle Sasha (Emperor Alexander III) tosses her high into the air. And we hear the thundering words, "Regina Maria," with which the story ends.

It is an intimate revelation that Queen Marie has given us; the story of a wide-eyed young girl, innocent, emotional, and sentimental, who was exiled to a strange land to ensure a dynastic succession; the story of "a tree" with tender roots, which, in order to live, had to learn how to "grow through a stone wall." For the student of government, economics, or international affairs, there may not be much to profit by in the narrative; and the proletarian critic will doubtless make short work of it. But those readers to whom nothing human (not even a queen) is alien, will find *The Story of My Life* an absorbing, if somewhat verbose, autobiography. Surely the author should provide a sequel, covering her most active years from 1914 on.

Countess Larisch rattles skeletons, as I have said, despite her prefatory statement that she intended doing no such thing. She calls by name at least three of the gentlemen who put horns on Franz Joseph's crowned head:—Count Imre Hunyadi, Count Nicholas Esterházy, and Captain William "Bay" Middleton. She writes a spicy chronicle, having for its central figure a lovely empress who got about a bit; and she paints a colorful picture of the declining Hapsburg day, as viewed by one who was at home in the Hofburg and at Gödöllö. To our knowledge of the Meyerling tragedy—of which this book is supposed to be "the intimate story"—the writer adds little that is definite; and her attempt to "justify herself" in the eyes of a world that has forgotten the circumstances calling for justification is, perhaps, a little pathetic. But *Her Majesty Elizabeth* is good first-hand gossip, retailed by an intelligent woman, and still warm with life despite the years which lie between fact and record. One would have liked to know Elizabeth.

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CHRISTMAS BOOK SUPPLEMENT

D. H. LAWRENCE

NOT I, BUT THE WIND. By Frieda Lawrence. Viking. $2.75.

Reviewed by Kyle Crichton

For a satirist, the private life of D. H. Lawrence must be almost irresistible as a subject and yet it is unlikely that anything will come of it because of Lawrence himself. He was a great man, both as an artist and an individual, and the fact shows through even the most fantastic nonsense written about him. If his worshippers insist on making him a saint, it is not because he was a saint when alive. He was an extraordinarily sane man and even his rages proved the point.

The critics who accept Frieda Lawrence's book as an answer to the recollections which have appeared previously are missing the point. What makes his friends write of him is not a desire to profit by his fame but a yearning to share him with the world. He seemed to be born mature and even his first letters from school had a profundity which made men such as Edward Garnett and Ford Madox Hueffer seem pallid by comparison. Frieda quite shrewdly points out the effect on Lawrence of being a miner's son and particularly the difference it made with herself, as the daughter of a baron. His writing, in great part, is a bringing of the strength of the common man to a worn out aristocracy and from the present book one gets a direct picture of how his life governed his art. If it seems astonishing that Frieda should have deserted her husband and children for him after knowing him less than an hour, it is because the essential Lawrence is still not understood.

Like all others who have dealt with Lawrence, Frieda is entirely frank. She accepts blame for her mistakes, is honest about her jealousies and never minimizes their troubles. But there was something deep between them and it remained to the end, through everything. Since Frieda's book is so completely a personal record, we can allow ourselves to think not of his books but of the simple Lawrence on his ranch above Taos, milking the cow, making the bread in the Indian oven.

For those who know the Lawrence story there is little new in the book beyond the early love letters to Frieda and his letters to her mother but like everything else of Lawrence's it has the flood of warmth and feeling which seemed to flow over everything he touched.

HE ALSO RAN

JAMES G. BLAINE, A POLITICAL IDOL OF OTHER DAYS. By David Saville Muzzey. Dodd, Mead. $4.

Reviewed by Henry F. Pringle

The stature of Grover Cleveland grows larger as the decades pass. The reputation of William Jennings Bryan, however the bankers may still brand his theories as heretical and anti-Christ, certainly does not diminish. But James G. Blaine, the Plumed Knight of the Grand Old Party, is virtually forgotten. The suspicion is inescapable that his oblivion is, at least partly, deserved. He was one of the greatest also-rans in American history.

Now Doctor Muzzey, in a full-length biographical study, offers everything there is to be said about the Man from Maine. He believes, naturally enough since he undertook the biography, that Blaine should be recalled to the memory of the present generation. Doctor Muzzey points out that Blaine was a candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination on five separate occasions. He was the leader of his party for almost twenty-five years. He represented all that was virtuous, noble, and good to millions of Americans. Doctor Muzzey, in this careful, thorough and detailed life, shows the extent to which that conception differed from reality. This latest—and in all probability the last—life of Blaine is neither a defense nor an attack.

The biography is one of the "American Political Leaders" series edited by Allan Nevins. I wish that Doctor Muzzey's talents had not been wasted on it. I don't think much more could have been done with Blaine than Doctor Muzzey has done. The years which followed the Civil War constituted a shabby era in American politics and Blaine, when all is said and done, was a shabby figure. He had charm and knowledge and the qualities of leadership. He never used those qualities to lead his party and his party's leaders away from the intolerance of post-war days. He was scarcely, to put it as mildly as possible, an influence toward righteousness in public affairs.

Doctor Muzzey's life of Blaine is not a great biography. But it is excellent history. Blaine was part of the American scene from 1860 to 1892; this is the story of those decades. He entered the House of Representatives immediately after the Civil War. He was Speaker of that voluble assembly, a candidate for the Presidential nomination in 1876, in 1880, in 1884 and in 1892. Doctor Muzzey feels, and rightly so, that he actively sought the nomination only in 1876. Blaine's most valuable accomplishments, the author points out, probably rested in his work as Secretary of State under Presidents Garfield and Harrison. He led the United States toward a vigorous foreign policy. He made the first gestures of friendship toward South and Latin America. All this is set forth in great detail by Doctor Muzzey.

But Blaine remains a ghost. He will continue to be remembered, I am afraid, for the evil attributed to him, even if unjustly, rather than for the good that he did.

WITCHES' CAULDRON

PHANTOM CROWN. By Bertita Harding. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.50.

MAXIMILIAN, EMPEROR OF MEXICO. By José Luis Blasio. Translated from the Spanish and edited by Robert Hammond Murray. Foreword by Carleton Beals. Yale University Press. $3.

Reviewed by John Cournos

It was Lord Palmerston who, when England raised her voice in protest against the creation of a throne for the Hapsburg, Archduke Maximilian, in Mexico, spoke trenchantly of that country as a "witches' cauldron." And a witches' cauldron it proved for that unfortunate, high-minded man and his Carlotta, ending in the execution of one and the madness of the other. The witches, as in *Macbeth,* always give warning, and they surely gave sufficient warning in this case. Maximilian's brother, Emperor Franz Joseph; his father-in-law, Leopold I of Belgium; Lord Palmerston, and others, all uttered words of caution or of dire prophecy; but the little Napoleon, who then ruled France, and his foolish Eugénie, intrigued and conspired, beguiling the ambitious Carlotta with the vision of a crown and working through her upon her quixotic husband; these last two proved easy victims in the hands of the villains of the piece. And how bitterly they were to regret it! When they discovered the villainy, it was too late to retreat. The honor of a Hapsburg would not permit it. The United States, having then settled its own Civil War, and, therefore, free to insist on the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine, had a big finger in the pie. They dreamed noble dreams, did Maximilian and Carlotta, about the country they were to govern; but the country did not want them, and they were abandoned by those who sent them there. Carlotta fled to Europe to implore the strong ones of the earth to save her beloved Maxl. Maximilian remained, caught between several fires, with nothing but good intentions and the Hapsburg honor to support him. The cauldron went on boiling and seething to a grand climax, and there was simply nothing to unboil it. The extraordinary adventure of the Princess Salm-Salm, who tried to manipulate Maximilian's escape, was merely a last-hour diversion in a tragi-comedy which Shakespeare might have revelled in. Mrs. Harding, indeed, with a remarkable skill, unfolds the whole action, squeezing the last drop from this drama of human thrills and suspense. It is, in its way, a superb spectacle of human folly.

On the other hand, Blasio's book is valuable as an intimate record set down by Maximilian's secretary, who was daily present with the "phantom" Emperor, to the final enactment of the tragedy. It is a Boswellian document, often naïve, a tribute to the personal integrity of the master—and not bad reading. It raises, however, one point of mystery, unresolved by either book. We are repeatedly told that Maximilian and Carlotta always maintained the demeanor of an affectionate couple in public, but, behind the scenes, kept their beds far apart. For various reasons, this need not affect the veracity of Mrs. Harding's story. It seems odd that Blasio's account, first published in the original Spanish in 1905, should not have been translated before.

ARMS AND THE MAN

ZAHAROFF: HIGH PRIEST OF WAR. By Guiles Davenport. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $3.

Reviewed by C. Hartley Grattan

Irresponsibility is not a valuable quality in a biographer, particularly when the subject he has chosen leads him into the explosive (literally!) field of munitions trading. Mr. Davenport is irresponsible. He has chosen to write of Sir Basil Zaharoff in a florid, pumped-up

(Continued on page 21)

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CHRISTMAS BOOK SUPPLEMENT

(Continued from page 17)

style the like of which I have not seen since I used to read widely in the biographical rubbish produced during the twenties. His book is full of conjectures that do not convince, now-it-must-be-told passages in which what must be told is old stuff and trivial gossip, and vapid "philosophy" of no particular variety and no particular importance. Though the book runs to above three hundred pages, the facts in it could easily be presented in one hundred. Messrs. Seldes and Engelbrecht and Hanighen have previously used most of what can in any way be authenticated.

And yet Sir Basil's story is vastly worth telling—if only for its symbolic value. Here we have a man who came out of nowhere who, because of luck or cunning (Samuel Butler's pair!), became one of the most successful dealers in death ever known. Starting out with Nordenfelt's, a minor arms firm, as a salesman in the Balkans he grew and grew until what he was doing nobody knew. It is certain, however, that he was awarded high honors by both England and France for services rendered. He is supposed to have held about two-thirds of the stock of Vicker's Ltd., at one time. His dealings were multifarious and involved him with almost all the great merchants of arms. It is also known that he tried to boost Greece into imperial status and came very close to ruining Lloyd George, his good friend, in the process. He owned Monte Carlo. He dabbled in oil.

Why? To what end? To gratify personal and obscure lusts and "pay back" society for insults given him in his youth? Well, if that's the way your mind runs, Mr. Davenport's book may please you. For myself, if I must read of Zaharoff, I insist that he be treated as Lewis Corey treated the Morgans, or John Flynn treated the Rockefellers,—as a man who understood capitalism and throve by his understanding. Not the man, but the system that gave him his opportunity and rewarded him in full measure for taking it, is on trial.

REDISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH

America's Capacity to Consume. Leven, Moulton, and Warburton. Brookings Institution. $2.50.

Reviewed by David Cushman Coyle

This volume is the second of a series on the distribution problem. The statistics show graphically the well-known fact that a few people get most of the money, and that over 60 per cent in 1929 got less than enough income for health and decency.

The authors conclude that if the national income can be redistributed so as to give the lower brackets enough for a decent standard of living, their demands will strain the productive capacity of the country, and shorter hours will not be needed for some time to come.

This volume points out the fact that technological advance cannot be realized with unlimited speed because of the depressing effect of a too rapid bankruptcy of existing plant. This principle, the limited practical rate of modernization, has been all too little recognized in economic theory. This failure is the basis of the prevalent illusion that recovery can come mainly through revival of large-scale investment, the illusion that has actually frustrated most of the New Deal.

The present study does not go into the fact that the maldistribution of income in 1929 led to large wastes in desperate selling efforts, in exports that would never be paid for, and in capital goods that would never produce anything but headaches. Any readjustment that would release a demand for useful goods and services would no doubt draw workers from wasteful occupations, and raise the net productive power of the nation accordingly, over and above the effect of technological progress.

The book is useful mainly as indicating that redistribution rather than shorter hours is the answer to high productivity, and as recognizing the fallacy of the idea that modernization can go forward at a rapid rate. The general problems of capital formation and income redistribution await treatment in the forthcoming volumes.

LEFT, RIGHT, AND CENTER ON THE NEW DEAL

A Short History of the New Deal. By Louis M. Hacker. F. S. Crofts & Co. $1.75.

Beyond the New Deal. By David Lawrence. Whittlesey House. $2.50.

New Frontiers. By Henry A. Wallace. Reynal & Hitchcock. $2.

Reviewed by John Bakeless

In the gap between yesterday's half-forgotten news and the historians who never quite catch up with it, Mr. Louis M. Hacker places one of the most useful books of the year. His *Short History of the New Deal* really is short and it really does adequately describe the development of the Roosevelt program. Readers who are beginning to be a little bit shaky as to the identity of the FERA, who are not quite sure whether it was Hoover or Roosevelt who started the RFC, and who have some doubts whether it was the PWA or the CWA which went out of existence will find here a simple, straightforward history of the last two years, with particular emphasis on President Roosevelt's first fifteen months in office and a clear statement of the organization of the more important new governmental agencies.

Beginning with the election of 1932, Mr. Hacker analyzes the issues between Hoover and Roosevelt briefly, and then turns to the semi-revolutionary measures of the present Administration. He describes first the economic theory behind the reconstruction of industry and agriculture and the effort to save the credit structure of the country; then sketches the actual course of the agricultural and industrial programs with just enough of date and detail to be clear without being dull.

Mr. Hacker spares little time for criticism or comment. He does, however, point out in a brief concluding section that after the first fifteen months of Rooseveltian experiment, "only the very sanguine could claim that the New Deal had realized the expectations of its sponsors." The early successes have not continued at the same rate. Mr. Hacker even fears that the United States may still be called on to choose between fascist revolution, proletarian revolution, or an imperialism which will lead to war. The latter is, he thinks, the worst danger—a view which ignores recent developments in our Cuban and Haitian policies which are the reverse of imperialist.

The veteran political writer, David Lawrence, in *Beyond the New Deal,* writes with profound skepticism. The New Deal's costs appall him and, though he expects the budget to be balanced within a year or two, he fears the crushing burden of taxation that must follow. He has faith in President Roosevelt but no particular faith in the Brains Trust—"there is nothing so naïve as the point of view of the college professors who have been coming to Washington." He distrusts the encroachment of the Federal Government on private initiative and on the prerogatives of the states. He doubts the constitutionality of the special process taxes set up under the AAA, which Secretary Wallace stoutly defends, but which Mr. Lawrence criticizes as an effort "to reimburse a certain group of citizens at the expense of another group." He is particularly critical of the huge increases in political jobs which the New Deal necessitates, because "the people chosen already for public office are the same old sort we have always had in Washington."

Admitting rather reluctantly that many of the Roosevelt measures have been necessary, he hopes for "a gradual removal of all restrictions which interfere with self-reliance and the development of responsible individualism, but the retention and even enlargement of all those restrictions which are designed to abolish irresponsible individualism." Any one would agree with that—but which is which?

As a disciple of Woodrow Wilson from Princeton days, Mr. Lawrence is not by any means hostile to a Democratic Administration, in whose higher ranks he has much faith.

Secretary of Agriculture Wallace writes in *New Frontiers* not as an outside critic but as the one man chiefly responsible for the agricultural program at which both Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Hacker raise their eyebrows. Admitting defects, he nevertheless regards with more or less complete approval the plan of "having the Government buy from those who had too much, in order to give to those who had too little."

Like Mr. Hacker, Secretary Wallace believes that the hope of dumping agricultural surpluses abroad is gone—a hope that Mr. Lawrence does not completely abandon—and that there is "no alternative but the direct and logical plan of trying to prevent surpluses from coming into existence." *New Frontiers* is a valuable and honest picture of agricultural adjustment drawn by the man in the best position to know about it, though hardly in the best position to judge it.

These three books together give a fairly complete picture of the New Deal as it now stands. Mr. Hacker's is written with brisk, concise competence. Mr. Lawrence's is badly organized and has the slovenliness of style which sometimes afflicts newspapermen who write too much too fast. Secretary Wallace's style is as rocky as the submarginal land he is trying to remove from production.

(Continued on page 31)

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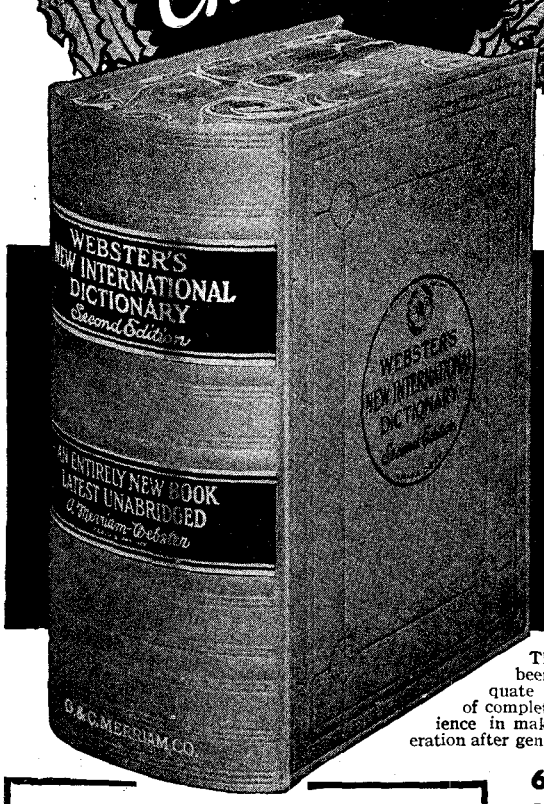

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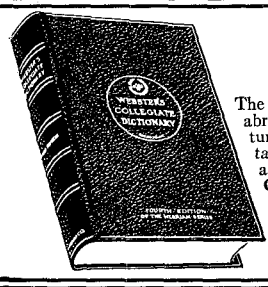

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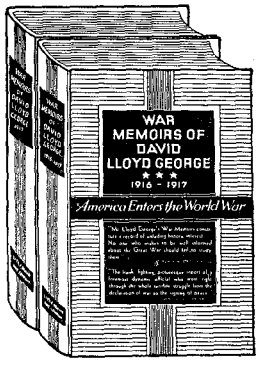

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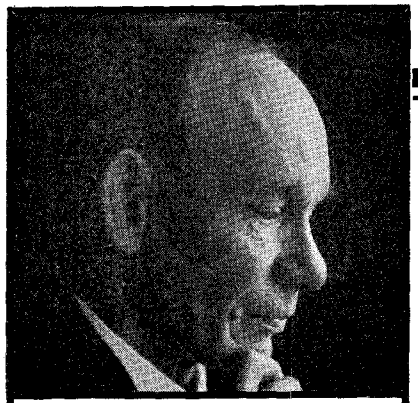

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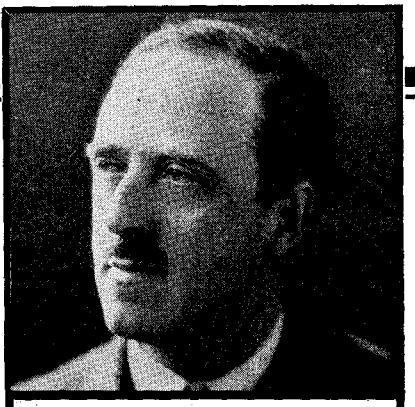

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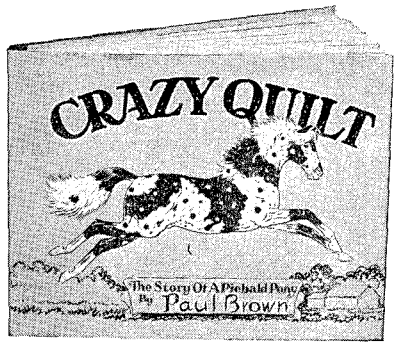

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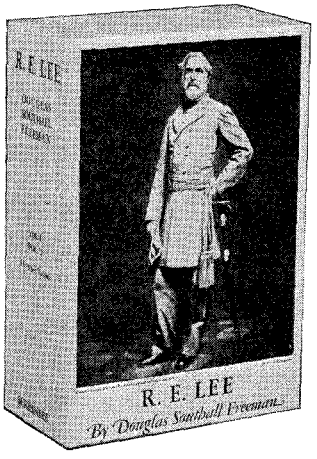

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Books for Your Library

(*Continued from page 21*)

THE PROLETARIAT AWAITS

THE EXECUTIONER WAITS. By Josephine Herbst. Harcourt Brace. $2.50.

Reviewed by Alvah C. Bessie

The "executioner" is the militant proletariat, waiting at the door to deliver the deathblow to capitalism. In this second volume of her trilogy, which follows various members of the Trexler family down to 1929, Miss Herbst has, with considerable eloquence, made this conclusion both obvious and logical, and it is a conclusion that is being heard more and more frequently in the land, until, with the novels of Rollins, Conroy, Halper, Larsson, Levy, Slesinger, Swabacker and others, it is becoming a trifle monotonous. Some of these writers have been content to superimpose their doctrine on their fiction, and imagine they had a novel; some have come by the doctrine naturally, and it forms an organic part of their work; others, through sympathetic understanding and a desire to handle the basic materials of life under any system, have managed to weld their ideology and their human-beings into something that more closely resembles a work of art. Miss Herbst now joins their company.

There is still evident, however, in this earnest chronicle of middle-class life, aspirations, ideals, and tribulations, the distinct distortion that results almost inevitably when a dogma runs in double-harness with an art-form. Hence, those of Miss Herbst's characters who have followed the bourgeois ideals to financial success, receive the drubbing at her hands that they formerly received at the hands of those content to manhandle them for their stupidity, their limitations and their petty interests. The working-class characters come off, as usual, much better—honest, well-intentioned, pure of heart. And the entire narrative, that at times paints conditions in our country with conviction and some art, suffers again through an almost thoroughgoing absence of humor.

INTELLIGENCE AND THE FUTURE

THESE HURRYING YEARS. By Gerald Heard. Oxford University Press. $3.

Reviewed by S. A. Nock

Mr. Heard argues that the first thirty-three years of the Twentieth Century, which he reviews at some length in his new book, have brought with them a fundamental change in the relationship of man to his universe. Unlike a great many writers, who seek to show in what way the vast changes in the outer world have affected the human mind, Mr. Heard takes the refreshing point of view that the changes in the human mind have affected the universe around us. In the first three decades of this century, science has discovered that our world is nothing but what we make it; therefore, says Mr. Heard, as our minds develop we can make a new universe.

And our minds are developing: until now, man has lived his life aware of his self-consciousness and what he could do with it; now he is beginning to be aware of the subconscious and its possibilities. Arguing

(*Continued on page 32*)

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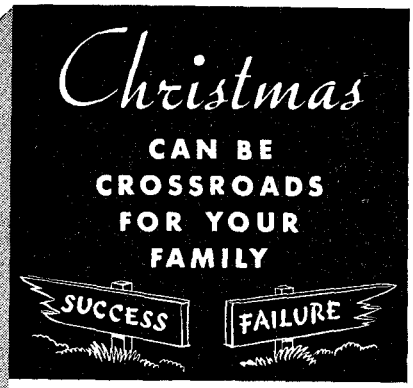

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Books for Your Library

(*Continued from page 31*)

with considerable skill, Mr. Heard seeks to show that this new awareness of the subconscious, with all that it implies, will result in the synthesis of various opposing forces of today. For instance, the realism (Mr. Heard's expression) of Fascism and Communism, with its belief in the subservience of the individual to the State, will modify and be modified by the humanitarian belief in the supreme importance of the individual, so that we eventually have a synthesis of a State in which the larger life of the individual may be fulfilled.

Mr. Heard warns that all may go to ruin if we do not exercise some intelligence; but at the same time he concludes his discourse on a much more hopeful note than many writers have courage today to strike.

LIFE IN A MAINE VILLAGE

MARY PETERS. By Mary Ellen Chase. Macmillan. $2.50.

Reviewed by Bernice Kenyon

Mary Ellen Chase's biographical novel of the life of a Maine ship-captain's daughter, a life beginning in the eighteen seventies and continuing into the nineteen twenties, gives a clear picture of the inhabitants of a Maine village, their simplicity, indomitability, sentimentality, and narrowness. Curiously enough these people, many of whom went under sail to the far corners of the earth, preserved a remoteness and insularity which made them think and act like people who have never been out of sight of their own village streets. Even their emotions seemed undeveloped, and they passed through innumerable scenes of violence and tragedy with a quiet unimaginative acceptance that makes them seem both noble and dull.

Mary Peters, whose life forms the story of the book, was born at sea and took home with her from her childhood aboard ship the remembrance of a few beautiful and distant places. Back in her Maine town she lived contentedly as a school-teacher, fulfilling the humdrum routine which was scarcely disturbed by the long series of tragic events that took from her, one by one, the people she knew and loved. When in the end she lost her husband too, her quiet fortitude sustained her, though her life narrowed down until she could do nothing but make hooked rugs for the summer visitors, designing them with pictures from her memory, and living completely in the past.

The author tells her story by means of much literal description, in a sweet nostalgic style. She keeps her characters at arm's length, and never quite lets you know them. She does not try to break their unassailable reserve.

THE SECOND WORLD WAR. By Johannes Steel. Covici Friede. $2.

A hastily written but shrewdly compiled essay, showing that the next, worse, world war must come in the spring of 1935. While Mr. Steel, a clever prophet, has omitted certain possibilities which may prevent such a war (an upheaval among the German people, for instance, or enlightenment among statesmen), his argument is sound enough to give any one earnestly to think.

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CHRISTMAS AMONG CHILDREN'S BOOKS

By Margaret Vincent Buddy

This year's crop of fall juveniles is as bewildering to the Christmas shopper as it has ever been in years past. The jackets are brilliant, the blurbs tempting, and the problem of finding the right book for each name on the list is one that no adult dare tackle unaided. Following are twenty of the most outstanding of the new books which may help as a guide:

For the picture book age, *Little Goosie Gosling* by Helen and Alf Evers, Farrar and Rinehart, 75 cents, is a gay small book about a proud young gosling. *Jinny: the Story of a Filly* by Bert Clark Thayer, Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50, is graphically told in photographs. *Gaston and Josephine in America* by Georges Duplaix, Oxford, $2, continues the story of those enterprising porkers.

For the ages from five to eight, far and away the gayest book of the season is *Hansi* by Ludwig Bemelmans, Viking, $2, Hansi and his sister spend an exciting Christmas vacation high up in the Austrian Tyrol. *Three Japanese Mice* by Lois Lignell and Belz Princehorn, Farrar and Rinehart, $1.50, has delicately beautiful illustrations like Japanese prints. *Midget and Bridget* by Berta and Elmer Hader, Macmillan, $2, are two lovable Mexican burros. *The Steam Engine Book* and *The Fire Engine Book* by William C. Prior, Harcourt Brace, $1, each, are factual books with excellent photographs. *Miki and Mary: Their Search for Treasure* by Maud and Miska Petersham, Viking, $2.50, takes the children on a beautifully pictured journey half around the world. A child with a sense of humor will cherish *Now Open the Box,* by Dorothy Kunhardt, Harcourt Brace, $1.25.

For the around ten age, *The Gold Laced Coat* by Helen Fuller Orton, Stokes, $1.75, relates the adventures of a daring boy at old Fort Niagara. Both lively and humorous is *Pogo, the Circus Horse* by Josef Berger, Coward McCann, $2. *Wind in the Chimney* by Cornelia Meigs, Macmillan, $2, is laid in Pennsylvania in the days of Washington. *The Spanish Twins* by Lucy Fitch Perkins, Houghton Mifflin, $1.75, continues this highly successful series. *Away Goes Sally* by Elizabeth Coatsworth, Macmillan, $2, is the tale of a journey to Maine by sleigh a hundred years ago.

For older boys and girls, one of the best dog stories of recent years is *Beth, a Sheep Dog,* by Ernest Lewis, Dutton, $2. *Cher Ami* by Marion B. Cothren, Little Brown, $1.25, tells of the carrier pigeon whose heroic last flight brought aid to the Lost Battalion. *When the Stars Come Out* by Robert H. Baker, Viking, $2.50, has fascinating charts and photographs. *Gypsy Lad* by Captain S. P. Meek, Morrow, $2, is a champion setter in the hunting fields of Virginia. *Just Among Friends* by Cecil Aldin, Scribners, $2, is the perfect dog picture book for all ages.

LIFE ON THE LAST FRONTIER

WE SAGEBRUSH FOLKS. By Annie Pike Greenwood. D. Appleton-Century. $3.50.

Reviewed by Laurence Bell

Those who pass this book by on the assumption that it is one of those books in which facts are eclipsed by legend and folk tales will be doing an injustice to both the author and themselves. When Mrs. Green-

(Continued on page 34)

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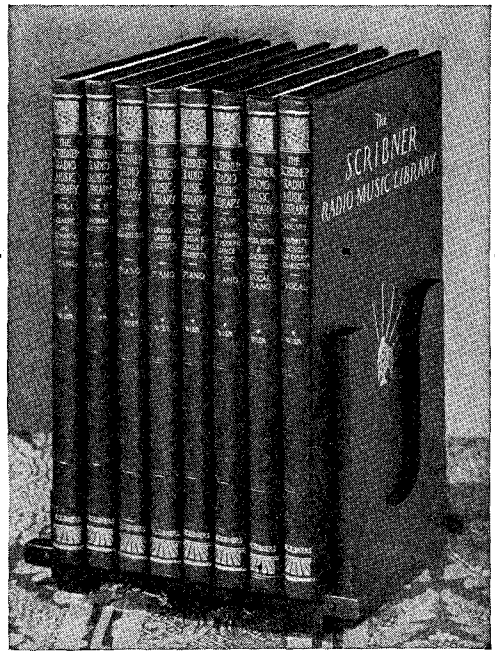
Books for Your Library

(Continued from page 33)

wood, daughter of a cultured family of the upper middle class, went to the sagebrush wastes of southern Idaho to help her husband make a home, she found plenty of material for a writer. No astral phenomena has influenced her account of the fifteen-year struggle against a horde of obstacles, which included poverty, disease, hunger, and the depredations of the cattle ranchers, who regarded the farmers as interlopers.

Mrs. Greenwood was reared in comparative luxury, the daughter of a Utah physician; her husband, Charles Greenwood, was the grandson of a German baron. Both were cultured, intelligent people. They had barely settled down, however, in Kansas, when Greenwood's pioneering yearnings got the better of him and he set forth for Idaho, where the volcanic ash soil was to be made fertile by irrigation. When Mrs. Greenwood came later there was only one other woman in the "neighborhood," and the flimsy little house perched on lava rock foundations seemed even more flimsy to her by comparison with her childhood home in Utah, although most of the other settlers lived in tar-paper shanties. But, despite unbelievable poverty (Mrs. Greenwood writes of having lost a silk dress, ordered by mail, because of not having enough money to pay the postal insurance fee), she managed to have a little garden, a few flowers, educate her four children, and realize her lifelong ambition to write. Ultimately, they lost their farm, but one feels that the Greenwoods felt only a passing concern.

We Sagebrush Folks is written in a straightforward, intimate manner, retarded only by frequent philosophical deviations that get the reader and author nowhere. It provides valuable material for both sides of the farmer-capital controversy, and should be of interest to every one to whom farmers are more than just people who plant things in the ground and sit down to await their growth.



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HARASSED LADY

ANNE OF ENGLAND. By M. R. Hopkinson. Macmillan. $3.50.

Reviewed by Frances Fenwick Hills

With many extracts from letters and documents of the period to support her argument, Mrs. Hopkinson attempts to replace the general conception of Queen Anne as a stout, weak-willed but kind-hearted lady by a picture of an abused but never humble sovereign. The author obviously believes Anne to have been a remarkable person whose life held much of the romantic and whose reign was indeed "one of glory." Circumstance, however, and not Anne's personality nor any particular action of hers, seems more responsible for whatever romance and drama there is to be found in the Queen's life.

Born of the Duke of York's secret marriage to the daughter of the first Earl of Clarendon, she was placed by fate in a unique position. Her claim to the throne seemed of little importance until her elder sister had married into the Hanoverian line, and her father, an ardent Catholic, became James II of England. Anne, reared as a Protestant and a thorough Englishwoman, had won the hearts of the people, their affection and belief in her doubly strengthened by her marriage to a Protestant Prince, George of Denmark. When, upon her father's death, Mary returned to England with her Hanoverian husband, she found her sister Anne—this according to Mrs. Hopkinson—by far the more popular of the two. Their quarrels the author attributes to Mary's bad temper and jealousy. Certainly Mrs. Hopkinson's portrayal of Mary is anything but flattering.

There is a vivid account of Anne's ascent to the throne, her coronation, of her vain attempt at moderation in forming her cabinet, and of her ardent desire to end the War of the Spanish Succession. Her life was not a quiet one, rendered still more confusing by the demands made upon her by her friend Sarah Churchill, later Duchess of Marlbor-

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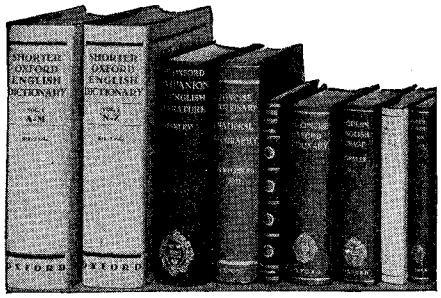

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ough, whose persistent and almost unbelievable insults a woman of character would have more than resented. Mrs. Hopkinson maintains that the Queen was not blind to the tempestuous Sarah's faults and disregarded them as long as she could, mostly in respect for the Duke of Marlborough of whose power at court she was only too well aware.

When at last, unable to countenance the lady's tantrums any longer and unable to stand the Duke's machinations at Court, she demanded his resignation, it was too late to enjoy the sense of power and independence this action gave her. Suffering from the gout, sorrowful over the death of her "beloved" George, worried over the internal political situation, her one consolation on the eve of her death was the end of the war against which she had so long fought.

To say that Mrs. Hopkinson is convincing in giving us as different a picture of the Queen as historical facts will permit, is largely a matter of opinion. There are certain facts we are more likely to believe than others, one being that Anne never bore the seventeen children with which she is credited. There is considerable new material in Mrs. Hopkinson's book which the reader will find interesting, yet despite her sympathetic treatment, her emphasis on Anne's good qualities—of which there are many—the Queen still tends to emerge the stolid lady, wearing many jewels, which is history's conception of her.

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Reviewed by Alfred Kazin

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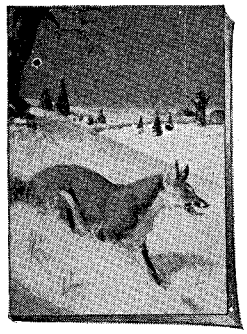

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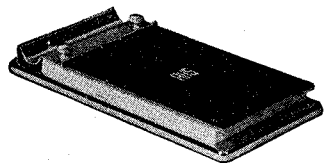

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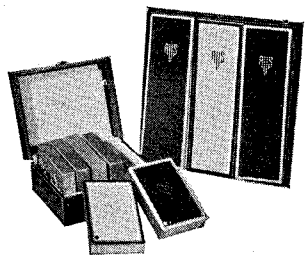

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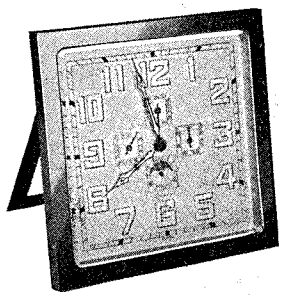

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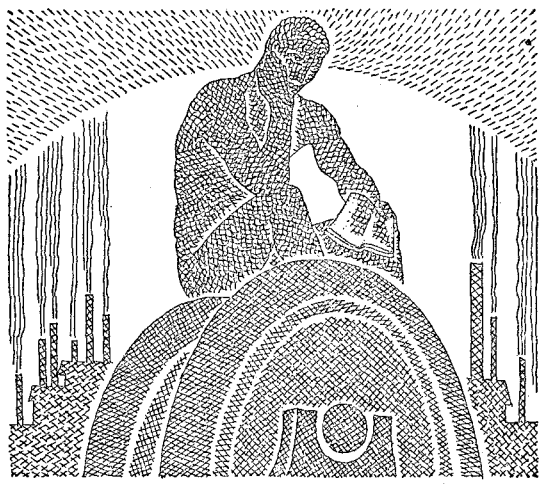
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE
VOL. XCVI DECEMBER, 1934 NO. 6

We Are More Than Economic Men

By Henry A. Wallace



In a paper distinguished by its sincerity and simplicity, Secretary Wallace states a conception of American life appealing in its quality and inspiring in its possibilities

NINETEEN hundred years ago it was said, "Man does not live by bread alone." Unfortunately, out of the rationalism of the eighteenth century, and the hustle and bustle of the nineteenth century, came the philosophy of "economic men" freely competing with each other under the remorseless natural law of the survival of the fittest. *Laissez-faire* economics and Darwinian natural history combined to persuade men that they were money-making animals.

Only recently have we begun to count the cost of that view of things, and to wonder whether it did, after all, say the final word on the nature of man and the motive-power of a civilization. Perhaps the material accomplishments of the nineteenth century obscured certain human values—guides for human conduct in earlier centuries, which we desperately need today.

For there were times, in the history of mankind, when great masses of humanity scorned to live by bread alone. There were times, for example, when men thought the arts of production of the highest value, whether the product was food or raiment, a cathedral or a system of philosophy. Those who lived by the exchange of goods were only tolerated, and not always with good grace. Interest on money was usury, for money, in Aristotle's phrase, was "barren."

The men of earlier centuries could afford to look beyond materialism, it will be said, because they had slaves who provided them with bread. This is quite true, and it singles out perhaps the greatest blind spot of ancient times, but it ought not prevent modern man from rediscovering and recapturing a value, a method, or a way of life which might be of use to him. For the hideousness of human slavery, we have an alternative at hand: we have machines, skilled industrial technic, enormous resources of power and human ingenuity. We never have used them so that the bulk of mankind could think about much else than its daily bread; but we can do so whenever we make up our minds to it.

Economic laws must be taken into account, but as servants, not masters. Personally, I believe the law of supply and demand is as immutable as the law of gravitation. Because of this, I believe there should be economic engineers who understand the quantitative measurements of supply and demand under varying types of competition, just as we have mechanical and civil engineers to measure the working of the law of gravitation under varying conditions. There is no more reason why we should bow down and worship the law of supply and demand and the high priests of the speculative markets than there is for us to take

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a similarly helpless attitude toward the law of gravitation.

A story credited to Professor John R. Commons puts it this way: "Suppose I threw you out of the sixteenth-story window and at the inquest said it was not I who killed you, it was the law of gravitation. Thus it is with certain individuals and corporations operating in the background of the money market and the speculative market who plead that it is not they who are murdering the innocents, it is the law of supply and demand."

Most of us are still as ignorant of and superstitious about economic law as our witch-hunting ancestors were when they attributed their physical ills to the spells cast by an evil eye. Pet personal devils plague millions of us. Just when we think we have them licked, the demagogs and the demagogic newspapers prod them up again. We are victims of pseudo-economic magic much as primitive savages are so easily the victims of medicine-man magic. Even if we wanted to, most of us couldn't behave like economic men. I suppose that is something of a handicap, but it seems less important to me than the positive fact that most of us want to be, and are, infinitely more than economic men.

Any one who stands apart from the economic scramble for even a moment knows that true wealth cannot be defined as the accumulation of dollars or ounces of gold or acres of land or great buildings. Behind wealth, and beyond it, are the values which have to do with life, which emphasize qualities which are developed first of all by a secure, ordered, harmonious family life. Of course when we try to organize for the production of these qualities, they often become economic in character; the spirit flees from them and they become as so much dead wood. It is quite possible that Grandpa received much more of value in his one-room country school taught by a teacher getting $20 a month, than his great-grandchildren are getting in a consolidated school from teachers getting $120 a month. It is possible that the circuit riders receiving practically nothing from their congregations transmitted more of the fire of the living spirit than a $10,000 preacher in a million-dollar church. It is quite possible that life was more dignified, secure, and worth living on a self-sufficing farm in western Pennsylvania one hundred years ago than it is today on a rich, level corn-belt farm with a salable surplus of three thousand bushels of corn.

This is no call to tear down our expensive schools and churches, to cut all salaries in half, to subject more of the population to the physical privation our forefathers had to suffer. Rather, I am merely suggesting that we ought not to mistake a dollar sign for a human value, and that, because of our enthusiasm for the mechanisms and institutions by which we hope to preserve certain precious qualities and values, we ought not lose sight of the qualities and values themselves.

II

The economic man of the nineteenth century is no match for the forces which have been turning the world upside down ever since the World War. Not many paid much attention to what was happening until 1930, and then there was no escaping the consequences. For then it finally became apparent that the last imperialistic exploitations by industrial nations of backward peoples were drawing to an end.

Under the impact of the War, the great pioneer nations such as the United States, Canada, Argentina, and Australia, greatly expanded their agriculture. And as a result, each of them suffered enormously when the War came to an end, and especially when the depression began in 1930. Germany, as a result of the War, was suddenly transformed from a nation which had had some six billion dollars loaned abroad, to a nation which owed more than seven billion dollars. As a result, Germany, which next after Great Britain was our leading market for cotton and lard, found it possible to purchase these products from the United States in normal quantities only so long as we loaned her money. The United States, which before the War owed perhaps five billion dollars to foreign nations, found herself in 1930 with foreign nations owing her somewhere between fifteen and twenty billion dollars.

Germany, in order to ease the sudden shift from creditor to debtor nation, found it necessary to impose all manner of restrictions on imports. She hoped in this way to win a sufficient export balance to take care of obligations outside of the country. The United States, in her sudden change from a debtor to a creditor nation, found her problems the reverse of Germany's but none the less difficult on that account. If Germany's problem was to restrict imports, the need in the United States was to increase imports. It is not surprising that both the German people and the American people should find it exceedingly difficult to act as their suddenly reversed creditor positions in the world dictated. Behind the algebraic economics of this situation are subtleties of the spirit (a devilish spirit, perhaps) about which no one is in position of sufficient authority to speak.

Besides the sudden upset in the external relationships between the countries, there have been internal upsets just as significant. Under modern conditions, for instance, certain groups in the population have been able to control production, and, therefore, prices, much more effectively than other groups. A great many city-made products do not change in price oftener than once a year. A few do not change once in ten years. Many farm products, on the other hand, change in price every

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day. This combination of rigid and flexible prices produces an economy half of putty and half of steel.

The managers of the corporations promulgating the rigid prices were able to maintain their price position remarkably well during the depression by the simple device of firing workers and turning out only one-half or perhaps even one-fourth as much goods as normally. Farmers, in no position to control their output until the Agricultural Adjustment Administration came along, saw their prices go down to one-half or even one-third what they had been, while at the same time their carry-over stocks doubled and trebled. The farmers maintained their production and took care of a very large percentage of the unemployed thrust upon them by the cities. Industries producing rigidly priced goods maintained their prices and thrust their unemployed on the community or on the farmer. This is the sort of thing which has convinced people that *laissez-faire* economics is wholly irrelevant today. Unless competition is really free, and subject to the same rules throughout the entire economic structure, the basic assumptions and conclusions expressed in the *laissez-faire* economic man are beside the point.

In 1933, agriculture began to use the powers of the Agricultural Adjustment Act to do some of the same things to its price structure that business men had long been doing to theirs. As a result, many business men expressed themselves as being terribly shocked. Some employers have never been able to see anything wrong in throwing laboring men out of employment, but they have felt, nevertheless, that it was a great sin to throw acres out of use. So far as farmers are concerned, most Old Deal business men don't seem to believe in the profit system at all. They think farmers ought to produce to the limit, no matter what the nature of the foreign demand may be, and no matter how low the price may go. They say farming is a way of life and altogether outside the regular commercial system.

In all of this I am willing to agree with them provided our business is returned to its status of one hundred and fifty years ago and farmers are given scientific help to produce on their own farm eighty per cent of what they consume, so they will no longer be at the mercy of high-priced city goods and charges. But rather than return to the pioneer simplicity, rather than break up all industry into one-man units, perhaps it would be better if we would all go forward into promoting a more intelligent state of balance between agriculture and industry.

Surely no one but a fossilized troglodyte of the prehistoric Old Deal would argue that it is the duty of farmers to produce for a market which has disappeared. And it happens, unfortunately, with our imports and credit balances as they are today, foreign demand for the products of some fifty million acres of American land has disappeared. Up until 1930 our loans to foreign nations maintained a partial market for the product of these fifty million acres. Admitting many of the inadequacies of the acreage adjustment program of 1933 and 1934, I still must insist that something of this sort is necessary in a high tariff, creditor nation like the United States.

But in so insisting, I am fully aware that acreage adjustment produces its unemployment problem just as the shutting down of factories in the cities. Surely here is opportunity for agriculture, industry, labor, and government to counsel together to good advantage. The resources are here for all of us to lead a rich material and social life. It is first a matter of determining what our external relationships shall be, and then making the necessary internal adjustments so that our labor will be employed producing those things which we really want in this country and which we can market to advantage abroad. The only real danger lies in deceiving ourselves and getting into trouble later on, as we did when we stopped loaning money abroad in 1930.

Those who say that it is a sin for farmers to co-operate with the government to adjust their acreage until such time as the last hungry Chinaman is fed and the last naked Hindu is clothed, are appealing to a sentiment deep in human nature. All of us believe this way at heart, but all of us with a vestige of brains also recognize that if the United States produced five times as much wheat and cotton as she does today, there probably would be just as many, and perhaps more, hungry Chinamen and naked Hindus. In other words, with the world as it is, we have no way of getting the surplus from the United States to the backward nations. The United States, like most of the rest of the world, believes in that old-fashioned profit system which uses the power of the government to prevent increases in imports from abroad. It is false sentimentality for a true believer in the old-fashioned profit system in the United States to urge the American farmer to produce until the last hungry Chinaman is fed and the last naked Hindu is clothed. Socialists and communists can logically object to restriction of production; few others can consistently do so. If ministers and true idealists dislike this judgment, I would suggest that they begin with the really great sinners, the men who close down factories and throw labor out of work. Of course, as a matter of fact, we are all of us victims of a system which places a premium on scarcity rather than abundance. Let the clergy preach from that premise, and we may yet see the problem of want in the midst of plenty wrestled with realistically. Science and modern methods of mass production have given us the promise of a shared abundance, provided we can modify our economic behavior to capitalize on the promise.

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III

Always the "ifs," the provisos, seem insuperable. We can have abundance IF.... How hurdle that barrier? In my own thinking I feel first of all the inadequacy of a civilization peopled by "economic men" or would-be "economic men." To go beyond this we must see in human nature the potentialities that are really there.

In the second place, the urgency of our need is so great that necessity may give us a lift over the barrier. Out of great travail of spirit a new attitude can be born.

For example: we are as much in need of an economic democracy today as our forefathers were in need of a political democracy in 1787 after a few miserable years under the Articles of Confederation. As Hamilton wrote at the time, "To shorten an enumeration of particulars which can afford neither pleasure nor instruction, it may in general be demanded, what indication is there of national disorder, poverty, and insignificance that could befall a community so peculiarly blessed with natural advantages as we are, which does not form a part of the dark catalogue of our public misfortunes?" If things were as bad as all that, the urgency of the need must have been a powerful factor in summoning support to the new constitution. Sooner or later we may feel the same urgency, and we may even permit something altogether new to be "extorted," as John Quincy Adams said in referring to the proposed constitution, "from the grinding necessity of a reluctant nation."

Precisely what that something new will be, no one can say. The doctrinaire disciples of Socialism, Communism, and Fascism say they know, but I suspect them of auto-intoxication. They display a gross ignorance of the American people. They make very little appeal to our characteristic attitudes and customs; they scorn our tradition of tolerance and liberty; and they overlook our resources of ingenuity. They too have an "economic man," but theirs has multiplied until he has become an economic class living for class warfare. It is a precarious business to stake a whole civilization upon so simple and so fragmentary a view of human behavior and human aspirations.

The communists are the high priests of the Cult of Materialistic Inevitability. I am always suspicious of anything labelled inevitable. So often it has never happened. So often the logical climax fails to come off. Human affairs, as every one of mature years must know, follow anything but a logical pattern, and seldom pursue a course to its logical conclusion. But of course the more realistic communists know that quite well, and for that reason try to move heaven and earth to compel men to behave as the Marxian formula dictates.

Certainly our forefathers were undogmatic enough, experimental enough, in setting up a national government. Our experience in the years between the end of the Revolution and the adoption of the Constitution offers an interesting parallel to the New Deal attempts to establish an economic democracy. Mistrusting any strong central government, after their experience as colonies of Britain, the thirteen original states sought something that would give them the strength of union without the obligations. Europe provided no very good models, though the Swiss Confederacy and the Republic of the United Netherlands came nearest to the American prescription. At home, the Federation of the Iroquois was perhaps as close as anything.

Under the Articles of Confederation it was not long before troubles piled up. (As they did, in 1787, in the Dutch and Swiss Confederacies.) Because the state assumed no obligations to the central government, the hoped-for strength of union soon became a mockery. Each state continued proudly and jealously to go its own sweet way. In every field of government—the coinage of money, the establishment of public credit, the imposition of taxes and tariffs, the formulation of foreign policy—in all of these the individual states clung tenaciously to their hard-won freedom. They were fearful of exchanging an old tyranny for a new one, even though of their own making.

The whole-hearted economic determinists would say, I suppose, that what really brought the colonies to accept a federal government was economic pressure. Unquestionably it was the weightiest single influence, but it may not have been determining. Today, and often in the past, the small states of Europe have been under just as severe an economic pressure, if not more severe; yet a United States of Europe seems sadly remote.

Giving economic pressure all the credit due it, there were other influences at hand to capitalize on it. There were remarkable men present to devote themselves to the cause of union. In some degree, at least, their motives were beyond the usual economic ones, and their qualifications certainly were. They were hard-headed realists, disheartened by the "insufficiency of the present confederation," desirous of persuading the people to adopt a constitution which would, as they believed, assure order and progress. Without such leadership as these men provided, economic pressure alone might not have made us a nation. A North American continent carved up into innumerable principalities is not a pleasant prospect.

Today we suffer from economic pressures and conflicts much more intense and complex than any the thirteen original states knew. We are not in need of a new constitution, a new form of government, in the sense that the men of 1787 were, but we are in very real need of an economic democracy. We are groping for

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a way to extend the traditional democratic process to our economic life. The New Deal, as I see it, is a phase in this new American voyage of discovery.

The effort of the farmers, for instance, to utilize the democratic method in dealing with their economic problems, and the way in which their county production control associations carry out the most onerous part of the adjustment programs, the task of local administration, are something new under the sun. I have watched these local associations and committees at work. I have attended some of their meetings, have heard them talking over their production problems, and have seen them make their own decisions on matters affecting themselves. I believe I have seen the germ of economic democracy sprouting.

Always in the past the economic decisions of most importance to the farmer were made by some group or some force on the other side of the line fence. In the matter of the price he would get for his crop, the decision would be made by the law of supply and demand operating in a free, competitive market. But when it was discovered that the market was nowhere near as free and competitive as the theory stated, and when it was realized that it was possible to work with, rather than against, the law of supply and demand, then came the incentive for the farmer to ask for the right to participate in the making of the economic decisions affecting his crop income.

Throughout our economy there are key decisions to be made, to paraphrase Gardiner Means, which must be made in the public interest if we are to survive a complete economic breakdown. The county production control associations of the AAA, the code authorities and boards of the NRA are attempts to extend the democratic process so that those most directly affected can participate in making the key economic decisions. If we can get a measure of democracy into the making of the decisions involving the price and production policies of industry and agriculture, then we will have an economic system and a government more just and more secure than any the modern world has ever known.

Chalk up innumerable mistakes and petty annoyances against these efforts if you will; the prospect of success is no poorer than the prospect our forefathers faced when they engaged to battle Great Britain, to establish a new nation, and to weld thirteen proud and independent states into a federal union under a written constitution. Economic pressure is compelling something new, something which may have to be "extorted from the grinding necessity of a reluctant nation." There will be less reluctance if the ways of democracy are cherished, and there need be no extortion if reason and tolerance are given elbow-room. Before long the time may even be ripe for a new series of "Federalist" papers, and a concern for *economic* self-government equalled by that of the Founding Fathers for *political* self-government.

IV

When a new piece of social machinery is invented and put into operation, there are many who seem to think it will run itself. They are kin to those innocents who are forever saying, in thunderous tones, "This is a government of laws, not of men." I wish people who say that would contemplate the decisions of the Supreme Court over the last hundred years. There is nothing automatic about social machinery, nor can it be operated in a vacuum. Human beings, with all their various strengths and frailties, build it and operate it. The intelligence of the economic and social engineer is certainly one prerequisite, and the motive power of human hearts honestly in search of social justice is another. We need both, perhaps in equal proportions.

Is this too much to expect in America? Are we lacking in intelligence? Are our human hearts the bloodless organs of the "economic man"? No realist can answer "Yes" to all those questions.

I do not expect to see economic democracy functioning perfectly the day after tomorrow. It may take us a generation to learn how to put it to work. But if we have any kind of faith in certain traditional American virtues, there is plenty of ground for a seasoned optimism. Some of us have lost sight of our resources of ingenuity, of tolerance, of experimentation, and of science. Go down to the Tennessee Valley experiment; get a glimpse of the ingenuity and the spirit at work in the barter experiments of the unemployed, in the agricultural adjustment programs, in the subsistence homesteads. Here are to be found the new pioneers, struggling for something more precious than all the gold in the world.

I hope—though I have no way of knowing whether or not my hope is justified—that modern American youth has caught a glimpse of these possibilities. The outstanding characteristics of youth are vigor, inexperience, and idealism. Most of the New Dealers of my generation had their political idealism first inspired by the stirring actions and words of either Woodrow Wilson or Theodore Roosevelt, or both. They fought the battle of Armageddon with Theodore Roosevelt or strove for the New Freedom with Woodrow Wilson. Their ideals were shattered for the time being by the World War and the events which followed immediately thereafter. In the New Deal the seeds planted by Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson are coming into flower. I am wondering, therefore, if the young people who are today being inspired by Franklin D. Roosevelt will not, perhaps, obtain their position of greatest influence twenty or thirty years hence.

No political leader can fully realize his ideals because

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the public is of necessity slow to accept them. The day may come, eight, twelve, or sixteen years hence, when the people will react against the New Deal in favor of a conservative, flesh-pot type of administration for some years. The youth inspired in the thirties by Franklin D. Roosevelt will then wonder what terrible thing has come over the American people. But they can bide their time in patience: the inevitable swing of the pendulum will give them their opportunity.

There is a tremendous burden on my generation to make enough progress with the New Deal so that even though the conservatives come back into power, they will of necessity have to build wisely on the foundations which we have laid. The one thing above all others we stand for is that human beings come first. We believe that economic laws can be made to serve, and that human beings have in them a spark of the divine which gives point and flavor to their non-economic life, whether it be recreational, social, artistic, or religious. Science, itself, despite the bally-hoo in the press about its practical aspects, can be non-economic and satisfying from a spiritual point of view.

Somehow, I can't help thinking that the self-subsistence homesteads, if experimented with sufficiently by men of scientific, artistic and religious understanding, will eventually lead us a long way toward a new and finer world. If I were a young man with no other job in prospect, I would try desperately to get into the self-subsistence homestead movement. In the actual work, of course, many petty meannesses will develop. Humanity in a small community is not always lovely. All too often the emphasis is on the things which divide rather than on those which unite. Yet in spite of all the disillusionment which may come, the movement deserves the support and the leadership of many strong men. The future seems more and more to favor decentralization.

In this picture we need a substitute for the notion of "economic man." We need, in this twentieth century, so rich in promise, the more realistic concept of a man abundant in life and in spirit, a man as quick to express his need for co-operation and the abundant life, as his predecessor in the nineteenth century was quick to express his belief in competition and the survival of the fittest. In every walk of life, in city as in open country, there are men and women who scorn to live by bread alone, and who are eager to create and to believe in this new man. They have grasped the message of that great seer who lived among men, and died for them, nineteen hundred years ago. They have felt the promise in His words, "I am come that ye might have life, and have it more abundantly." They yearn for that, and they ask only for the privilege of working for it.

Perhaps Jesus Christ did have a more significant message on the remedy for depressions than Adam Smith.

CAROL

By Katharine Shepard Hayden

Let not the wakened cattle low,
  Nor let the young lambs cry—
They need not fear the gentle babe
  That 'neath this roof doth lie—
Nor let them think the radiance there
  Is from a dawning sky.

For midnight stars are high above
  The shepherds in the wild—
And Joseph rests, and Mary too,
  So still and undefiled;
And all the lovely light around
  Is from the Holy Child!

Oh let the cattle quiet be—
  They need not stir till morn;
And let sweet Mary slumber too,
  So fair, and young, and worn!
But o'er the earth let angels sing
  Because the Christ is born!

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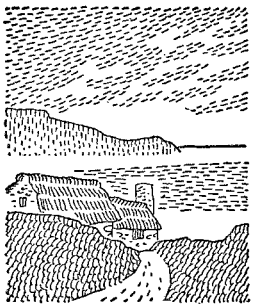
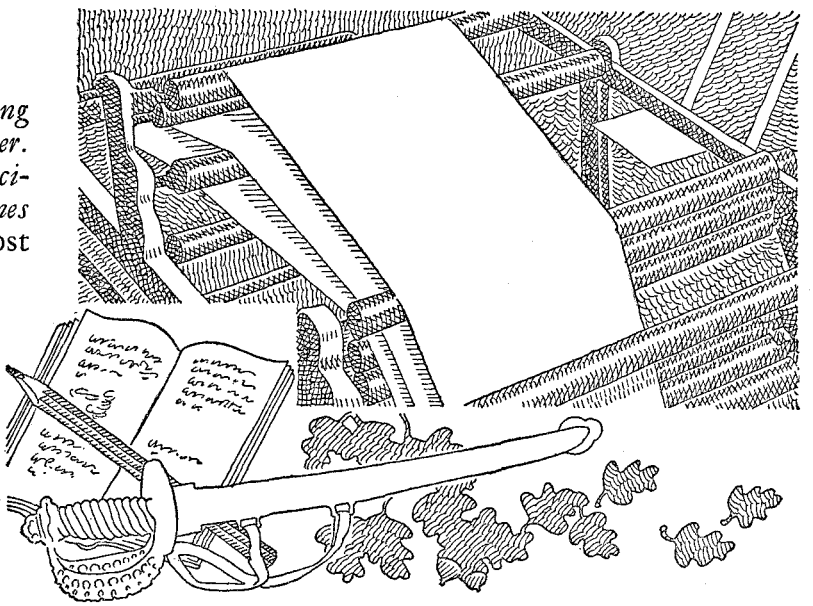


GREAT AMERICAN EDITORS. I

Godkin of "The Post"

By Henry F. Pringle



The first of three portraits of outstanding editors by the well-known biographer. Godkin, the Mugwump, is an especially interesting study in these times and in the present state of THE POST

ON Fridays, during the winter of 1886, the arrival of the noon train at Thomasville, Ga., was an event of importance. This was not due to the presence of noted travellers; it was because the week's copies of *The Nation* were on board. Thomasville was a winter resort and among the sojourners were ten or twelve faithful subscribers to the weekly journal of opinion founded by Edwin Lawrence Godkin. The historian, James Ford Rhodes, was one of them; two decades later he remembered sad occasions when the post was tardy, when *The Nation* did not arrive until late in the evening.

"It used to be said by certain scoffers," he wrote, "that if a dispute of political questions came up in the afternoon of one of those days, we readers were mum; but in the late evening, after having digested our political pabulum, we were ready to join issue with any antagonist."

Such was the influence wielded by the often bitter pen of E. L. Godkin, even after *The Nation* had become a weekly edition of *The New York Evening Post* and was less directly his personal organ. Ever since 1865, when the first issue appeared, Mr. Godkin had been doing the thinking for a large section of America's cultured minority. In 1874 James Russell Lowell protested from Paris, only half in jest, of his predicament when he found that *The Nation* was not on sale in the French capital.

"All the time I was without it," he told Godkin, "my mind was in chaos and I didn't feel that I had a safe opinion to swear by."

Godkin, however, was far too opinionated an editor to suffer from any superfluity of praise. The extreme liberals disliked him because he was, at heart, a conservative. The reactionaries criticised him for such liberalism as he showed. Never, though, was he guilty of restraint in the expression of his views. He loathed jingoism and fought it in the years between 1890 and the Spanish War, a decade during which the United States was throwing off its national inferiority complex by looking for war. He was an ardent "sound money" advocate when the farmers (how repetitious is history!) demanded inflation to lift the load of their debts.

Godkin was, I suppose, a typical Mugwump. The characterization has an antique flavor now, but in the '80's it was a fighting phrase. The politicians of both major parties viewed the Mugwumps with contempt and branded them idle theorists. The Mugwumps viewed themselves as independent spirits who were patently superior to the mass of their fellows. Larry Godkin was a typical Mugwump because he admitted the virtues of his tribe with complacency and boasted of their faults. He aroused bitter opposition in the hearts of the organization politicians—even such high-minded politicians as Theodore Roosevelt the First.

But Godkin, like T. R., stood for progress in politics. He was socially minded. He did not hold to that portion of the current American credo—current, alas, for many a decade after 1880—which said that the Lord might bless the poor but He endorsed the rich. He stood somewhere left of the center on most questions. And if he looked at the extreme left with horror he was, at least, filled with scorn for conservatives who were unable to adjust themselves to changing conditions and times. The editor of *The Nation* would, I am confident,

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have written a pungent leader praising the defiance of that later and possibly greater Roosevelt who, on an Inauguration Day when the economic skies were black and stormy, cried defiance to the money changers and ordered them from the temples. He would hardly have been able, however, to accept Franklin Roosevelt's program for industrial or economic recovery. He would certainly have opposed the plans for cheaper money. The swing toward centralized government which accompanies the New Deal would have seemed unsound and dangerous.

II

The urge for self-expression, which makes preachers or actors or writers out of otherwise normal men, was in the blood of the Godkins. The Reverend James Godkin was a Presbyterian clergyman. He was, even more, an Irishman who believed fervently in the Home Rule clause. He forfeited his pulpit because of that belief, but this cannot have been a serious sacrifice. The elder Godkin had been revealed, in 1848, as the author of numerous essays on the Irish question and he eagerly turned to writing when he lost his church. He became editor of *The Londonderry Standard* and then of *The Dublin Daily Express*. He published several books—rather ponderous works—on the Irish question.

Thus Edwin L. Godkin, born on October 2, 1831, at Moyne, in County Wicklow, grew up in a journalistic rather than a clerical atmosphere. His boyhood was spent in this mountainous part of Ireland. His environment included no flavor of the rigid propriety of the parsonage. Instead, the house was filled with Irish patriots. The boy heard his father discuss political questions with other home-rule enthusiasts. He heard violent, almost sanguinary, debates. Until young Larry was ten he was educated at home. Then he was sent to Silcoates, a small school, where he distinguished himself for scholarship. After three years he entered the classical department of the Royal Institute at Belfast and, in 1846, Queen's College.

Young men in Godkin's position were supposed to follow some profession and so he took up the law. It bored him, however. He did not look forward with anticipation to the life of a barrister. Journalism hardly ranked as a profession; it was, rather, a trade and a dubious one at that. But Godkin gladly accepted when an opportunity to become a journalist offered itself. He was, perhaps, the only person in the history of journalism to obtain a post as war correspondent by writing a letter to the editor. This was an epistle addressed to *The London Daily News* in 1853, as war clouds began to gather over the Crimea. Godkin, in the letter, defended the claim of the Greeks on Constantinople.

"I was only twenty-two," he recalled many years later, "and knew nothing about either Greece, or the Greeks or Constantinople; but I was possessed of that common illusion of young men, that facility in composition indicates the existence of thought."

I doubt, though, that this modesty was wholly sincere. It was the expression of a mature man patronizing his own youth. In any event Knight Hunt, editor of *The Daily News*, was sufficiently impressed to invite Godkin to cover the Crimean War. He left for the Near East in the late fall of 1853. The machine age had not yet transformed the art of war. It was still picturesque and glamorous, if one did not look too deeply beneath the surface. War was fought by professional soldiers, on a small scale but with great violence. The war correspondent of 1853, as in the Civil War and the War with Spain, lived in intimate contact with the troops. He often rode to battle with them. In Mr. Rollo Ogden's life of E. L. Godkin there is a charming photograph of the youthful correspondent. His costume almost defies description, consisting, as it did, of a strange high hat, skin-tight breeches and boots which reached above the knees. In this studio portrait, Godkin is resting his left hand on a huge sword while in his right is a notebook. He is magnificently bearded and his mustaches are luxuriant.

Godkin was, in fact, a forerunner of the Richard Harding Davis school. On one occasion, in Bucharest, a sentinel refused to honor his credentials and Godkin, fearfully insulted, drew his revolver. He might have used it had not the man backed down. But Godkin, unlike Davis, never succumbed to the lure of war. He thought it was stupid, savage, and unnecessary. The seeds of his hatred for the jingoes were sewn while he watched this curious and foolish war in which Turks, Russians, Hungarians, and nearly all the other races of Europe leaped at each other's throats in an idiotic welter of blood. Godkin demonstrated too that he had courage and independence. He undertook to defend the Turks against the current conception that they were cowards. Their officers were bad, he admitted, but the men in the ranks fought fiercely. And the language in which Godkin described their character was forthright and without restraint. In one despatch to *The Daily News* he wrote:

> The (Turkish) private soldier is, in general, an honest, good-hearted peasant, personally brave, as are all his race; his officer has in general been either a . . . coffee-server or pipe-bearer to some pacha, a wretch steeped in vice from his infancy, without honor or patriotism, who serves simply that he may plunder and embezzle. If you officered the British troops with the sweepings of the jails, selected the leading pimps, burglars, publicans, betting-house and brothel keepers of London, and made them captains, majors, and colonels . . . do you suppose they would receive charges of cavalry standing two deep or that 8000 of them

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would support the attacks of 40,000 during the long gloomy hours of a November morning?

The war over, Godkin turned homeward in 1856, to face the problem of a future career. The prospects were not too bright. No other wars were on the horizon. Besides, he had long been interested in the United States. He intended to go there as soon as possible, for a visit at least.

In November, 1856, he landed in New York. A Presidential election, the one in which James Buchanan emerged as victor, was but a few days away and Godkin was fascinated by the spectacle of the campaign. He went to a rally at the old Academy of Music and was, as he wrote, "astounded by the heat . . . and extravagance" of the speeches he heard. He differed from other notable visiting Englishmen—Dickens and Kipling for instance—in the measure of his understanding and sympathy. He did not consider Americans either crude or barbaric. From the start, he liked the people with whom he was destined to cast his lot and the nation to which, in due time, he was to subscribe allegiance.

Godkin arrived in the midst of stirring times. The Civil War was imminent. He again exhibited unusual qualities as a reporter and started, immediately after the election, on a journey through the South. His letters to *The London Daily News* were resumed during this trip. They were vivid, objective, concise. Godkin had only repugnance for the institution of slavery, but he made a sincere effort to understand the Southern viewpoint on the Negro. He was not an aloof commentator, giving ideas rather than facts. He mixed with Southerners, drank with them, lived with them. The poor whites of the South, he wrote, constituted the most wretched group of human beings he had seen in all his travels.

It is an attractive picture of a young journalist which arises from the letters he sent to *The Daily News*. Godkin was not afraid of hardship. He rode horseback through the swamps of Mississippi and Louisiana and on several occasions risked his life in pushing on from remote town to remote town. He witnessed the same crudities from which Dickens recoiled in disgust and which were to amuse a bewildered Kipling in the years ahead. But Godkin was a more robust individual. He saw the Southern planters as rather ignorant provincials clinging with desperation to an institution which was doomed and which was economically unsound. He thought that Northerners were often unfair in their abolitionist frenzies.

He was amused by a tendency of Americans in general, Bostonians and New Yorkers in particular, to indulge in wild gestures of enthusiasm when some celebrity, however obscure, arrived in their midst. From one article he wrote for *The Daily News* it appears that official welcomes for channel swimmers, aviators, prize-fighters, and movie stars had a precedent well back in the nineteenth century. Godkin wrote:

> No people was ever so devoured by that sort of hero-worship which expends itself in speeches, processions, fireworks, and poetry. . . . When they get hold of a celebrity, no matter how small, they never think of proportioning their praise to his deserts. When Kossuth came and Jenny Lind came, the excitement was of the maddest kind, and you may remember the wild extravagances that were committed in their honor. No other opportunity for an outbreak on so grand a scale offered itself until the Atlantic cable was laid, and then the tide reached a higher point than it had ever attained before. Cyrus Field was seized on as the specific object of the outburst, and there was nothing too wild or absurd to be said in his praise. He was compared to Moses, to Alexander the Great and Cyrus the Great.

The really important aspect of Godkin's visit to the United States lay in his friendship for the cause of the Union. When the Civil War came, this English-Irish writer was solidly on the side of the North and his letters to *The Daily News* played a very important part—no one can say how important—as a counter-influence to the rising tide of prejudice in Great Britain. The sympathy of the English for the South is not hard to understand. This was the weaker side; the Southerners were the invaded people who were defending their homes. And there were more practical reasons for Southern support in England. Great Britain had sold vast quantities of guns and ammunition to the Confederacy. Unless the South won, no payment would be received. Besides, Great Britain's industries were vitally concerned with the South's cotton. The Northern blockade brought severe losses to Manchester and other textile centers.

As early as 1858, Godkin was presenting the Northern viewpoint in the columns of *The Daily News*. He criticised his native country for the *Trent* affair. His letters discounted the prevailing belief in England that the North was not fighting for the preservation of the Union and would, in due time, agree to a peace based on the creation of a new nation in the South. Of particular interest was the analysis he offered of the two armies. Godkin was well qualified to write on military strategy. He contrasted the American armies with those he had observed in Europe and drew the conclusion that it would be a long war. The Americans, he said, were amateur soldiers with amateur officers. They knew little about combat and, because of this ignorance, never realized when they were defeated; consequently battles raged for days. European troops were professionals. Their discipline was superior and so was their fighting. But a defeat shattered their morale. Together with every other intelligent observer, Godkin was horrified by the assassination of President Lincoln. He saw

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that it meant long years of disruption in the South, a period of bitterness, poverty, and heartache.

III

Meanwhile Godkin had decided that he would make his home in the United States. He had continued his law studies in New York, not because he was interested but because his journalistic future was still dubious. On February 6, 1858, he appeared in a minor law case and his attendance in one or two other court actions is noted. He made no apparent attempt to build a practice, however. In July, 1859, he was married to Miss Frances Elizabeth Foote of New Haven. A trip abroad consumed some time. Godkin was also fairly busy with his *Daily News* correspondence. But there were months of dreary discouragement. In February, 1864, he was editing a journal, hardly devoted to either culture or opinion, called the *Sanitary Commission Bulletin,* which, as he gloomily informed a friend, published "reports, articles on sanitary subjects and so forth." The salary was $100 a month and Godkin was able to live on it. But the work bored him.

Godkin had the yearnings of every young writer; he wanted an organ of his own, where he could express without restriction his views on politics, social matters, and foreign affairs. There was nothing unusual about the yearning. The remarkable thing is that Godkin, as early as 1863, had interested substantial business men in his project. One backer was on the verge of starting a magazine when, quite suddenly, he was called to California on business. He urged Godkin to follow him and even offered to found a newspaper with the Englishman as editor. Godkin declined on the ground—this was before California had publicized her climate—that he would not be able to endure so hot a place.

He was tired of his rôle as editor of a plumbing magazine and he debated returning to England. He would have done so had he not become so attached to the United States. In 1865 the clouds lifted. James Miller McKim of Philadelphia, an abolitionist, received word that Godkin had been attempting to raise funds for a weekly. He suggested that they work together and within a few months, being wealthy and acquainted with other men of wealth, he had raised $100,000. The stockholders were a varied group, for the most part liberals with a strong conservative slant. The prospectus proclaimed a journal "of politics, literature, science and art" which would hold forth on the topics of the day "with greater accuracy and moderation than are now to be found in the daily press." *The Nation,* as the new journal was christened, would stand for the "maintenance and diffusion of true democratic principles in society and government." It called for legislation which was "likely to promote a more equal distribution of the fruits of progress and civilization," but this did not mean that *The Nation* endorsed socialism or any other radical nonsense. Its abolitionist parentage was revealed in the third paragraph of the prospectus. The new weekly bespoke "earnest and persistent consideration of the condition of the laboring class at the South" and the removal of "all artificial distinctions" between the Negroes and the rest of the people. Among the announced contributors were Henry W. Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, Charles E. Norton, the Reverend Phillips Brooks, John G. Whittier, and Samuel Eliot.

The first issue greeted an eager, although small, public on July 6, 1865. "The week has been singularly barren of exciting events" was the first sentence written by Godkin for *The Nation.* He found enough to write about, however. The return of peace, Mr. Godkin felt, had given a new stimulus to the consideration of politics. "Orators and writers," he pointed out, "are entering the arena with a confidence which they never displayed as long as their arguments and predictions were liable to reversal or falsification at the hands of Lee or Grant."

Over half a century has passed since that first issue of *The Nation* came from the presses. It is a striking tribute to the talents of Godkin that its columns, examined today, seem fresh and wholly lack that depressing flavor of antiquity which normally marks the editorial offerings of yesteryear. It was a sprightly little magazine of thirty-two pages. The literary section began:

> The publishing trade has rarely afforded less signs of action, even in the deepest depression of war times, than at present.

This was followed by a review of two more volumes of Mr. Carlyle's *History of Frederick II of Prussia* whose style, said the reviewer, was "idiotic in the strict philosophical sense of the word." There were some notes on the show at the National Academy of Design and seven or eight pages of advertising. The paid notices were largely about books and security issues. But there was one advertisement setting forth the virtues of "J. W. Bradley's New Patent Duplex Elliptic (or Double) Hoop Skirt."

So *The Nation* started and began to circulate among America's fit, though few. Godkin found his path beset by difficulties. Some forty individuals had subscribed the $100,000 with which *The Nation* had been started. The editor learned, as editors nearly always do, that each stockholder had a different conception of the best editorial program. The free traders quarrelled with the protectionists. The abolitionists were chagrined when anything except appeals for the Negro was discussed. Finally, Godkin himself was subjected to absurd provincial criticism. He was an Englishman and therefore incom-

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petent. *The Nation,* said the Anglophobes, had been financed with British gold and was seeking to undermine the sacred institutions of America.

At the end of the first year the capital had been drawn upon heavily. Godkin saw no prospect of further support from the same stockholders and so he reorganized the company. His new funds came from close friends. Thereafter his judgment was not questioned and for the next fifteen years *The Nation* prospered enough to pay its way.

IV

At best, however, *The Nation* was a precarious source of income. Godkin loved the pleasant things of life: good wines, a fine home, cultured friends, frequent trips abroad. As the editor of *The Nation* he received a salary of about $5000. But he was never certain how long it would last. The responsibilities of a weekly made it virtually impossible for him to get away. Too, Godkin feared that the magazine would suffer because he was getting on in years.

". . . at my age," he wrote, "I shall be fifty in October—my vivacity of mind and readiness for work must decline . . ."

Again, was this entirely sincere? Fifty was not an extreme age. Godkin was to demonstrate full vigor for a good many years. The truth is that he wanted less work and more money. On May 25, 1881, it was announced that *The Nation* would thereafter constitute a weekly edition of *The New York Evening Post,* that journal of long and honorable heritage which had recently been acquired by Henry Villard. Godkin was to be one of three editors of *The Evening Post.* The others were Carl Schurz and Horace White. Until three years before, the paper had been under the editorship of William Cullen Bryant. Now it was to pass into even more able hands. For Villard was to give his editors complete control and to earn for himself, thereby, a distinguished place in the history of journalism. Villard, a German-American, had been a newspaper correspondent in the Civil War. Then he had demonstrated astonishing gifts as a builder of railroads in the northwest. He was about to complete the Northern Pacific in 1883. Mere financial success did not satisfy Villard, though. He had once known the smell of printer's ink and he could not do without it. So he bought *The Evening Post.*

Villard's only mistake was his belief that three editors so distinguished and talented as Godkin, Schurz, and White could work in harmony. It is hard to believe, in fact, that Godkin would have tolerated interference from anybody because, at fifty, the dictatorial side of his character had grown stronger. Of the three men, Schurz was probably the best known among the mass of the American people. He had long been in the public eye, most recently as United States Senator and as Secretary of the Interior. Horace White had been a Chicago journalist, a war correspondent, an aide to War Secretary Stanton. Schurz was the nominal editor-in-chief of *The Evening Post,* but the duties of the three men were based on their particular talents. Schurz was to write on national politics. White knew more about finance than the other two. Godkin's specialty lay in the editorial which attacked the evils of politics. The sachems of Tammany Hall were to feel the full force of such editorials.

The three men managed to work together for almost two years, but the friction was not far from the surface. They issued a distinguished newspaper which was liberal, well-written, complete.

"My notion," wrote Godkin in 1883, "is . . . that *The Evening Post* ought to make a specialty of being the paper to which sober-minded people would look . . . instead of hollering and bellering and shouting platitudes like *The Herald* and *Times.*"

The ultimate disagreement was not due to this conception, with which Schurz and White agreed. It was based on Godkin's belief that Schurz was, after all, a dry and humorless writer. The General, on his part, disapproved of Godkin's biting sarcasm. There was a degree of justice in the reaction of each to the other. Besides, Schurz was far more of a liberal than the somewhat narrow Godkin. In July, 1883, a strike started among the railway telegraphers and Godkin, as Allan Nevins points out in his history of *The Evening Post,* adopted "a tone hostile to the strikers." He said that 30,000 or 40,000 men could not be allowed to interfere with transportation or communication. They should be made to perform their duties. Carl Schurz, away on vacation at the time, could not tolerate such a principle. He so informed Godkin.

Only one outcome was possible: one of the two men had to resign and Schurz, in that same month, abandoned his post as editor-in-chief. Godkin assumed command for the approaching presidential campaign of 1884. Day in and day out he thrust with his pen at James G. Blaine, the Republican nominee. Daily, too, his admiration for Grover Cleveland increased. Godkin was, however, shocked when the Halpin scandal occurred. He was so upset that he was unable to go to his office for several days and the reaction is important because it throws some light on Godkin's character. A liberal on political questions, the editor of *The Evening Post* had no small measure of the social snob in him. He detested public knowledge of private matters. Godkin was not a prude; he enjoyed to the full the hearty, somewhat ribald stories which, even in the '80's, permeated a newspaper office. But he felt that it was stupid for Cleveland to be caught in a low affair; a suave man, a sophisticated man, would have been careful to avoid detection.

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Godkin soon regained his sense of proportion, however. He continued to support Cleveland. "Sex immorality," he wrote, "is not incompatible with the highest civic virtue." Had not great statesmen of the past, such a Cromwell and Benjamin Franklin, been less than chaste? This editorial was widely read; a sigh of relief went up from the respectable people who, until then, had been half afraid that a vote for Cleveland was a vote to undermine the sanctity of the home and American womanhood. Or, to be more realistic, they were apprehensive that it was a vote endorsing the carelessness of a man who had been caught in an undignified scrape.

These were the days of personal journalism, when editors hurled epithets at each other and even, if the occasion required, pounded each other with canes. Godkin never indulged in physical combat with his rivals, but he did not hesitate to use the columns of *The Evening Post* to call them to account. "We must remind *The Tribune,*" he would begin and then set forth the most recent asininities of that journal. But his chief abomination was Charles Dana. The editor of *The Sun* was a worthy foe. He shouted that *The Evening Post* was as heavy as it was dull. When the Brooklyn Bridge was about to open, the engineers tested its strength by having huge trucks bearing heavy weights trundle across it. A far more efficient test of the bridge's strength, said Mr. Dana, would be a wagon bearing a single copy of *The Evening Post.*

Mr. Godkin was a little too conscious of his own dignity and Dana knew this. Consequently he always referred to the editor of *The Evening Post* as "Larry," a contraction which Godkin abhorred. Godkin objected to crime news and kept his own journal as spotless as he could. He constantly berated Dana's *Sun* for sensationalism and analyzed, in one editorial, what he insisted was a typical issue of *The Sun.* On the first page were accounts of a minister on trial for immorality, a suicide and an assault case. Throughout the balance of the paper were to be found "a scandal about Lord Lonsdale and Miss Violet Cameron and a small item about another Lord Lonsdale and twenty-four chorus girls . . . half a column of the horse-whipping of a reporter by a girl, the discovery of her lover in jail by Miss Miller, the arrest of a small swindler and a few other trifles."

In April, 1890, Dana gloated over the fact that Godkin had been arrested for criminal libel, a perfectly grotesque action brought by one of the Tammany politicians being exposed in *The Evening Post.* Dana pretended to believe that this was proof of the unmitigated perfidy of "Larry" Godkin. On April 17 he wrote an editorial for *The Sun:*

> We sincerely hope that the prisoner told the truth when he declared to the Police Court Justice that he was not guilty of the despicable offense for which he was arraigned. . . . Under the well-known principle of law, Godkin's innocence must be presumed until his guilt is fully established by evidence. Candor compels us to say, however, that this presumption would weigh more in his case if his previous reputation for truthfulness and good faith was immaculate.

There are no such editorial battles in these too, too refined days. Mr. Ochs does not berate Mr. Roy Howard. Mr. Reid never castigates Mr. Paul Block. The newspapers of 1932 sometimes emulate Mr. Godkin in more important matters, however. They crusade against evils in politics and industry. In 1884, the year after becoming editor of *The Evening Post,* Godkin began to attack Tammany Hall.

"The three things a Tammany leader most dreaded," Godkin recalled, "were, in the ascending order of repulsiveness, the penitentiary, honest industry and biography."

Between 1884 and 1890, Godkin campaigned against Tammany without great success. On April 3, 1890, he used the weapon he considered most effective: biography. *The Evening Post* appeared on that day with nine columns setting forth the life stories of the leaders of the Wigwam. The first was a sketch of Hugh J. Grant, the Tammany Mayor, who had been a pawnbroker, an alderman, a member of the "Boodle Board" of 1884. *The Evening Post* told of his peculations as Sheriff of New York County, of his deals in public and private life. Next, Godkin took up Richard Croker. A biting sketch told of his start as a tough in the Fourth Avenue Tunnel Gang, of his days as a saloon keeper. Another worthy thus exposed to the glare of biography was "Patrick Divver, commonly called 'Paddy' (who) is the keeper of a sailors' boarding house and has interests in several liquor saloons." These sketches paved the way for the thunderings of the Reverend Charles F. Parkhurst and the overthrow of Tammany (temporary, of course) in 1894.

Godkin's hatred of Tammany was feeble, however, compared to his loathing for jingoism. "It is no longer sufficient for a people to be happy, peaceful, industrious, well-educated," he wrote. "It must have somebody afraid of it. What does a nation amount to if nobody is afraid of it?" He felt that all nations had become poisoned by the fervor for war. Godkin was heartbroken over the campaign against the Boers.

"To think of England, which I love and admire so much and which is so full of beauty, being filled with mourning at this season!" he wrote. "When I do speak of the war my language becomes unfit for publication. . . . Every one who believes in the divine government of the world must believe that God will eventually take up the case of fellows who set unnecessary wars on foot, and I hope he won't forgive them."

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Even Grover Cleveland, whom Godkin admired more than any other man in public life, was not without guilt. He was appalled by Cleveland's sharp message on December 17, 1895, to Great Britain over the Venezuelan boundary dispute. This was made public on a Saturday morning when, according to custom at *The Evening Post,* most of the editorials were already in type. They were written on Friday and the editors took turns in coming to the office for an hour or so on Saturday, merely to watch possible later developments. On this Saturday Godkin was in charge. He hastily scribbled two paragraphs of savage condemnation. He continued to say, until the matter had been settled by arbitration, that a war on such an issue was close to criminal insanity. Naturally, as the tide ran more swiftly each month for a war with Spain, Godkin was again bitter. Even the sinking of the U. S. S. *Maine* could not persuade him that war was necessary. But the voice of Godkin was a lonely one and it was drowned out in the chorus of demands for war by Hearst and Pulitzer, Cabot Lodge and Theodore Roosevelt.

This was the last important issue on which Godkin fought. By the spring of 1899 his health was failing and he went to Europe for rest. He withdrew from active participation in *The Evening Post* in January, 1900, and he died on May 21, 1902. Godkin had long been an American citizen and he passionately loved the country of his adoption. But he loved England, too, and it was not unfitting that he should have been seized with his final illness there and that his grave is in an English churchyard.

V

During the last thirty years of his life Godkin was a great editor and a mediocre journalist. He was an educated man, a very intelligent and courageous man, who happened to be writing for a newspaper. As an editor he was unquestionably superior to Charles Dana of *The Sun* or Horace Greeley of *The Tribune.* He was the peer of Marse Henry Watterson of Kentucky; he certainly takes his place among the immortals of the American editorial page along with Frank Cobb of *The New York World.* Godkin's fame rests solely upon his talents as an editor. He held no public office. He wrote no important books.

But as a journalist Godkin was inferior to most of his contemporaries. Of the mechanics and problems of news gathering he knew nothing and cared less. The reporters of *The Evening Post* disliked him, and with reason. Sometimes, in the corridors of the editorial offices, they met an aloof man with a gray beard and a flowing mustache who never deigned to recognize or to speak to them. They knew that he detested sensationalism in the news and would, had his associates not vetoed it, have barred every reference to crime from the paper. A contact with the reportorial staff was very rare. He saw the news writers only to obtain additional facts on some matter of economic or political importance. Godkin would question the reporter in a voice which still bore the traces of an English-Irish heritage. He dismissed the reporter curtly when the interview was over.

This disdain for news was a curious blind spot. It never occurred to him, apparently, that nine-tenths of his editorial judgments were based upon the fruits of reportorial energy. He read the news columns avidly. Without them he would have found it impossible to write the editorials—caustic or witty or argumentative as the case might be—which won so influential, if numerically small, a following for *The Evening Post.* Nor, earlier, would he have been able to publish *The Nation* had he not had the source material in the columns of the daily press.

Godkin particularly disliked the sentimental or the colorful in the news. On one occasion Lincoln Steffens, who was among the thwarted geniuses on *The Evening Post,* wrote an account of some German violinist who had died in poverty and whose body had been taken to the city morgue. It was a well-written article, restrained and dignified and moving. But when he read it, Godkin burst into a roar of rage and, on the following day, demanded an explanation from Henry J. Wright, the City Editor. Mr. Wright stood by his guns. He said that the article was excellent, in every way worth publishing. Just then the Literary Editor of *The Nation,* W. P. Garrison, happened to enter the editorial sanctum and stoutly took the side of Steffens and Wright. Godkin swallowed his wrath, but with bad grace. He had been about to demand the dismissal of Lincoln Steffens.

Another time Norman Hapgood had been assigned to cover some congressional hearings regarding a bill for the regulation of interstate commerce. They were highly technical. Mr. Hapgood wrote several columns each day in clear, lucid English and when the hearings were over Joseph H. Choate, the attorney, called on the editor of *The Evening Post.* He wanted to know, he said, where the paper had found a legal expert able to write with such clarity and accuracy. Mr. Godkin summoned his City Editor.

"Mr. Choate wants to know who wrote those interstate commerce articles," he said to Mr. Wright. "Will you please look it up and tell him?"

But he turned to some papers while it was explained that Hapgood was the author, was not even a lawyer and merely an excellent newspaper man. Godkin was not listening. He never offered a word of praise.

All this was part of his aloof austerity. The same failing handicapped Godkin in the newspaper campaigns which he conducted. He was not close to his fellow men.

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He offered no program. He pointed to no Utopia. He knew, after all, rather little about the problems and aspirations of labor or the masses of the people and he wholly misunderstood the march of Bryan in 1896. Godkin's importance in American journalism cannot be adequately measured by the issues for which he stood and on which, more often than not, he was defeated. He was important because he was an able writer, was independent and courageous. He was an apostle of the vigilant press. But his first importance lies in the fact that under his régime, on *The Nation* and on *The Evening Post,* journalism was wholly divorced from commercialism. Few journals, daily or weekly, were thus free in Godkin's day. Few are so free today.

No one ever doubted that Godkin was supreme. No publisher, no advertising manager dared to suppose that his word was not final on any matter. On one occasion he had written an editorial certain to be offensive to a very large advertiser in *The Evening Post.* This time the advertising manager undertook to make a protest. He pointed out that dividends would be cut if the account was lost. But he made his plea without much enthusiasm and with no hope. The editorial appeared precisely as it had been written. The account was withdrawn, exactly as predicted. Godkin's contempt for a commercialized press was even greater than his contempt for a sensational press. When his freedom was questioned, he lost his temper completely and refused to give way an inch. It was very seldom questioned, for Godkin's wrath, once aroused, was as noisy as it was sincere. His curses rang through the offices of *The Evening Post.* Even the reporters, who disliked him, smiled as they bent over their tasks. For if Godkin was a free man they were free men, too.

And *The Evening Post,* under Godkin, was a free newspaper.

EVEN THE BITTER AND DIFFICULT

By Robin Lampson

Let me not seek peace but joy! Joy is life; the essence of living is joy.
Let me pleasure my days with joy, with rapture; let me leap to meet ecstasy,
And shun peace, for peace is only the intaglio of life, the shadow
Of living, escape from living, the fringe of the penumbra of death.
Death is the consummate peace, neither light nor darkness, nor rapture
Nor sleep,—but only the empty, empty, empty nothing.

Let me rouse myself from the narcosis of calm, from the captivity of quiet;
Let me deliver myself from the dream of peace—accept struggle, and find joy!
And let me not dream, but remember that dreamers have wrecked the world:
The practical dreamers—emperors and kings, dictators and presidents,
Statesmen and politicians; dreamers who trusted their futile illusions,
Refusing reality; money-lenders who dreamed of a world all gold;
Builders and makers of things, who envisioned the planet all paved
With skyscrapers and factories, highways and smokestacks (and man insulated from the earth
With bitumen and concrete and steel!), a world humming with wheels and machines
And filled with innumerable gadgets and knick-knacks;—dreamers refusing
Essential realities, mutilating humanity, disfiguring the earth!

O let me not dream, but consider instead the destruction tolerated
By dreamers, by those other, impractical dreamers who perceived reality
But, weaklings in faith, avoided the struggle, evaded the battle
By making a pact with illusion, a personal peace with existence.
Let me not dream, but seek the events of living! Let me have no peace,
But joy, and every possible kind of joy—even the bitter and difficult joy!

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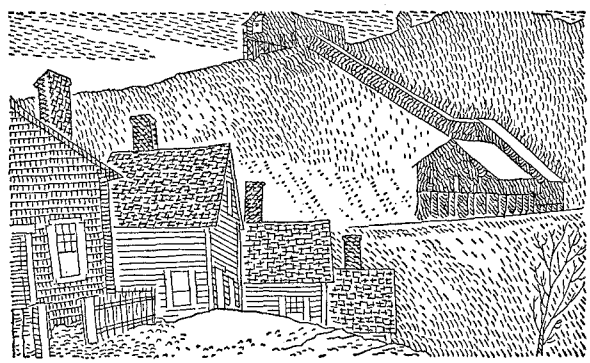
The Paesanos

A STORY

By Jo Pagano



THE first time I ever saw my father's *paesano,* Gianpaolo Maccalucci, was on one of the numerous visits he made to our house to bring us the wine. I say "the wine" because it was Gianpaolo, in those dreary days of the "noble experiment," who came furtively in the night bearing to our house the many gallons of ashy-red claret by means of which my father maintained, defiantly, and with numerous blustering imprecations against a country so barbaric as to make illegal the very corpuscles of a man's life-blood ("By God what a country! Make a goddam criminal out of you joost to take a glass of good healthy wine!"), the gastronomic and dietary habits inculcated in his youth.

I am afraid that if it had not been for Gianpaolo, (John Paul in English, thus John, simply, to all except those who addressed him in his native tongue) our table would have been a little less inviting and considerably more arid: for though my father had no compunctions about drinking wine even though the established authorities had decreed it unlawful, he was too good a citizen ("Me, I'm first-class American you bet. I pay my taxes, I pay my bills: by God I'm one-hundred per cent first-class American!"), he was too good a citizen—and, in the interests of strict veracity, also too cautious a one I'm afraid—to patronize a bootlegger; and he had neither the time nor the facilities to make it himself. And so, for a couple of years or more, it was Gianpaolo who made it possible for us to dine with some semblance of regard for our livers—a fortuitous circumstance which at first I could not understand, for, though the Maccaluccis were very poor (Gianpaolo worked for "the city," cleaning sewers), they never charged my parents for the wine. The secret of this minor mystery was revealed one evening at dinner when my mother and father began a conversation about some money which, it seemed, the Maccaluccis owed to them. I asked them about this debt, of which I had been unaware up to this time, and learned that the Maccaluccis owed my mother and father a little over five hundred dollars.

"That's why he brings us the wine," said my mother, turning to me with that expression at once crafty, secretive, and incredibly pleased, which crossed her face whenever mention was made of money, a subject which, with all of its ramifications, she found intensely absorbing. ("Ah! Ah! Save your money, *figlio mio,* save every penny you can: nobody gives you anything for nothing . . .")

"The wine?" I echoed.

"Yes. We don't charge them interest on what they owe us. They give us the wine for the interest."

This struck me as a rather curious procedure, but a question or two elicited the information that the bringing of wine in place of interest was not a formally agreed upon arrangement, it was rather one of those tacit understandings which exist without being put into so many words. It seemed that whenever the Maccaluccis needed money they came to my parents—and were never, I gathered, refused—; they paid it back whenever they could, without interest or security, and the wine-bringing was more in the nature of an expression of gratitude than anything else.

As for the wine itself—I suspect that vintages a little more tantalizing to the palates of men have been known to exist. Usually it was thick, cloudy, with a musky taste of the barrel: often enough the cork popped when it was withdrawn from the throat of the jug, indicating that the content was turning sour; sometimes small particles would be floating in it, small particles which, on close examination, revealed tiny embellishments that might conceivably have been, at some remote time, wings. My father always regarded me with an expression of complete and overwhelming disgust whenever I would gingerly impinge on my fingernail one of these foreign microcosms and survey it through my glasses.

"That's nothing, that's nothing," he would bluster, spitting the words out through the formidable moustache which encircled his upper lip like a hedge. "What's the matter with you? You can't helpa that.

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Don't be so damn finicky!" (this being one of his favorite epithets, picked up heaven alone knows where, and used with promiscuous and lip-smacking abandon to describe all those aspects of my generation which struck his rugged soul as being if not effeminate, at least precious).

"It looks like a mosquito," I would suggest dryly.

"Sure, sure," he would bluster. "What of it? You can't helpa that when you make the wine. The trouble with you kids is you're spoiled. You don't know what it is to go hungry. You're too damn finicky!"

Once started on the subject of my being spoiled (for though he said "kids" in the plural it was always me he meant, I being the only one of the five of us left at home), there was no stopping him: and indeed, there was undoubtedly ample justification, from his point of view, for his vituperation, for he had been very poor as a boy in Naples and had worked as a section-hand and coal-miner in America in his youth. (In this connection, I cannot resist relating his favorite story, which concerned a rich father and his wastrel son who got their hair cut in the same barber shop. Said the barber to the father: "Why is it when your son comes in he always leaves me a tip, but you, you never do: why is that?" "Ah!" said the father. "My son has a rich father, but I have not." This story my father must have told a thousand times in my presence, always with the same extravagant gestures, the same blustering through his moustache, the same delighted, warm, shrewd rolling of his brown eyes, the same roaring guffaws of laughter.)

But to return:

It was a rainy evening when I first saw Gianpaolo. I remember the weather very well because that was a winter of big rains, and on this particular evening I had had an accident. I had gone to the drug-store to get some cigarettes after dinner and on my way back had started to cross over one of the planks which were laid at street-corners above the rain-swollen gutters. The plank, however, was uncertainly fastened: I had slipped: I had fallen with all my weight into the miniature torrent which rushed down the gutter. I was soaked through from ankles to waist and by the time I got home I was not only shivering from an uncontrollable chill, but sneezing. While I changed my soaking clothes my mother bustled about getting ready a big pan of hot water for my feet and a pitcher of warm wine for my stomach (to the accompaniment of derisive comments from my father above his evening paper—"No wonder he's spoiled. Look at you, look at you! Don't be so damn finicky!"): I was sitting wrapped in a big robe in the kitchen, soaking my feet and drinking the wine, when there was a ring at the front door.

"There he is now!" said my father, putting down the paper abruptly and hoisting his huge body upright with sundry groans, gurgles, and wheezes.

"I'll go," said my mother.

"No, I'll go. You stay here and take care of your *baby!*" (the last with a contemptuous, sidelong glance at me).

"Who is it?" I asked my mother as he went out of the room.

"Gianpaolo Maccalucci."

The name meant nothing to me and I asked for further details. She explained that the visitor was a *paesano* of my father's, that, in other words, they had come from the same village just outside of Naples. In a moment more I heard what to other and less experienced ears might have sounded like a series of explosions from big guns. These were the sounds of my father greeting his friend. (*"Ohé, paesano! Ben venuto, ben venuto! Come stai? Vieni dentro, paesano, vieni dentro!"*) Underneath his voice I could hear another voice, a voice small and uncertain, thick and guttural, one of those rasping, throaty, tonsil-clogged voices commonly referred to as a whiskey-baritone. (*"Grazie, paesano, tante grazie!"*)

My mother immediately left the kitchen and went into the front room to extend her own welcome, and for a moment or two the house quivered with voluble Italian. My father was asking Gianpaolo in Italian to "let him help"; Gianpaolo was refusing, protesting, also in Italian (or rather in the bastardized version of the language which was their dialect) that "it was not heavy, he could carry it all right": there were the movements of my parents and their guest coming toward the kitchen—and then I saw, in the doorway, a small squat man with a five-gallon wicker-encircled jug on his shoulder.

This was Gianpaolo as I first saw him, a short, wiry man in his fifties, with a leathery face, furtively solemn brown eyes, bristling black hair that grew almost to his eyebrows, and a huge nose behind which all the rest of his face seemed to hide as behind a pole. His legs were extremely bowed and he was dressed in brown corduroy trousers a couple of sizes too big for him, so that the crotch seemed to reach almost to his knees, the knees half-way to his ankles: back of him loomed my father's huge shoulders and florid head. Gianpaolo's face was streaming with rain and he brought into the kitchen a musty smell of corduroy and wet cloth: both he and my father were wheezing and groaning—though why my father should have been puffing I have not the slightest knowledge.

"Mettelo loco, mettelo loco, put it there, put it there!" shouted my father, indicating the floor beside the stove: and Gianpaolo, grunting and wheezing, rolled the jug off his shoulder and set it on the floor. My mother told him that he should not have gone to so much trouble, that they appreciated it but he should not have gone to so much trouble: Gianpaolo protested sturdily that

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it was no trouble at all, that it was a pleasure. They addressed each other in Italian, my mother in her warm, charmingly liquid voice, Gianpaolo coughing his words up slowly from somewhere inside his throat, wrinkling his brows, and blinking his eyes as though each word cost him an agony of concentration, the while he wiped the sweat and rain from his forehead with one sleeve.

"Come, come, let's sit down," said my father expansively; and to my mother: "Get some glasses."

Gianpaolo was looking at me curiously out of his furtive, solemn brown eyes, and my father, following his glance, snorted contemptuously. "He fell in the gutter," he said in English. "That's Robert, the painter."

It was then that Gianpaolo made the classic remark which immortalized him with my father.

"Ees thata so!" he said, looking at me with solemn interest. "Maybe he can painta my garage, eh?"

My father burst into a great guffaw of laughter. Gianpaolo looked at him blankly for a second, and then, apparently realizing that he unwittingly had said something clever, he smiled and bobbed his head and blinked his eyes.

"Did you hear?" shouted my father gleefully to my mother, who was returning from the dining-room with the glasses. "I told Gianpaolo that Robert was a painter. 'Good!' he says. 'Maybe he can paint our garage!' " As he repeated the witticism (which as time went on he was to tell a hundred times over, always with the same relish, the same abandon of gusty laughter, the same air of having summed up, once and for all, the absurd frivolity of art—though actually, in spite of the contempt he exhibited on the surface for my pictures, he secretly was enormously pleased to have an artist in the family), as he repeated the witticism he was seized by a new attack of laughter, so much so that his face purpled, his shoulders shook, his enormous stomach palpitated like a volcano in the process of eruption.

My mother did not laugh. She looked coldly at my father, then turning with an icy politeness to Gianpaolo, who was standing fumbling with his hat and grinning foolishly, she proceeded to explain that he had misunderstood, that I was not that kind of a painter, that I painted pictures, very beautiful pictures (the last with a sharp glance to my father): that, indeed, I had won a prize at an exhibition. At her first word, delivered in that icy tone of reproof, the self-satisfied smirk left Gianpaolo's features and the initial traces of a growing apprehension were born. By the time she had concluded he was in a perfect agony of contrition. He stammered, he wheezed, he wrinkled his brows and blinked his eyes and fumbled with his hat: he explained to my mother that he had only tried to make a joke, a very poor joke but a joke nevertheless (for, having behaved with my father as though the witticism had been intentional, he could not disclaim it now to my mother): at last he stumbled, could not go on, looked from her to me appealingly, then turned, as though for help, to my father, who had completely sobered and was stroking his moustache judicially.

"Ah well!" said my father, clearing his throat peremptorily. "Sit down, sit down."

This, then, was my first meeting with Gianpaolo, but it was not my last. In those days the Maccaluccis lived on the east side of town, in a poor and ugly neighborhood peopled largely by Japanese with a sprinkling of Russians and Filipinos, in a tottering frame house on a dreary street a block or so beyond the great wholesale markets. Once or twice a month of a Sunday afternoon I drove my mother and father there to "make a visit"; and it was there that I became acquainted with Mrs. Maccalucci.

She was a melancholy woman in her late fifties, an inch or so taller than her husband and at least a hundred pounds heavier, with great sad black eyes, a mass of unkempt black hair, and a moustache. On the few occasions that she visited our house she was dressed, invariably, in the same tightly fitting black silk: at home she went about in a faded lavender wrapper, her hair rolled in a loose knot atop her head, her breasts and stomach and buttocks quivering like jelly with every step she took. At home we referred to her as "What's-a-matter," for her conversation, whether in Italian or English, was continually interspersed with that phrase—("I donno what's-a-matter! Gianpaolo, he no work, Mary she sick wit' cold. Ah, ah! I donno what's-a-matter, that's all, I donno *what's*-a-matter!")—so much so that it had become not only an integral part of her speech but, indeed, its very framework.

The Maccaluccis always welcomed us like visiting potentates. We were gorged with cheese and salami and home-made bread, which my father washed down with great swallows of the famous Maccalucci claret, the while he kept a strict sidelong eye on my own glass—"Again? Don'ta drink so much. Too much wine'sa no good for you,"—(himself, meanwhile, consuming it at the rate of at least four glasses to my one): we sat invariably in the kitchen, a big bare room furnished with an oilcloth covered table (over which hung a Holy Picture), two or three rickety wooden chairs, and a huge, old-fashioned coal-burning stove, a stove that never failed to arouse a wistful comment or two from my mother. ("Ah, it makes me think of the coal-camps. Remember the bread I used to make then? You can't bake in these gas-stoves, it don't come out right.") From the front part of the house would come wheezy and querulous sounds from the Maccalucci radio (to which my mother listened with a faint smirk of self-satisfaction, for that year we had purchased a huge shiny radio which, along with the recently installed automatic ice-

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box—"Look, it makes ice by gas, can you imagine that?"—was the pride of her heart): now and then some one of the Maccalucci children would pass through, the youngest perhaps, who was a girl, Mary by name, a long-legged creature of fourteen with the eyes of a frightened bird and big breasts which seemed incongruous on her spindly torso and of which she was painfully self-conscious; or one of the boys, of whom there were three, all of them short and wiry like their father, all with big noses and an air of concentrated, slightly antagonistic intentness. They would come in, dressed sometimes in baseball suits—all three were members of a semi-pro team—their normally swarthy faces almost black with perspiration and grime, bringing with them a sour, musty smell of sweat and dirt: they would give us a brief, curt word of greeting, wash themselves at the sink with brown laundry soap that smelled of lye, and go out again, as silently and almost as dirty as they had come in. And once, while we were sitting there, there was a ring of the front door-bell and Mrs. Maccalucci, upon answering it, brought back into the kitchen a policeman in uniform. My father instinctively started to hide his glass, but Gianpaolo only laughed.

"Eet's allarighta, *paesano,* eet's all*arighta!*" he chortled gleefully, in an English that it was almost impossible to understand, for though he had been in this country over thirty years he still spoke with the broken accents of a newly arrived immigrant, an accent which his clogged, thick, guttural, wheezing voice did not help clarify. "Ee'sa my fraint!" he shouted, bobbing his head and blinking his eyes and grinning from ear to ear in a mixture of alcoholic geniality and pride. "Ee'sa my fraint!"

The policeman, a ruddy-faced, cheerful young Irishman, grinned and nodded his head to us: "That's right John, that's right," he said, as though bestowing an accolade. "Eh, Ma?" he added to Mrs. Maccalucci, patting her on the shoulder.

"Sure, sure," she cackled, hurrying to pour him a glass of wine. "What's-a-matter? Sure you frient, you bet. Everybody frient eena my house. We no make-a trouble, huh? We gooda people, huh? What's-a-matter?"

There was no further introduction: the policeman swallowed his drink and left; after he had gone Gianpaolo confided to us, with great solemnity and an air of secrecy, that he had several "fraints" on the police force who stopped in now and then for a glass of wine—indeed, he added with great pride, the same officer who had just left had brought him, the preceding Christmas, a quart of whiskey which had been taken with other booty in a speakeasy raid.

"Ah, ah, ah!" exclaimed my mother, genuinely shocked at this revelation of perfidiousness within the ranks of the official shepherds of the law. "Just imagine!"

My father clicked his tongue and wagged his shaggy head from side to side.

"What a country!" he snorted through his moustache. "What a country!" It was not like this in the old days, he added: Men drank like men, not like pigs (*non come porci*); there was no bootlegging, there was no poison, there were no young kids getting crazy drunk and running around ruining their health. "Thisa country's gone to the dogs," he asserted solemnly, wiping his moustache with the back of one huge hand.

"E vero, e vero, that's true, that's true!" said Gianpaolo, leaning forward across the table, his solemn, furtive eyes lighting up in agreement.

"Whoever heard of all thisa trouble in the coal-camps?" said my father. "Divorce, people shooting each other, all the time trouble, trouble, trouble. We worked too damn hard to make trouble, *non ti ricorda, caro Gianpaolo?"*

"Ma si, si!" nodded Gianpaolo happily.

"Ti ricorda come io ballava la tarantella, remember how I used to dance the tarantelle?" said my mother, smiling like a young girl.

"Ma si, si!" cried Gianpaolo, and my father's florid face lighted up in a smile, and even Mrs. Maccalucci smiled and nodded her head. And the cold winter nights with the moon on the snow, said my mother, and the huge coal-fires inside, and the card-games. (*"Ma si ca mi ricorda!"*)

"This was before you were born," said my mother to me, still smiling like a young girl, her warm brown eyes shining happily; and I thought of the picture of her taken at the time of her wedding, the young girl of fifteen, all eyes and hands, standing timidly alongside the big-chested, black-moustached youth who was my father. "I used to bake all my own bread then," my mother went on. "I baked enough at one time for two weeks. Fresh bread? Pooh! We didn't know what it was. You think we were like these Americans, always have to have it soft? I should say not! And strong? I could work from morning to night in those days and never get tired. Believe me I was strong!"

"E vero, e vero," said Gianpaolo, nodding solemnly to me from behind his nose. *"La mamma tua,* she was strong allaright, and she wasa most preety girl eena campsa too, you bet! *Non e vero, signora?"*

My mother laughed and blushed a little, but she was pleased nevertheless: my father looked at her with a frank tenderness which made his face suddenly youthful. "She worked pretty damn hard in those days allright," he said to me. "We all worked pretty hard, *ma eravamo contenti,* but we were happy," he said, finishing his sentence in Italian, in that curious manner most American-Italians have of mixing the two languages

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together in the one conversation when among themselves. "You kids born in this country—you don't know what it is to work," he added.

"Ma yesa, yesa!" cried Gianpaolo enthusiastically. "Worka, worka, you damn righta we worked!"

Now that they had begun on the vanished days of their youth they talked of nothing else, recalling to each other, in their voluble, excited, colorful speech that filled the room with its upflinging, vivacious music, details of people and incidents out of that life which, though it had existed for them over thirty years before, seemed as fresh in their minds as yesterday: outside the afternoon drew slowly to a close, the shadows lengthened, the window-panes grew gray, then dark, but my mother and father and their *paesani* seemed oblivious of the passing of the time, they were lost in the past, lost in their youth, and for the moment the present hour and the present life had fallen away into non-existence. With each recollection they turned to me as to a child, explaining the meaning of a name, an event, an hour, telling me of the gatherings they had had, the weddings, the births, the deaths. It was a good life, they kept saying: they worked hard but it was the work that kept them healthy and made them happy.

"I used to walk in the hills barefoot to gather the wood," said my mother, turning her warm young-girl's eyes to me. "Believe me I was strong!"

"Ai, ai!" nodded Gianpaolo, his swarthy face beaming. "It is all true, it is all true," he added in Italian. "Every word of it is true."

They grew almost anxious in their manner to me, as though they were trying to make me understand something in that life which they were afraid I did not comprehend. And listening to them I remembered the thousand and one tales I had heard from both my mother and father of their early years in this country, stories that reached back to a poverty-stricken childhood in the old country and that swept forward into America, into the America of another and vanished day, an America which was, to their eager eyes and hopeful hearts, a truly Promised Land: I saw the barren wooden shacks, the deep shafts striking into the heart of the ground, the coal-dust blackened men coming home at sunset from the mines. To me it was a picture of desolation and hardship and back-breaking toil, but even while I thought of it in this light I knew that I had not truly seen it, for I had not been there with them in their youth, I had not transformed it by my young blood and young desire into the fruitful life which for them it had been. And suddenly I realized that this was what they were trying to tell me, that it *had* been a good life, that they too had once known the ecstasy and the incredible aspiration of youth.

"Do not look at us as we are now," my mother's warm, young-girl's eyes seemed to be saying. "Do not look at us as we are in our age, but think of us as we were then, in those long-ago days before you were born."

Suddenly a clock struck somewhere. My mother jerked her head upright, the young-girl expression vanishing from her eyes and her face becoming suddenly that of a tired, rather bitter, thin-lipped old woman.

"Five o'clock," she muttered. "I did not know it was so late. Come, Luigi," to my father. "We've got to go."

My father grunted, wiped his moustache, and looked solemnly at his glass with a distant expression in his eyes.

"What's-a-matter, what's-a-matter?" cried Mrs. Maccalucci. *"Statte qui e mangia con noi,* stay here and eat with us. What's-a-matter?"

"Si, si!" beamed Gianpaolo. *"Statte, statte!"*

But my mother explained that we were expected at my sister's for dinner, and we rose to go. My father swayed a little from side to side, and he planted his feet down heavily as we went down the steps—but he was not drunk, you bet, maybe one glass too much but——

"Joosta one, that's all, joosta one," he grunted, sinking heavily back into the car and going promptly to sleep.

My mother glanced at him vacantly, then turned to me.

"Ah *figlio mio,"* she sighed, nodding her head. "You should have seen me dance the tarantelle."

EVENING CINEMA

By Lawrence Lee

HERE are the meadows where we may forget.
Wake not the faces lifted to a dream,
For of the world we bear some likeness yet.
Shadow beside shadows let the heart take root,
The fallow mind send up its tendril wish,
The body be of air from head to foot.

The passing to Elysium is swift:
For two starred hours the lotus holds the soul;
Then, in the light, the soft illusions lift,
And with some look of dream still in their eyes
The wakers stand upon real streets and see
Toward what dark rooms the homeward turning lies.

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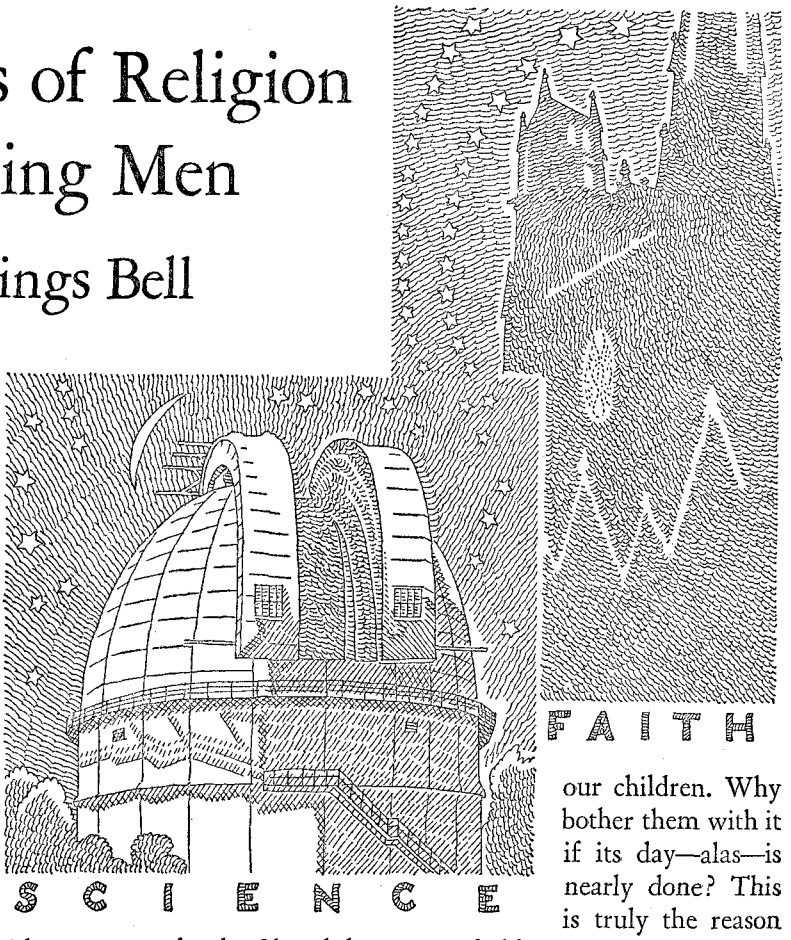
The Present Status of Religion Among Thinking Men

By Bernard Iddings Bell

Despite the fact that great numbers of people have drifted away from religion, trends in the world of thought away from the mechanistic and materialistic concepts indicate a definite turn of the tide. "The world of thought returns to God," declares Canon Bell



MANY people, themselves intelligent but of practical rather than philosophical pursuits, have a feeling that somehow or other Christianity, and theism in general, are fighting a losing battle against modern scientific and speculative thought—that the Church's fundamental teachings grow more and more intellectually insecure with every passing year. They regret this. They are disturbed at possible ethical results of weakened religious sanctions. They tremble at the thought, not merely of the world at large without a God or any spiritual hope, but also of a footless existence in such a world for themselves and their children, individually. They dread a life with mysticism psychologized away, and romance reduced to a sublimation of sex-desire. Such a world seems a world intolerable; and yet to many it has seemed a world inevitable. No honest man dares to resist the truth; and if the experts—the scientists and the philosophers—have indeed been compelled to abandon the idea of God, we feel that we also must in all honesty give up religious convictions and religious practices, however dear. We have become discouraged about religion and about the Church, whose business it is to preserve and teach religious truth and to dispense God's grace to men in the sacraments. We have long felt, perhaps, more than a little unwilling to make for such an enterprise real sacrifices—financial or otherwise. Why do it if the whole thing is on the down-grade toward oblivion? We have become, possibly, a little bit ashamed of being seen at divine worship, and particularly at the altar. No one wishes to advertise that he is in obscurantist disagreement with attitudes which pass for being up-to-date. We have been hesitant about teaching religion to our children. Why bother them with it if its day—alas—is nearly done? This is truly the reason why the Church has grown feeble and ever more feeble, year by year, so far into this twentieth century—more the reason, often, than we have been willing to acknowledge.

We have tried to bolster up the Church by forums and social service and other such devices, curiously blind to the fact that what is the matter is not so much that we will not *apply* Christianity as that we have doubt about whether, in a modern-thinking world, there is any such thing as Christianity to apply. We have organized promotion campaigns, nation-wide endeavors, every-member canvasses, seeking thereby to sell to the world and to ourselves goods of the value of which we have had increasing doubt. With earnestness, too, we are urged to inquire what is the will of God for each of us in his own life. But what of the churchman—his name is legion—who has, all the while, in the back of his head, more than a suspicion that no longer is it really possible to believe that there is a God at all, or, if there be one, that He can be thought to care about this little globe and its microscopic inhabitants, or be supposed to hold any one of us morally responsible. The chief trouble with the Church is that its people are filled with a dreadful fear that they may, by belief and adoration and appeal for God's grace, be behaving in a manner slightly ridiculous.

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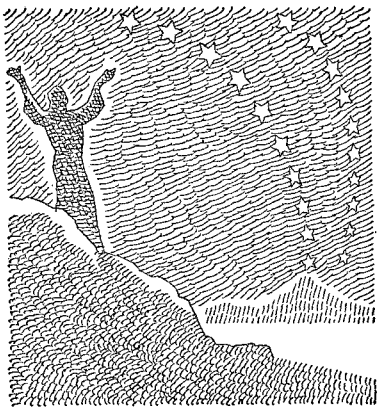

If the Church expects ever to recover from its present state of semi-bankrupt lethargy, we must get at the heart of this matter. Our real concern is with *theology,* which means the operation of man's reason on the problem of the nature of God, and with *apologetic,* which means how to relate the truth of God to the most that science can reveal of the nature of things. We must find once more a basis for belief and loyalty. Until that be re-established, other efforts will come to nothing much. Leaders must fearlessly examine modern thought in the light of God, that they may bring home to the honest and simple Christian a sense of reassurance and confidence.

We have not many such leaders in America. The reverend clergy seem often even more scared than the laity. So fearful are too many of the cloth of seeming behind the times, that they rush prematurely to agree with every new scientific hypothesis—even with those hypotheses which contradict one another—and to hail each current philosophic guess, often more sure of it than the philosopher who hesitantly has advanced it. The more respectable thinkers of today—the really great ones—seem to have far less use for too eager modernists than for cautious, well-trained and more conservative theologians. "I am tired," once said an eminent physicist to me at a dinner table, "of modernist parsons who think that scientists know everything. They are even more silly than the fundamentalists who think that scientists know nothing." The clergy are commonly better trained in the minutiæ of technical Biblical criticism than they are in the problems of modern knowledge and the relationship thereunto of faith. They also, too often, are best-grounded, not in their own proper science, but rather in "religious education" and "Christian social service," which have been defined, by a great English scholar now in America, as follows: "Religious Education is the art of imparting to other people what you no longer believe yourself"; and "Christian Social Service is the advocated application in society at large of ethical principles, the validity of which the individual—because he does not fear God—is unwilling to acknowledge in his personal life."

The clergy should not unduly be blamed for their quite apparent lack of interest in theology and apologetic. An overmodest laity has not made strongly enough upon them theological and apologetic demands. Let the laity say, "Parson, stop for a while all this talk of secondary things. You ask us to apply religion. We are not certain we have any to apply. You ask us to advance the Kingdom. We are not sure there is a King. You ask us to serve God. Is there one? Teach us the faith and show how it can exist in conformity with knowledge. We need encouragement in believing."

Encouragement is what would ensue for, as a matter of cold fact, the world of thought has not moved away from religion this past twenty-five years, but toward it.

Does that sound incredible? Look at all we read, one may say, and even more, at all that is implied in the daily papers—news columns, feature columns, and editorials. Look at what is revealed in most of our contemporary magazines. They all indicate that more and more the world of thought has moved forever away from the superstition of God. And look, one may go on, at what happens to boys and girls in college and university. They mostly come back filled with patronizing scorn for the Church and God; and surely they learn all this from their instructors who are, presumably, modern and competent thinkers. Those instructors are anything but helpful in imparting an enthusiasm for the spiritual venture. It must be quite frankly acknowledged that the average instructor in college is indifferent to religion, when he is not contemptuous of it. But it is hardly wise, in estimating trends of thought, to take too seriously either "the literary gentlemen" who control most of our periodicals or those persons, of necessity imitative and second-rate, who do the greater part of the teaching of the mobs of undergraduates that throng the colleges. Such persons as the literary journalists and the run-of-mine college teachers, it should always be remembered, do little more than reflect certain intellectual tendencies which *have been*. They are not the real thinkers.

The real thinkers, in any age, are few in number. Thought trends are set in motion by these creative minds. A generation later, what they think is the common possession of more numerous but for the most part lesser disciples whom they have taught. A little later still, the general crowd becomes interested in what these imitative minds have diligently been repeating. Neither the opinion of the average man in the street nor that of the intellectual popularizer indicates the direction of thought movement, in any given day. The things which every one is saying now, merely represent what the thinkers were saying twenty-five years ago. The average man of today has only lately begun to catch up with what were the daring and original ideas at about the turn of the century.

Meanwhile, the thinkers have not stopped thinking. The able few have gone on examining and reasoning. What they think now, will percolate down into the colleges and the popular periodicals fifteen or twenty years from now, and into the popular mind by, say,

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about 1960. When we examine the utterances of the *leaders* of thought today, we who believe in God and have regard for the faith of the ages have every reason to feel encouragement. Not all the great ones are in agreement. They differ widely as they approach the problems of life and thought. Nevertheless, certain helpful tendencies appear plainly in what they write and say. Nor can there be given in this brief paper an adequate description of all the changing currents and emphases. What one can do here is to notice three quite perceptible trends.

First. Whereas, in 1900 or thereabout, it was assumed by many leading scientists that science could give an adequate knowledge of the universe, without the aid of religious faith of any sort, very few scientists of repute would defend that position today. Science, in the hands of its outstanding leaders, no longer makes an attempt to explain anything. As Sir James Jeans has lately said, "It is now a full quarter of a century since physical science, largely under the leadership of Poincaré, left off trying to explain phenomena, and resigned itself merely to describing them in the simplest way possible. . . . It does not matter much whether such an explanation corresponds to any thinkable ultimate reality. The formulæ of modern science are judged mainly, if not entirely, by their capacity for describing the phenomena of nature with simplicity, accuracy and completeness."[1]

In other words, science no longer attempts to deal, by affirmation or denial, either with possible immaterial realities or with values and meaning. Science now realizes that it can legitimately deal only with describing that which is revealed by our five senses. It has nothing rightly to say about ideas or absolutes: nothing about Truth *per se,* or Beauty, or Goodness. It is itself no guide in epistemology (the study of the nature of knowledge itself) or æsthetics, or morals. Personality (human or divine) is also out of its province. Science is concerned only with the observation and classification of physical phenomena. It is not the theologian who has to say this nowadays. The scientists themselves insist upon it. They turn over to the arts, to religion, and to philosophy the study of all other experiences and the formulation thereof—not denying the reality of them, but modestly saying that about them scientific method gives no clues. They must, indeed, be studied; but they must be studied extra-scientifically.

It is hard to overestimate the importance, in the promotion of religion, of this shift in scientific point-of-view. When the change becomes more generally known, religion can no longer be regarded by anybody —not even by an American undergraduate, not even by a Russian communist—as a negligible factor in giving to man true knowledge of the nature of things and their significance.

[1] Jeans, *The Universe Around Us,* p. 329.

Almost as important, perhaps even more important, is the *second* trend to be noted, namely, a decline of "evolutionary optimism." The man in the street is still convinced that everything, by the nature of nature, is getting better and better with the mere passage of time. He is convinced that there is such a thing as cosmic progress. This was a common article of faith with the Victorian scientists; but almost no scientist of note in this day believes any such thing. Most astronomical physicists—and they set the pace in scientific thought at the moment—seem convinced that the physical universe is running down like a clock. Slowly but surely, energy is dissipated—and all matter is energy. Physically, everything is moving to an inevitable annihilation. And those scientists who avoid this do it only by postulating a universe which expands and contracts, is wound up and runs down, over and over again, to no purpose and with no progress. It is true that living things do develop by that progressive adaptation to environment which is usually called "evolution"; but what does that matter, if the environment itself is approaching destruction? Life, adapting itself, will perish too. And life, anyway, seems, as a matter of fact, to be a sort of mundane accident, of no importance in the vast heavens.

It is not in progress that meaning lies, but only in the possibility of some sort of Cosmic Artificer who wound, or winds, the universe up for some good purpose known to Him, and in the existence of human spirits, temporarily incarnate in the universe, capable of achieving significance in terms of comradeship with that Cosmic Artificer. Of course, about such things as these, science can say nothing at all. That is the business of religion. But the point is that a really modern science knows nothing of happy and inevitable development in the universe, or of any growing or evolutionary meaning in physical things. The idea of cosmic progress is, with physicists of repute, as dead as the dodo-bird. If one reasons out the philosophical implications of a science that is truly modern—assuming that religion has nothing to contribute—one must and will end in complete despair. Man must turn to religion for such measure of truth about the universe or about himself as makes it tolerable to think at all.

No wonder so many great scientists of late years have become interested in religious faith! They know that a man may mean something in terms of God and the spiritual life, or that else he has no meaning, now or ever. The old deterministic progression toward an ever-better future is an exploded superstition, to those who really understand their astro-physics. Somehow one can not but remember Jesus' words: "Take no thought for tomorrow. Tomorrow shall take thought for the things of itself." Minds off the future of things! That does not matter. Put no trust in next year or in

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the next century or in the next millennium. There is *now*, and nothing else, in terms of which to live. Building for the future is a fool's philosophy. Get to the heart of *now*. The way to reality is not through the present to the future but through phenomena to meaning, through flesh to spirit, through things to God. *Aut Deus aut nullus.*

There is not time justly to describe, even with brevity, a *third* modern trend which is favorable to religion. That is the movement away from an explanation of man himself—the explanation which used to be common among thinkers, and still is common in popular prejudice—as merely a more clever animal; the turning away from the naturalistic humanology of Rousseau, Voltaire, Chateaubriand, Herder, Fichte, Hegel, J. S. Mill, and the rest. Bertrand Russell still adheres to it, but with complete despair about the future of man. John Dewey has impressed many people as one still believing in it—though he is always obscure, and of late seems a bit horror-stricken at the excesses of his disciples in denying reality to the extra-animal elements in man. Our better thinkers, taking them as a whole, reject the older idea. Man has rational, logical faculties, and capacities for spiritual contacts which are not beastly at all. That thought trend is so well known by now, in America and even more overseas, that it is not necessary to do more than mention it. Suffice it to say that if any man today insists, "I am only a more canny animal, and will live like one until I die, and that is the end," he has against him almost all the best speculative thinkers of this generation.

Every one of these three current tendencies of thought throws man squarely back on the need of God. Knowledge lies not alone in scientific fact, but in Him who is behind the facts. Destiny lies not in a progress of things but in fufilling the purpose of Him who wills them. Man arrives at happiness not in terms of animal performance but in knowing God and enjoying Him forever. These trends make it ever easier for the man who thinks to be also the man who worships. Let the ignorant populace shout their crudities. The thinking world has moved away from what they know. The world of real thinking—of the deepest-probing scientists and the shrewdest philosophers—moves toward a necessary theism, not away from it. It is indeed so. If then, we be wise people, we shall not despair in the least about the future of religion.

We should not, of course, be blind to the grave difficulties which may face us in the interim, before the ideas of the leading minds of the moment have sifted down to the populace at large. There can be no doubt that the majority of the common folk today are riding naturalism for all it is worth, and toward a grievous fall. Men, long told that they are only beasts, have begun to act like little more than beasts, and will continue for some time, perhaps more and more, to do so. Our economic structure has already begun to crack under the pressure of long-continued greed. So largely has a sense of personal integrity and moral responsibility disappeared, that democracy seems to many to have become a sort of anarchy. Dictatorships appear, which destroy liberty in order, so they say, to preserve the social fabric at all; but the dictatorships seem mostly, as yet, to be as little concerned as our pseudo-democracies with more than preserving an animal security. The higher and more human values are by them mostly overlooked. This is true to the largest degree in Russia, and least in Italy; but largely everywhere. Nor are the super-animal elements in our own emerging reconstruction, one is apt to feel, much recognized or appreciated by the people at large, even though the President—a deeply religious man—sees them, and though some of us, because we are religious, have more than an inkling of them. Moral standards in the home and social life continue to disintegrate rapidly. The arts become more and more frankly gross. Culture—which is based on human interests—rapidly disappears before a strident boorishness. Reason is quite gone out of fashion; prejudice has taken its place. In this current degeneration, religion—which ever requires the subordination of the animal impulses to the more human desires, the desire for meaning and the desire for love that is more than lust—is naturally unfashionable, and probably for a time sure to become more so. It may quite possibly be that, before people come to their senses, cupidity will well-nigh have destroyed business, fanaticism will have suppressed calm judgment, force will have made reasoning a pastime to be followed secretly; and war—which is always born of brutality—may have drenched the world again in blood and tears. It may even be that, as in Russia, so here, religion will be compelled to take once more to the catacombs. Men's hearts fail them for fear of what is coming on the earth.

These things may, indeed, possibly all come to pass, and in the near future; but such a débâcle does not seem inevitable. The tide has already turned. The leading minds are no longer mechanistic, merely naturalistic. Again the word goes forth that man is more than beast, that society is more than a congeries of greedy individuals and classes, that human values still remain to be respected and furthered, that the sum of those values, which is God, may still be sought diligently and, when found, adored, even by the most intelligent. There remain in Israel millions of simple souls who have not bowed the knee to Baal; and now among those millions, sympathetic more and more toward their basic affirmations, are many of the greatest scientists and philosophers in all our world. It was not so a generation ago. It is so now.

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The tide has turned, out at sea. Soon the swollen flood of carnality will begin to ebb, first in the bay and then in all the inlets. As it subsides, there will be much to repair: fair fields ruined, homes wrecked, good folk invalid, and ancient landmarks washed away. Much that the fathers builded with great pains, the children must rebuild. But the tide has turned. And we begin to see that, when the waters have done their worst and gone, in the fair new world that shall be remade, there will be the churches, as of yore, but better, more noble for the lesson that churchmen, in common with the rest of men, will by then have learned; and that in those churches the ancient mysteries will be exalted, children will be taught, and strong men and women will kneel in adoration, while God incarnate still will feed the human soul.

In the summer of 1932, I preached one afternoon in English Winchester. All that week, I had felt horribly distressed at the state of the world, and had prepared a sermon full of near despair; but I did not preach it. As I walked over to the Cathedral from the house of one of the canons, I asked the good old man if the pulpit were an ancient one. "No," he replied, "quite modern. It was put up a few years before the Reformation." I got up into that modern pulpit, only four hundred years old, while the choir was singing a hymn. I looked down on the last resting place of William Rufus, so wicked a king, according to tradition, that the tower of the Cathedral fell in on his grave. On the walls of the choir were caskets, each containing the bones of a Saxon or Danish monarch of pre-conquest England. My eyes strayed to the south transept, stern and massive work built soon after William had arrived from Normandy. What things the building had seen! Civilizations had given way to chaos and chaos in turn to new civilizations. The Black Death had decimated the people of England; but England had gone on. The "new learning" of renaissance time had come and been absorbed to the enrichment of religion. Evils had arisen; and reformations had followed. Erastianism and deist rationalism had ruined religion; and the Evangelical and Catholic revivals had restored it. Through all this the cathedral had stood, unmoved; and to it and its Lord, men in the end always come back. I had to change that sermon; nor have I since forgotten. The world of thought again returns to God.

ON A BIRD SINGING IN ITS SLEEP

By Robert Frost

A BIRD half wakened in the lunar noon
Sang half way through its little inborn tune.
Partly because it sang but once all night,
And that from no especial bush's height,
Partly because it sang ventriloquist,
And had the inspiration to desist
Almost before the prick of hostile ears,
It ventured less in peril than appears.
It could not have come down to us so far
Through the interstices of things ajar,
On the long bead-chain of repeated birth,
To be a bird while we are men on earth,
If singing out of sleep and dream that way
Had made it much more easily a prey.

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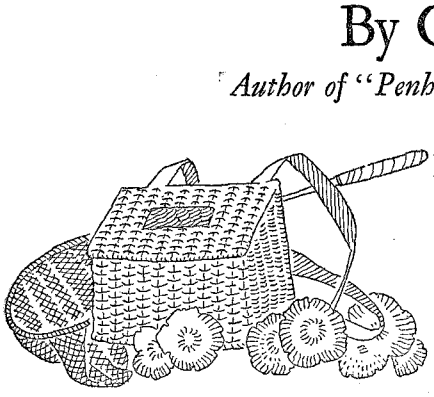
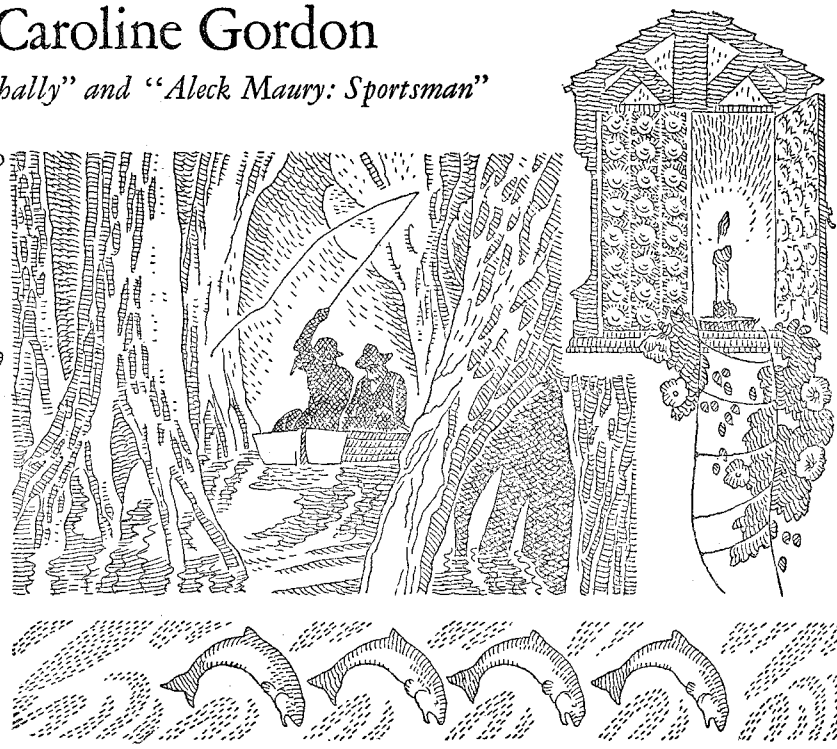
To Thy Chamber Window Sweet

A STORY

By Caroline Gordon

Author of "Penhally" and "Aleck Maury: Sportsman"





MR. MAURY regarded the smoking dish which Carrie, the colored waitress, had just set before him: an oval, pale yellow, quivering, and sprinkled with what appeared to be shavings of fine greens, the whole reposing upon a silver platter and flanked by two slices of thin, unbuttered toast. Mr. Maury prodded the yellow substance distastefully with his fork, then looked up at the waitress. "What's all this flummery?"

Carrie pursed her lips. "They calls it omelette feens zebs."

Mr. Maury, in turn, pursed his lips. "Omelette feens zebs. If that ain't a heluva note!"

A sparely built man of about forty-five who had just taken his place at the next table broke into a laugh. "Beats me how they think up all that fancy stuff," he said.

Mr. Maury nodded. *"Omelette fines herbes!"* he said, "I like fried ham for breakfast." He eyed the newcomer, noting that though he was slim he was strongly built and that he had under heavy brows a pair of fine gray eyes. "Yep," he repeated, "I could eat fried ham for breakfast every morning of my life— What's your name?"

The stranger turned from his contemplation of the view: Lake Harris, blue-green, willow-fringed, its waters dancing in the morning light.

"Jim Barbee," he said.

"And what you doing here?" Mr. Maury enquired as he unfolded his napkin.

"I thought I'd do a little fishing."

Mr. Maury waved his hand towards the window. "It's a delusion," he said. "A delusion and a snare. I been here two months now. I might as well a been on the Gobi Desert."

The stranger knit his black brows. "You mean they ain't any fish in that lake?"

Mr. Maury took a mouthful of the omelette, made a face, then swallowed it. "They're there," he said. "Hundreds of 'em. Hundreds? Thousands. Man —" He pushed his plate back, rose and going to the window went through the motions of a man delivering a cast. "You put on the best you got, Black Gnat on a No. 4 hook if you're like me." He made another imaginary cast. "Whoopee! Zip! You got him. Three-pound little mouth." He stepped backwards, almost upsetting the table behind him, flexed his wrist ostentatiously in the play and landed the imaginary bass on the table beside the silver platter. "There he is. There he is. Two feet of your nose but you can't take him."

The stranger's gray eyes were incredulous. "Why can't you?"

"Because," Mr. Maury explained, "he's snarled up in eel grass so tight he can't budge." He waved his hand again at the lake, shimmering among its encircling willows. "That whole damn lake, nine miles of it, is covered two feet down with eel grass thick as the hair on a dog's back. You can catch bass till the world looks level but you can't take 'em out."

Barbee's handsome face had resumed its ordinary calm. He pushed his plate back. "Well, that's hard if you like to cast. I do mostly bait-fishing."

Mr. Maury for some years now had not taken the trouble to disguise any emotion that visited him. He allowed his mouth to drop open as he regarded the stranger.

"I wouldn't have thought it to look at you," he said.

Barbee, on his feet now, nodded pleasantly and left the dining-room. Mr. Maury had finished his breakfast but he sat on for some minutes smoking. The dining-room, vacant now save for himself and filled with fresh morning sun, was agreeable. He hummed a little tune as he smoked and drummed on the table cloth with his fork. There was a rustle in the passage outside, the sound of a feminine voice, contralto, agreeably pitched: "Good morning, Carrie."

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Mr. Maury rose suddenly and catching up his hat from where he had placed it on the corner of the table tiptoed through the swinging door, through the pantry, and on out into the kitchen.

Aunt Fanny, standing beside the rolling-block, turned a broad, good-humored face. "Biscuits all right this morning?"

"I don't know," Mr. Maury said glumly. "I never had any. Nothing but two little ole pieces of toast."

Aunt Fanny left the rolling-block. Her hands akimbo on her hips she leaned slightly toward him. "You know why?" she enquired in a resonant whisper. " 'Cause you's too fat!"

Mr. Maury glanced down over his protuberant middle. "I ain't so fat," he said. "And I've fallen off since I've come here."

Aunt Fanny compressed her lips. "Miz Carter say you overweight. She show me how to fix them aigs so they won't be any grease in 'em. Say you eat too much starch too."

Mr. Maury gazed at her in silence for some seconds. His lips were closed but a slight humming sound came from behind his clenched teeth. Finally he released a long sigh and picked up his minnow bucket from where he had set it behind the kitchen stove. "I'll be down a little earlier in the morning from now on, Fanny," he said. "You can fix up all them omelettes you want to but I want my fried ham. And three eggs, fried *hard*."

He went out on to the back porch, took up his poles and his traps and started down to the lake. Ahead of him somebody was moving through the mimosa branches. As Mr. Maury came out on to the beach he caught a glimpse of the man: the same broad-shouldered, athletic-looking fellow that he had been talking to at breakfast.

He shook his head, addressing an invisible companion. "Now would you take him for a mumble-pegger?"

The boat-house keeper was maneuvering the *Sally M.* out from the flotilla into the open water at the foot of the dock. Mr. Maury went ponderously down the steps and ensconced himself in the boat, poles ready to hand, live well between his spread legs. He raised his hand in salute to Old Tom and taking up his paddle sent the boat forward with sure, practised strokes. When he was well out into the middle of the lake he laid his paddle down and glancing around involuntarily—he could never get over a slight sense of shame at engaging in such proceedings—he rigged up his pole, baited it with a live minnow, and made a long cast to the left side of the boat. The cork bobbed on the waves only a moment before it went down. Mr. Maury reeled the line in, took a sizable bass off the hook and laid him in the live well in the bottom of the boat. He performed these motions abstractedly, his thoughts seeming to be still on his conversation with the invisible auditor. Once he spoke aloud, a high, derisive tone that carried far over the lake.

"Cyarter—" he said, *"Cyarter——"*

Carter was the name of the lady whose voice, heard in the hall a few minutes ago, had sent Mr. Maury hurrying out into the kitchen. As he uttered her name she was clearly visible to him as she had appeared on his first meeting with her, two, could it already be three months ago? He had had a hard day on the lake—that was when he was still trying to cast in that eel grass—and he had fallen asleep in his chair on the east veranda almost immediately after dinner. The two ladies, Mrs. Bellows, the proprietress of the hotel, and the new guest, Mrs. Carter, were already deep in conversation when he came to himself. He must have been confused by his nap: he had had for a moment the feeling that he was a boy back in Virginia, at Brackets, Hawkwood, any of those places. He had not known what it was until Mrs. Carter spoke again; the voice might have been Cousin Ellen's or Aunt Vic's. He had chuckled to himself in the dark, then leaning back in his chair had given himself over to his reflections. But the crisp Virginia accents had gone on. He had heard them with the top part of his mind as it were. It was a pure spirit of mischief that had prompted him when the ladies rose to go into the house to lean forward and speak out of the dark:

"Mrs. Cyarter, how do you pronounce 'c-o-w-p-e-n?' "

The handsome, gray-haired woman had given an amused little toss of the head. "Cuppen," she said briskly as she turned into the house.

It was the next afternoon when he was coming up from the lake, ragged, dirty, his black shirt open at the throat, that he had encountered Mrs. Carter on the mimosa-bordered path. He had stepped back into the shrubbery to let her pass but she had stopped, smiling:

"What county in Virginia do you come from, Mr. Maury?"

Startled he had yet retained some presence of mind. "I'm a Kentuckian, ma'am. Born in Todd County."

She had raised her brows but she had passed on. All would have been well if he had let it go at that. It was his vanity that had betrayed him that night on the porch—it must have been a week later. Alf Bellows had been talking for half an hour: a tedious, confused account of an adventure that he had had on one of the Great Lakes. Mr. Maury had listened with the ill-concealed impatience of the born *raconteur*. In the pause that followed Alf's recital he cleared his throat, gently:

"My uncle, James Morris, had the finest pack of hounds in Piedmont Virginia. Old Mag, Old Whiskey and the pups—" He told them about the death of Old Red and the tailing of another fox, of the time one of Old Mag's pups was brought home on a mattress. And of old Judge Rives who was so book-learned that he could hardly converse with ordinary folks and, when it was time to cut corn, would ask of his colored overseer if the maize had a uniform aspect. And for grace notes, as it were, a tale in the vernacular, of Uncle Sam Bunch and 'Lias Jones's breachy sow: "Thar she was, Billy, right in the middle of my sweet 'tater patch, a-nuzzlin' and a-guzzlin'. I went in the house and I got Old Betsy down off the rack and I drapped her in her tracks, eleven paces from the back door to the smoke house. And now he's a-lawin' of me——"

He shifted his bulk on the hard seat. "I'm like my father," he thought complacently, "finest speaking voice in the state." His grandfather before him had had that mellow voice too. In the old days, when erudition counted for something, where other lawyers would argue a case he would simply quote a little Shakespeare to the jury and have 'em crying in no time——

The cork went down again. A redbreast this time. Mr. Maury reeled him in methodically, tossed him into the live well. It was like picking them up in the middle of the street. Or like the

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Esquimaux. He had read somewhere that they merely made a hole in the ice and took the fish out. He got out his tobacco pouch and, staring ruminatively over the water, filled his pipe. It was the next night, really, that the mischief had been done. Alf Bellows again. He had had the nerve to tell some more of his tedious stories in a rasping, halting voice. It was Alf's voice that had broken down Mr. Maury's resistance. It had been with surprise that he heard his own sonorous tones:

"Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear,
Compel me to disturb thy season due:
For Lycidas is dead——"

That might have been considered an accident; he had not intended to recite any poetry to them. It was vanity, sheer vanity, that had led him to recite *Laus Veneris,* and, not content with quoting Swinburne, he had gone on to Shelley:

"A spirit in my feet
Hath led me, who knows, how,
To thy chamber window sweet——"

When they rose to go Mrs. Bellows had thanked him for reciting so beautifully but Mrs. Carter, allowing him to press her soft, well-kept hand in goodnight, had not spoken. But he had had a glimpse of her face in the light as she turned up the stairs. He shook his head now as he replaced the tobacco pouch that he had all this time been holding in his hand.

"Shelley!" he said and took up his paddle. "Any man that'd quote Shelley——"

His pipe had gone out. He re-lit it, sighing. That old line! As infallible as Old Speck, in May. But it was not May with him, December, rather. In a few months he would have turned seventy. And Mrs. Carter might be said to be in the ripe September of her life. A handsome woman with those wide-set blue eyes and gray hair waving softly back from a really beautiful brow. She had a spirited way of tossing her hair back to keep that brow clear. Well, he liked a bit of spirit. His dead wife, all the women of his family, had had a thought too much perhaps. He seemed to have spent the greater part of his life in soothing them down. Still, a man got used to that, he supposed, like having too much pepper in his food.

It was the afternoon after the poetry session that Mrs. Carter had sent Henry upstairs to know if Professor Maury would like to drive out to Rainbow Springs with her. Henry, he thought, and shook his head again. Henry—Any man, living even as retired a life as he himself lived, was bound to come up against manifestations of the injustice of Providence that were to say the least shocking. Henry was the exact shade of chocolate brown that Mr. Maury liked in a nigger, six feet tall and correspondingly broad. Smart, too, with a ready tongue in his head and capable, mechanic's fingers. Make anything. Only yesterday he had soldered Mr. Maury's minnow bucket beautifully. It was a crying shame for such a valuable nigger to be wasted on a woman. He had told Mrs. Carter so, too, roundly: "I could take Henry here and make something of him."

Henry had glanced back over his shoulder, grinning: "Yas *Suh!"* Mrs. Carter had smiled too. "Henry's been with us since he was sixteen," she said. "Mr. Carter thought a lot of him."

The boat, drifting now for some minutes, had arrived on the west side of the lake. It was a place Mr. Maury usually avoided. Cypress trees fringed the lake on every side but on this west bank they extended in solid formation far out into the water. Mr. Maury, taking up his paddle, was arrested by the sight of a man in a boat, paddling, it seemed, straight for the cypress thicket. Mr. Maury laid his paddle down and watched, chuckling.

"Fool," he said, "he'll come out o' there faster'n he went in."

Minutes passed, however, and the man did not emerge. Mr. Maury paddled closer until he could see the man's figure dodging in and out among the cypress trees. The man disappeared for some seconds, reappeared again. Mr. Maury leaned forward to get a better view. Suddenly he brought his hand down on the side of the boat.

"I don't believe it," he said. "Yep, that's what he's doing— Naw— Yep!" And with the words he took up his paddle and sent the *Sally M.* racing over the water toward the cypress thicket.

At five o'clock Mrs. Carter came down the stairs and out on to the veranda. She was all in pale gray and a cluster of some delicate purple blossom was pinned at her shoulder. Mr. Maury —he was attired more formally than usual in a baggy suit of white Panama cloth but he wore his broad-brimmed fishing hat—arose and escorted her to where her automobile awaited them under the *porte-cochère.*

As he took his place beside her Mrs. Carter gave a fleeting glance upward. "You couldn't find your hat?" she murmured.

Mr. Maury shook his head. "Musta mislaid it. I like this one better anyhow."

Mrs. Carter smiled indulgently. "You look so nice when you're dressed up," she said. "You ought to do it oftener."

Mr. Maury did not answer. The car wheeled from out of the drive and out on to the wide boulevard. They drove past the courthouse with its fountains, past the cluster of bright-awninged shops and out into the open country. Mr. Maury cleared his throat.

"I understand you think I'm too fat?"

Mrs. Carter regarded him composedly. "You'd feel better if you weighed a little less. It's all a matter of diet."

"No, it ain't," Mr. Maury retorted. "It runs in families. There was my father and my Uncle James and my Uncle Quent. Every one of 'em weighed two hundred by the time they were fifty."

Mrs. Carter sighed. "Mr. Carter came of a family that was inclined to stoutness, but he always kept his weight down to one hundred and seventy-five."

"How'd he do it?" Mr. Maury inquired.

"Diet. He rarely ate starches, or any fattening foods, in fact. Fortunately he was a great lover of fruits. Prunes, figs, plums; there was hardly any fruit that he didn't like."

"I never had any use for prunes," Mr. Maury said gloomily. "Figs either. Might as well be eating so much hay. Besides a man naturally takes on weight when he gets old."

Mrs. Carter leaned forward suddenly. She allowed her gray-gloved fingers to rest for a moment on his brown, wrinkled hand. "A man is as old as he feels," she said softly. "You have the heart of a little child."

Mr. Maury gazed straight before him to where the road, banked on either side with roses, seemed to disappear in a tunnel of live oak branches. There was silence for some minutes. It was

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broken by Mr. Maury. "The older I get," he said reflectively, "the more I believe in the workings of a Divine Providence."

Mrs. Carter nodded. "If one only has faith."

"Now take me," said Mr. Maury. "Here I been sitting around for two months griping because I came to the wrong place and all the time a revelation was being prepared for me."

Mrs. Carter's luminous blue eyes met his. He looked away.

"This fellow, Jim Barbee," he said. "I first saw him I couldn't believe my eyes. I says, 'That fellow's crazy.' But there was something about the way he was handling that rod— There was something— I paddled over there fast as I could clip it and what did I see?"

"What did you see?" Mrs. Carter asked crisply.

"Well," said Mr. Maury, "he was using a two-handed rod, his own invention. Only combination rod ever made. Eight feet long. First two joints bait rod joints, top joints fly rod joints. *Bait-casting and that rod 'd deliver the lure like it was a fly.* I just stopped paddling and sat there and watched him. Finally he turns around. 'You know where I could get a boy to paddle me?' 'Sure,' I says. 'Well, where is he and what's his name?' 'Name's Aleck,' I says and I beached my boat and paddled him all afternoon."

"That was certainly very kind of you," Mrs. Carter observed.

"Hunh," said Mr. Maury. "One thing about me I ain't vain. Yes, sir, I was proud to sit at his feet. Well, we started off. In three hours he'd caught forty-eight, catch 'em on one side of the boat and turn 'em loose on the other. Along in the evening we got back to that place where all that cypress grows out in the lake. 'Go into them cypress,' he says. 'Man, you can't cast in there.' He looked at me: 'When I get a boy to paddle me he usually goes where I tell him.' 'You're the doctor,' I says and I put him right into the thick of 'em. 'Now,' he says, 'I'll hook a lot of fish that I can't land. They'll hang themselves in the tree roots. But I'll get the strikes.' He'd throw that lure through a twelve-inch opening thirty feet off and bring out a five-pound bass. *Hard*-casting he calls it. He uses an invincible line, twelve-pound test and he never uses but one a week. Casts so much the line wears out going through the guides. I asked him—just for devilment—why he didn't get a level wind reel. 'Why don't I get a seine?' he says."

Henry, who had been listening intently, turned his head to look at Mr. Maury. "What kind of bait do he use, Cap'm?"

"Henry," Mr. Maury said, "it's a shame for a smart boy like you to have to spend his time driving a lady around the country. It ain't all the rod and his casting. It's the *lures.*"

"What are they like?" asked Mrs. Carter.

"They're like nothing in the heavens above or the earth beneath or the waters under the earth," said Mr. Maury. "Take his Devil Bug. You want to know how he makes it?"

Mrs. Carter said that she thought it would be very interesting to hear.

"Well, of course the body of the bug don't amount to anything. It's the pork rind. Get you a piece half an inch wide and three inches long, preferably from the belly of a sow. Put it down on a smooth board, drive a small tack in the head of it and with a razor blade (new; nothing is too good for the angler) cut the rind into strips. The rind is tough and will hold up under the blade. A beginner, such as you or Henry here, will not be able to cut more than five or six strips. Jim Barbee can cut twelve, smaller than a broom straw."

Mrs. Carter said that she thought Mr. Barbee must be a highly intelligent man.

Mr. Maury waved his hand. "It ain't so much intelligence. It's genius, untutored genius. Now take me. I'm weighed down by my learning. It cripples my imagination. But this fellow, knowing nothing of the art, will rush in where angels fear to tread. At one stroke he's bridged the gap between bait-fishing and fly-casting. A Christopher Columbus, that's what he is—" He drew out his watch. "Seven o'clock. Don't you think we been out long enough? I want to find out how he makes his Skeeter Hawk."

It was ten o'clock but a light shone from over the transom of No. 18. Mr. Maury knocked. There was no answer but the sound of moving footsteps continued. Mr. Maury knocked again. The door opened and Jim Barbee put his head out.

"I thought I'd come up and get you to show me how you make that Skeeter Hawk," Mr. Maury said.

Jim Barbee smiled. "Sure. Come in and sit down. If you can find a place to sit." He removed two suits of clothes from a chair, then knelt before a yawning suit case. "That Skeeter Hawk," he said. "You know it was funny. I never could get the right kind of hair for the feelers till one night I was camping up in the Smokies." He raised his head and regarded Mr. Maury seriously. "I was laying on an old bear skin in front of the fire and I happened to throw my hand back. You know those stiff bristles around the nose was just the thing I'd been looking for. But I never would have found 'em if I hadn't happened to lay down on that old bear skin——"

Mr. Maury's eyes roved over the room. "It looks like you're going away?"

Barbee nodded. "The notion just struck me about an hour ago, and I got a telegram from a pal of mine. He's up on the Suwanee River. I figure I can make it by tomorrow afternoon if I get a head start tonight."

"Suwanee River—" Mr. Maury said. "Fishing any good there?"

"It's as good as I want," Barbee said. "You ought to try it some time. Man, I made a run of a hundred and fifty bass there one day last fall."

Mr. Maury rose. "I'll be going along," he said. "You got to pack."

Barbee, balancing on his haunches, looked up. "I won't be out of here for another hour," he said. "Say, I got an extra one of those Skeeter Hawks. I'll come across it in a minute in one of these bags and I'll bring it over to you."

Mr. Maury nodded. "Much obliged," he said.

Back in his own room he sat down heavily in the big chair that was always pulled up to the lake window. Once he spoke aloud. "I might have known it," he said. "I might have known it." He got up and paced slowly about the room. Suddenly he paused, snapping his second finger and thumb together. "Aleck Maury," he said, "you're an old fool."

He went out into the corridor and knocked again on the door of No. 18. "Come in," Barbee called. Mr. Maury entered and shut the door hurriedly be-

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hind him. "You got room in that car for a passenger?" he asked.

"Sure," Barbee said. "Like to have you come along."

Mr. Maury nodded. "I ain't got much baggage. And that boat— Well, I ain't going to be tied down by any boat, no matter how good it is." He approached Barbee and laid a hand on his arm. "They stay up late sometimes," he whispered, "but if Mrs. Bellows or any of 'em say anything to you you don't know anything. You understand? You don't know anything."

Barbee looked a little mystified. "Sure," he said.

Mr. Maury stepped out into the corridor once more. It was when he was half-way toward his own room that he met Henry. Mr. Maury stopped short. Henry, too, paused. "You want anything, Cap'm?"

Mr. Maury shook his head slowly from side to side. He glanced over Henry's shoulder at a door that was farther down the corridor. "Henry," he said, "what did you have to come along here now for?"

Henry grinned. "I just stepped up. Thought maybe that gentleman 'd show me some of them baits you was telling about."

Mr. Maury shook his head again. Suddenly he drew out his wallet, took from it a five-dollar bill. "Henry," he said sharply. "You put that in your pocket. And don't you go thanking me. 'Nough noise round here now as 'tis."

Henry followed him in silence into his room. When they emerged forty-five minutes later Mr. Maury was carrying his three rod cases and a bunch of cane poles. A dip net was slung over Henry's shoulders and he staggered under the weight of two heavy bags. When he lost his footing and slipped on the landing Mr. Maury turned on him angrily: "You want to wake up the whole house?" he demanded.

They went softly through the hall and out on to the back porch. In the black shadow of the *porte-cochère* ahead there was a faint red gleam: the tail light on Barbee's roadster. Mr. Maury tiptoed across the dew-wet grass, sank into his seat. Henry was stowing the bags in the rumble. Mr. Maury took two white envelopes out of his pocket. "Henry," he said, "you give this envelope to Mrs. Bellows and you give this one to your mistress. I wouldn't want to be waking either of those ladies up this time of night to say good-bye."

Barbee was climbing in beside him. "All set?" he asked.

They moved out from under the *porte-cochère* on to the faintly lit street. Mr. Maury looked back. The wide façade of the house was pale under its black tracery of mimosa boughs. On the second floor there was one window where a light still gleamed. Mr. Maury raised his hand. His lips parted. He murmured:

"'*And snatch'd his rudder and shook out more sail——*'"

Jim Barbee turned. "What'd you say?"

Mr. Maury leaned back. His fingers closed on his rod case. He kicked the minnow bucket into better place between his feet. "Nothing," he said. "How long 'll it take us to get to that Suwanee River?"

HYDRANGEA

By Padraic Colum

You come so late unto my door,
Blanched flowers:
The fern rusts beside mossed walls,
The rook into the distance calls,
The swallows are arrayed for flight.
You with your high and heavy plumes,
Bowed and aspersed in night's downpour,
And lucent in the morning light
As pure samite,
Are nunnery girls who were told
Of talismans an anchorite
Holds, and troop about his door,
Not knowing he is on his way
Unto the chapel in the hills.
But I will stay,
And claim the candour of your blooms,
You with the high and heavy plumes
That sway and whisper at my sills,
Blanched flowers—
Though the vine reddens round my door.

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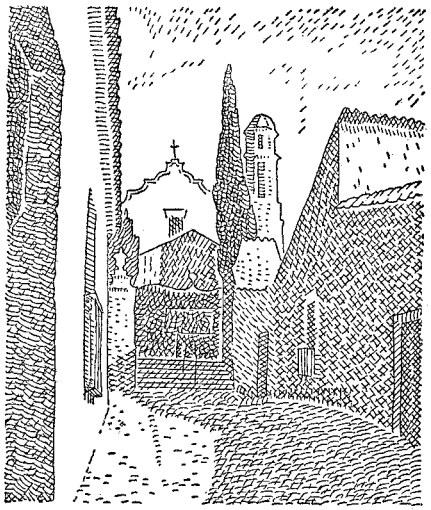
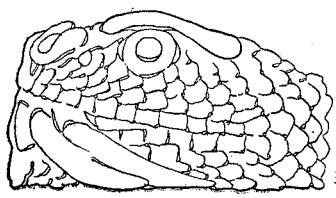
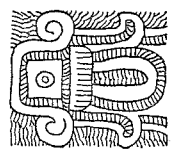


Return to Mexico

By Grace Flandrau

Even this seasoned world-traveller shows that thousands of tourists can't be wrong about Mexico





I do not know why we remained away from Mexico so long or why indeed we suddenly decided to go back. If early and happy associations exercised the nostalgic lure they are supposed to we should have gone back as soon as Mexico emerged right side up from the storms that rocked her the last time I sailed away from Vera Cruz with (incidentally) two revolutionary gentlemen locked up in the cabin of my travelling companion. These persons were fleeing from the ire of that ruthless and spectacular leader in the grand old style, Victoriano Huerta. And as my companion happened to be the wife of John Lind, our government's private special envoy to Mexico, and as Huerta was de facto President, the whole proceeding was, on our part, most irregular. It was also, in view of the system of secret knocks and high signs with which the refugees were advised that it was merely Mrs. Lind or myself bringing them bacon and eggs and not the minions of their powerful enemy—who, I suspect, didn't know they existed—distinctly comic.

And it is strange too and moving to remember that the men whose names hung like storm clouds over their various parts of Mexico—Pancho Villa, Zapata, the somewhat milder Carranza, and many others—have since, almost to a man, died violent deaths in the cause they were then occupied in winning.

Perhaps, as it is said, memories that are too poignant to be comfortable to live with are thrust down into the oubliette conveniently established somewhere outside of consciousness for that purpose. And perhaps that is what happened to our own memories of our life in that Mexico of the past, of our plantation house set down in a jungle of theatrical beauty two days' ride from a railroad by mule back or in vine baskets hung from the heads of Totonaco bearers; of the casual, charming, reckless, polite, always strange people—Mexicans and pure-blood Indians—who lived and worked on the place and were our friends; who were often, indeed, the only human beings we saw from one month's end to the other.

Memories too of gay visits to the Capital where, in spite of falling governments and marching men, Society was very elegant indeed. It took—foreign Society, I mean—its tone from diplomatic drawing-rooms, it went in for protocol, precedence, ceremony, imported chefs; it bristled with titles. And its European grace and excessive formality seemed to me, in my extreme youth, as romantic and glamorous as a play upon the stage.

At any rate we did, in a way, forget about Mexico until, one of us having been ill and in need of a restful journey to a balmy clime, we elected to go there; and by motor.

There are a great many things to be said in favor of a motor trip to Mexico but that it is as soothing for a convalescent as a wheeled chair on a veranda, is not one of them. In the first place there is, of course, that inexplicable motor mania for making another hundred miles before dark—a passion that the two and sometimes three or four laned cement highways to the border do nothing to diminish. I remember the Christmas trees and wreaths of tinkling lights against the sunset in all the little towns in Missouri and Oklahoma and how we hurried through them; hurried too, to leave Laredo, which is nevertheless so charming with its wide horizons, its feeling of a frontier town, of a place that is a beginning. With the crowds too of Mexicans that make its streets so gay and give it that something unhurrying and intensely alive that is not American.

And in the second place there is the famous stretch of mountain road between Monterrey and the Capital.

It's queer when you are travelling how hard it is to find out certain things, how hard it was to find out the truth about that road. The lady secretary of the Laredo Chamber of Commerce said firmly: "We don't recommend it, the Mexican Government doesn't recommend it. Ship your car from Monterrey." The man who had just driven it said it was nothing, anybody could drive it—in the dark. We had heard the same conflicting rumors ever since

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leaving St. Paul and experienced an irresistible curiosity to find out for ourselves.

Monterrey is a big town, uninteresting, with a brand new American-style hotel, coffee shoppe and all; but Valles, a day's run beyond, is something else. Is, if you prefer spectacles to comfort—spectacles that will soon be available no longer—a place to see. Your bedroom is a windowless stone vault, with an iron bed, basin, slop jar and nothing else—unless you count the innumerable very large cockroaches. The vast bar and billiard room cover half a square, blaze with violent electric lights, ring with the peculiarly piercing scream of Mexican phonographs.

But the spectacle is highly satisfactory. Men in sombreros, in charro costume, in peon costume, in the smart uniform of the motorcycle cops, in the coveralls of the road workers, in Indian pajamas, eat, drink, play cards, billiards, dominoes. Nondescript old women and barefooted boys wander in and out of the dark smoke-filled stone dungeon luridly alight with the red flames of the brasero that is the kitchen, impeding bar-tenders and the gay young waitresses.

An Indian woman in a blue rebozo speaks to us. "Hello," she says in English. "I have been in Minneapolis, Minnesota." She had been picking beets there, it seemed, and liked it. A man in peon dress and a face of great beauty and intelligence attaches himself to us. He has been in the States too, he has read books about Mexican versus American culture (I don't know where he ever found a book that allowed us any!). He has read about the handicraft culture of the Indians, versus the machine culture of the United States. He says much nonsense is written. He talks about the masses in Mexico. He says they are not only unaware of possessing any antique culture of their own but want something quite different. He says they love beauty, yes, the humblest of them, but they want to have machines and to make more money. They prefer Fords to burros, tractors to oxen, steel ploughs to a crooked stick; they want to be relieved of the heavy labor they have performed for all the centuries. They like to cross the border and work in the United States and live and make money there. As many as can manage to do so, go, he says. Yes, they love beauty but they want to live, in so far as they know anything about it, in the modern world and participate in its comforts, activities, amusements.

The food at the inn is Mexican and not good Mexican, the noise is terrible. All night people hold conversations in the street outside your door, dogs bark, donkeys bray. It is very cold in the early morning dressing under one grewsome electric light. In the dining-room rats run along the beams while you breakfast on coffee extract poured cold into tepid boiled milk. But just the same there is a charm, an interest. You have talked to many different kinds of people, seen a way of life different from your own.

There is greater charm, perhaps, in the little gay inn opening on an old plaza in Victoria with the fat courteous old innkeeper and the terra-cotta lady on the desk holding a roll of toilet paper in her arms; and in the flowery garden patio of the inn at Tamazunchale. Each stopping place is different from every other, whereas every hotel we stayed in from Minnesota to the border was identical and without charm or interest. When modern hotels, coffee shoppe and all, are built along the route to Mexico City you will doubtless be more comfortable but you will not be in Mexico.

It was still dark when we left Valles and sometime before noon we reached the first part of the bad road. With time out for lunch at Tamazunchale we followed it for about five hours. And I should like to state quite definitely that anybody who makes light of driving that road is barefacedly lying.

It is, or was last December—a one-way track a hundred miles long that crawls along the very outside edge of the mountains, climbing in places to ten or twelve thousand feet. It is barely the width of the car and except for a few yards here and there, is not fenced so that your outside wheels turn on the sheer crust of the abyss. The curves are not curves but right angles. It is bad enough when you have the road to yourself but you are always meeting other cars and when a crowded bus lurches around the curve ahead, driven by a wild Mexican driver who impatiently waves you out onto a passing place, one of the crises of the journey is reached. These so-called passing places are nothing more than extra tufts of grass suspended over eternity and if you don't happen to be near one you slide down backwards to get to it. Also the road is a favorite promenade for cows, goats, burros. There is rain and fog a great deal of the time and although it is more dangerous then, I'm sure it must seem less so with the fog hiding the hair-raising abysses. But on this clear day we were spared none of the horror of the superb mountain view.

For surely this is one of the most beautiful drives in the world and one of the most interesting. Here is the Mexico of a hundred, indeed of hundreds of years ago, for these high pueblos have not been touched by the changes that have come to Mexico as the lower and more accessible regions have. The small villages, built of thatch and wattles, are almost indistinguishable against the hillside. They reminded me of remote mountain villages in Japan years ago; the perpendicular cornfields clinging to the flanks of the highest ridges, way above us in the mist, are not unlike the mountain rice terraces of Japan.

The Indians, dressed in their native white pajamas, bent under great loads of firewood or driving their little burros, have faces that are stranger, farther from us than any faces I have seen anywhere. Different from the Totonaco Indians I remember above our village of Misantla, and stranger. Their immense dark eyes, heavily rimmed with black, have the fatalistic, somehow inhuman look of the eyes that gaze at you from Egyptian paintings.

After we started to climb one of us

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remembered he had a phobia against high places, couldn't even look out of a high window without feeling faint. So he had a pretty bad time of it and when we finally reached Jacala five hours later—the end of the bad road—he felt that nothing but several tumblers of tequila would restore him to life. And Morrie thought so too.

Morrie, I must state at once, has nothing really to do with us or our return to Mexico; and I touch on the subject merely for the moral—if that is the word—it conveys. Morrie was a plump young man from Schenectady, N. Y., who was suffering, so he told us, from a nervous breakdown. This was why, it seemed, he had, knowing no word of Spanish and nothing whatever about an automobile, started out to motor alone to Mexico. We found him adrift in Valles, ordered his supper for him, found him a bed, acceded to his request that we let him start first next morning as he said he liked to have reliable people behind him to help him out. In the dawn mist we got him out of a river he had driven into by mistake, not being able to read the signs, and at various times during the day started him off when his motor stalled. The last time it was at the top of a summit so that he could coast, and for miles and miles we saw him whirling and spinning at top speed down the mountainside. It was after dark when we came upon Morrie again, stalled and incoherent with nerves or maybe the spent tequila. Nobody could start his car so we took him with us and all the way to the next village—which was much farther, he said, than we had led him to believe—he reproached us for leaving his automobile. The lamps, he said, would be stolen.

A desolate remote little town, a bleak icy cold hotel, and B. stepping out of the car and fainting from the strain of his high-place phobia or maybe the spent tequila. All the time we were getting him to bed and sending for the doctor, Morrie was at my ear complaining about his lamps, his nerves, and when would I order his supper, telephone a man he knew in Mexico City, and find somebody to send out for his car.

The doctor, a dignified Indian, charged for his visit and the medicine he supplied, just eighty-four cents gold.

Sometimes, unexpectedly, some fragrance, especially the smell of tuberoses or mimosa, or a certain waltz or bullfight tune heard on the radio, will set before me complete the Mexico City I once knew. And always among the recaptured sensations is the peculiar light and gala feeling of the atmosphere—thin sparkling mountain air, burning at noon with the everlasting winter sunshine. And on this winter morning of our return I had only to breathe to know that I was back. But we had not driven a square before we saw that nearly everything else had changed; and every subsequent visit only showed us how much.

When I last saw Mexico's capital it still retained, in spite of a revolution or two, its outward elegance—always uneven to be sure, but nevertheless there. There was still an air of wealth; there were luxurious shops where goods of fine quality were sold; on the streets were smart European cars with special bodies and even carriages with magnificent horses and two men in livery on the box. Beautiful and elegant ladies dressed by Worth and Paquin and bearing historic Mexican names rode in these vehicles and also ladies equally elegant but bearing such names as la Carmencita or la Conchita and to whom the gentlemen of the Jockey Club did not speak—in public. There was still the five-o'clock promenade on Thursdays and Sundays when the bands played and the long line of equipages moved slowly up and down San Francisco Street and the Paseo. And the gentlemen who sat in the exclusive portals of the Jockey Club and watched the parade were the owners of twelve- or fifteen-million acre estates, of whole towns; disposed of the lives of thousands of men and women.

Now all this is gone. Mexico is no longer the foreign city de luxe. It is a great nondescript hard-working town. The streets are crowded and shabby, the shops full of cheap and tasteless merchandise. There are no Hispano Suizas or special body Fiats, no footmen in livery. There are American sedans, thousands of them. American automobile salesrooms line the Paseo, gas stations occupy the sites of former palaces, and the great houses that remain have become dancing schools, detective agencies, government offices or are being torn down to make room for more gas stations and more automobile agencies. In other residence sections the houses do not seem to be kept up as they were and the night air is no longer sweet with scents of jasmine and roses from walled gardens.

There is no Jockey Club. The famous building has become a combination drug store, department store, restaurant and curio shop. The walls of the splendid patio are painted with revolting peacock frescoes by an imported artist—imported into the land of Rivera and Orozco! The patio itself is crowded with tourists eating plate lunches—your choice of this or that at a flat rate of two pesos a head. There is an ice-cream soda fountain on one side of the lobby and the other side is a cross between a cut-rate drug store and a five-and-ten. The charming old French sweet shop across the street has become an American style lunch room with grim mahogany "booths" in the gloomy semi-seclusion of which you can eat pancakes and canned frankfurters.

Only on Sundays it is different, is a gala town. On Sundays the workers are free, the moving-picture houses are jammed, the magnificent park at Chapultepec is even gayer than before, because everybody goes there. The whole population, down to the most ragged Indian, walks in the beautiful alleys and listens to the bands. Everybody, indeed, is there except the elegant ladies bearing historic names.

What, then, has become of them and their families—of all the darlings of Don Porfirio's régime? Their fate, it seems, has been various. A few have kept a part at least of their wealth but they prefer to attract no attention whatever to this fact. They live quietly, their cars are neither elegant nor new, their chauffeurs not in livery. Their names do not appear in the personal columns along with those of the generals and government officials who make up the new "society." They live in a small close circle exclusively to themselves.

Others, whose investments were in foreign securities, live abroad. But by far the greater number of these families have been entirely impoverished by the revolution. Young men who were once heirs to princely estates, whose fathers were educated in Spain or France, or at Eton and Oxford, are glad to get jobs as clerks or travelling salesmen. And while the change for them has been great, it has nevertheless been one chief-

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ly of money and what it can buy. For their sisters it is a new world.

Good society in pre-revolutionary Mexico—good Mexican society which was entirely different and apart from the European diplomatic circle—was half a century behind Europe, an epoch behind the United States. Women—ladies, so-called—had no freedom of any kind. A young girl never set foot on the street alone, saw a man alone—even if she were engaged to him—never did anything alone. And even as a married woman she had no real freedom. Her social life, except for an occasional ball and formal dinner, was largely led within the huge family circle of children, parents, aunts, cousins, and uncles. She was intensely conventional, Catholic and domestic. She went to mass every day, was active in church societies, was perpetually with child. Twice a week she drove in the Paseo, superbly gowned and jewelled, if she was rich, once a week or once a fortnight she was "at home." Her great drawing-rooms were thrown open to Mexicans and a few foreigners, chiefly diplomats from Catholic countries. There were refreshments, sometimes music or bridge. When it was over she was unlaced from her tight handsome gown, her pearls were locked up, she drank a few cups of thick sweet chocolate and went to bed. Her husband more often than not went on to the varied expensive and by no means conventional amusements Mexico City offered his kind, or to the second and more frivolous establishment he frequently maintained. If he chose to lose his wife's fortune at baccarat or spend it on a Carmencita, the wife had no recourse. But the great lady of this time had the comfort—if such it is—of a life supported by sanctions and made secure by inviolable laws. She knew exactly what to think, say, and do, how to enter and leave a room, how to sit, stand, behave in the way long marked out as fitting to her station.

Compare this to the world her daughters are entering. To begin with most of them must work. They teach school, kindergarten, dancing, languages; they work in milliners' shops and offices. They go out with other young people unchaperoned or even with a man alone, and frequent movies and night clubs; they drink cocktails and smoke. The social tone of today is set by the generals, politicians and other rich beneficiaries of the new régime—many of whom stepped from an Indian hut to a government position; by the local idea of American ways and by the movies.

"All this," a young man complained to me, "does not suit our girls. It doesn't fit their traditions or their temperaments. American girls have had their freedom so long they know how to handle it, Mexican girls do not. I shouldn't want the old ways back but I don't like the new either."

The girls complain too. Mexican men are not chivalrous, romantic, gallant as they once were. All they want is to be amused; a girl has to amuse them in any way that suits them. If she doesn't conform she doesn't have any fun. If she does she doesn't have much. "But we don't want to be shut up like our mothers, either."

It occurred to me that the present generation of Mexican girls is passing through the phase American girls passed through just after the war. And few of those I talked to who have gone in for the new liberty seemed very happy in it. So far.

Of course you cannot be in Mexico without asking yourself continually, what of the new order? Has it really been born out of all the aspiration and bravery, the suffering and inevitable injustice to individuals, of the great Mexican revolution? This much of course, you plainly see; Mexico is now at peace, there are no longer any organized bands of revolutionists of any importance, or even of bandits. Mexico is at work, is seemingly more prosperous than most other countries today. Everywhere too, there are more public schools and the great objective of more land owned by the Indians is accomplished.

On the other hand, Mexico is avowedly held in the firm grip of a strong and able dictator. Does that mean she is moving definitely back to the right? You read newspapers, books, pamphlets, you ask questions, receive replies and remain as ignorant as before.

In Mexico City a very noble answer to these questions is to be seen on the old walls Diego Rivera has so gloriously transformed. In his supremely well-executed frescoes you see a kind of Ideal Revolution. You see the worker, the peon, the disinherited Indian come into his own. He stands forth proud, strong, free, triumphing at last in calm nobility and purity above the greedy, money-bloated capitalist—usually yellow-haired. I hope it may all be true. At the Escuela Preparatoria the subtler and more imaginative Orozco has a few haunting and beautiful fragments, revolutionary too, but sadder and deeper in symbolism. It is not, however, very pleasant to visit these because of the atrocious manners of the students who yell at visitors, whistle, laugh, shout stupid phrases in broken English. What is far worse, they are defacing the frescoes themselves. If they are young revolutionaries, they would do well to look at the dignified figures of Diego Rivera's hierarchies.

On May first of this year, thousands of men and women marched in the Workers' Parade in Mexico City. The affair was marked by only one incident. Rivera, with the something that is always spectacular, even heroic in his figure and gestures, marched at the head of a contingent carrying the red flag of the Communist party and a young army officer marched beside him. The officer was wearing the uniform of the Federal Army and was promptly arrested and, it is said, threatened with dismissal. So evidently the central government still feels a long way from the extreme of radicalism.

At any rate, to read books and ask questions about the present state of things political and economic in Mexico is pretty much a waste of time. The people who know—if any really do—neither write books nor answer questions. Moreover conditions differ so widely from one state to another that it would be impossible for the wisest to generalize. We were to see the most amazing differences, for instance, between the states of Guerrero and Vera Cruz. But whether the seeming benefit to the people the revolution has brought will be permanent, or whether the masses are drifting toward new forms of exploitation by new groups, is a matter, perhaps, of opinion and you will hear plenty of opinions on both sides.

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Our Unconquered Frontier

By John A. Piquet

The resettlement of the continent begins along new lines as a victorious wilderness confronts our over-crowded cities

THE great epic of the Winning of the Frontier is being drastically rewritten throughout our continental sweep of forests and plains and farms and villages. For decades observers have been sending back strange tales of deserted regions and fleeing inhabitants. Now they report that the 50,000,000 people who still remain outside our cities are barely holding their own as they struggle against the same loneliness and vast distances, the same howling wilds and predatory animals that we have long believed the pioneers so triumphantly defeated!

The government which once owned and gave away this empire of land is surveying the results of past policies. It sees millions of the hinterland's people so far from markets and city conveniences that they face perpetual poverty and a meager life. It views numbers of farmers struggling on poor soils, lost in isolated locations, or overproducing crops for fast-fading markets overseas. Thousands of small towns have declined. Abandoned timber and coal areas have left stranded populations without means of support. Finally, half of the nation's population and three-quarters of its industry and wealth are piled up in large cities, themselves largely concentrated in the small northeastern corner of the continent.

With jobless masses swirling along the streets of our cities and towns, and fertile acres lying idle in the hinterland, the government is moving to bring the two together. It is endeavoring to provide better marketing facilities and living conveniences for many rural regions. It is even planning to relocate isolated settlers nearer civilization.

In this great program of resettling the nation more efficiently the government is only one of the forces in action. The very size of our continent with the half-settled wilderness within its borders has been by far the chief agent of change. For fifty years it has been throwing back the descendants of the pioneers from a thousand distant outposts that the Covered Wagon once struggled to reach.

They have retreated because our frontier with its vast distances, its varying climates, its mountain ranges and endless plains, has not yet been conquered. This is the startling lesson we learn as these millions have been washed back into the towns by the formidable wildernesses of the hinterland. Our methods of farming and of handling natural resources, our transportation policies—our whole scheme of settling the American continent has not worked out because we have underestimated the immensity of the task.

The dark shadow of the frontier has in fact been coming back toward the cities for generations. It has crept through one deserted clearing after another as farm folk fled to the cities. It has swiftly covered great areas of cut-over timber lands as lumber companies moved on. Its trees and tangled brush have swallowed up thousands of once busy rural villages, abandoned mining towns, deserted coal areas and the sites of many isolated industries. Now it beckons at the gates of more than a thousand counties whose population has been declining for decades.

A great virgin forest is rising over a 200-mile stretch in Pennsylvania and Maryland that was completely cut over and gutted thirty years ago. A similar forest is growing in the Adirondack counties of northern New York. East of the Mississippi abandoned farms totalling an area as large as the six New England States have gone back to forest and brush. West of the great river thousands of farmers have retreated from dry plains or have been driven out by dust storms and great droughts. Millions of acres of cut-over lands along the Great Lakes are now silent and deserted. From Virginia to Georgia farmers have left the coastal plain in droves as this long stretch returns to tall grass and pine.

The remaining inhabitants of these advancing frontiers have been startled by the return of many wild animals. Early this year a pack of savage beasts were reported ravaging the hills within an hour's ride of Pittsburgh. They killed hundreds of sheep and cleaned out small game in quantity. They were thought to be wild dogs until a large posse of hunters tracked them down and killed seven animals. They have been identified by experts as a breed of coyotes usually found only in the West. Their presence can be explained only by the growing loneliness of the Appalachian hills and valleys that cover so large a section of Pennsylvania.

Genuine timber wolves were seen in the Adirondacks this winter for the first time in sixty years. They attacked

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farm hands, destroyed livestock, and swarmed boldly throughout the terrified region before they were finally driven into the mountains by State conservation authorities. The counties in which these animals reappeared are dotted with deserted farms and abandoned lumber camps and their population has been falling for years. The wolves were undoubtedly as surprised to meet human beings in this returning wilderness as were the inhabitants to view again a beast that stalks only along the frontier.

Wildcats are being hunted once more in northern New Jersey, within forty miles of New York City. This formerly settled region has almost completely returned to forest. Beaver have become so numerous in Pennsylvania that they are destroying thousands of young trees. In the same State the rare wild turkey that vanished years ago is again seen as its numbers have grown rapidly following its reintroduction from the South. Packs of wild dogs have lately been reported on the rampage in declining rural counties in New York and New Jersey. Wild animals have never left the great empty spaces of the West but even there the advancing frontier is in evidence. The desperado has reappeared as cattle rustlers ride again in Wyoming and wool thieves raid the sheep ranches of the plateaus.

As the frontier advances the silent Indian raises his head again above the national horizon. People who have wept over the *Last of the Mohicans* will be interested to know that there are still 5000 Indians in the famous Six Nations group about whom Fenimore Cooper wrote his great novels. They still reside in northern New York and have sued for the recovery of ancestral lands in that section which they claim were fraudulently obtained by the white man and which are now valued at billions of dollars.

More than 50,000 Indians are yet located east of the Mississippi River. Thousands of Cherokee braves maintain their tribal solidarity in the mountains of North Carolina despite persuasions of the government to move them to the West. In Oklahoma the Otae tribe recently asked the government for $11,000,000 to compensate them for Nebraska lands they were forced to vacate in 1870. In the same State the Seminoles are demanding more room. There are 330,000 Indians in the United States today and their numbers have been growing for several decades. As the new governmental policy is encouraging them to hold the tribal organizations together, should the white man continue his desertion of the hinterland we may yet see the redskin living in the growing solitudes as of old.

The frontier is returning because people have been flocking into city regions in almost every part of the nation. The figures are surprising. A hundred years ago almost every American had some land of his own. Today only 25 per cent of the people are on farms and many of these are tenants. In the last forty years half of the millions of children born in farmhouses have left for town life. Since 1900 the farms and small villages added only 8,000,000 people while the cities and towns were adding 39,000,000. In the last decade our ninety-three cities of 100,000 population and over and their suburbs accounted for 75 per cent of the nation's population increase.

This rural debacle and the decline of mining, timber, and industrial towns brought some remarkable figures to view in the last census. Of a total of 3062 counties in the United States, 368 lost population in the ten years ending in 1920. In the next ten years no less than 1220 counties declined! Forty per cent of our counties were losing out! Thousands of villages declined with them, and of substantial cities of over 10,000 population the surprising number of 120 found themselves with less inhabitants.

A Handful Against a Wilderness

The hinterland has declined because we have scattered our people far too thinly over its vast spaces. Life has been hard and civilized facilities in many cases impossible to obtain. Like a handful of seed thrown from a mountain top, we have dropped small groups of settlers into hundreds of miles of rugged wilderness.

They are blown about and lost on the endless plains west of the Mississippi. They huddle together in the cold forests that border the Great Lakes. They disappear under the prolific vegetation of Southern wildernesses. And 3,000,000 of them are still riding horseback in the mountain fastnesses of the Appalachians and the Ozarks.

As pullman trains thunder with hardly a stop through the growing wildernesses that stretch between our city regions we realize how big our country really is. The fact is we have not got enough people to settle our vast domain. Our population is less than that of England, France, and Germany combined but our land area is six times as large. Meanwhile our birth rate is falling and we are keeping immigrants out.

Food production per acre has tripled since pioneer days, and less land is needed to survive. For the same reason the feeding of great city populations has been made possible. The people of the lost sections have been moving in closer to the cities, closer to markets for their products or services and to modern facilities of living. They have been trekking also to more hospitable climates in the sunshine States that border the Gulf and the Pacific. Ever since war wages and the automobile put a nation on wheels, America has rushed at a record rate to the city regions and suburbs or to the more favored spots of the hinterland. The frontier remains completely victorious over much of the greater part of the American continent.

We have scattered our people so thinly because of the greatest land boom of modern times. Since 1790 the government has disposed with lavish hand of an empire stretching from Pittsburgh to the Pacific. Not only free land, but vast tracts acquired by speculators in all kinds of locations were offered, and land speculation by great and small became the nation's leading industry.

The Covered Wagon therefore halted not only along fertile valleys. It also carried the pioneer on to flood-swept flats. It placed him on dry plains amid fierce climates. It disappeared up forested ravines and rocky gulches—and it left him and lost him there.

The ring of axes and the rising smoke of chimneys filled the land. Towns arose, enterprises were started, in every kind of location. The years went on. Those best located or best managed survived. But how many have lingered, or lingered only to die! These monuments to the energy of our fore-

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fathers and to the glittering prospectuses of the land speculators rear sadly from the wilderness in all parts of the land. An Associated Press correspondent recently stumbled over one of these forgotten towns in the East:

> Parkwood today lies desolate, as if a sudden plague had wiped away its people. Homes and stores remain virtually untouched except by the wind and the rain. Machinery rusts under rotting mill roofs. Underbrush and trees have grown up around buildings.
>
> Once Parkwood existed principally for the manufacture of millstones. Today few persons know of the existence of the village although it is only a mile from the main highway, and five miles from the nearest town. And no one here professes to know the reason for the apparent sudden departure of its inhabitants.

A reporter for *The New York Evening Sun* picturesquely describes a declining village of 208 people:

> Nestled complacently in a tranquil valley on Roundabout Creek is the village of Eddyville, a cross-roads hamlet of shattered dreams and abandoned hope.
>
> Years have passed since the shrill notes of a locomotive whistle last reverberated through the neighboring Catskills, and the abandoned canal where coal barges from Scranton once moved ponderously toward the Hudson is now a gulch of stagnant water, the timber of its locks rotting away. When the Rosedale cement plant closed a few years back, Eddyville became a town of memories. Once it aspired to a place in the sun. Today it plods along, living in the days of yesteryear.

The railroad spur above on which traffic was stopped is only one of many throughout the hinterland that are being scrapped. Abandoned mileage has been growing steadily since 1917, reaching a new high of 1876 miles in 1933, while only 183 miles of new line were built. Railroad shops are being consolidated, depriving many small centers of their chief industry. Not only auto and bus competition, but disappearing traffic in the large sections that are returning to a frontier state, are responsible for these changes.

Scores of coal towns are declining as consumption is reduced by more efficient burning of fuel by large users, and by the competition of oil and central station electric power. These towns are located largely in the steep valleys of the Appalachians, far from the main city regions, and almost entirely surrounded by a still primitive wilderness. When mines close down or are long unworked, the rains soon flood them disastrously, while the surrounding green wall of forest closes in on deserted homes within a few seasons. Scores of mining towns in the West, and even more of the old iron forge hamlets in Eastern seaboard States, have already met this fate.

Perhaps the best example of our land-settlement follies is found in the great agricultural territory that stretches for a thousand miles between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains. While much of it, particularly in the eastern half, is banner farm land from many standpoints, an even greater portion consists of dry plains located at an altitude of from 1500 to 5000 feet. Nature itself had never been successful in growing anything but short grass on these treeless plains. Over them roamed the most savage Indians in America, nomadic tribes never able to develop the villages and agriculture common elsewhere.

Railroad lines, hastily organized to acquire the fabulous grants of land that went with them, extended their tracks far into these regions. The Northern Pacific, for example, received a grant on both sides of its tracks almost as large in area as New England. They employed hundreds of agents in all parts of the nation and in Europe to attract settlers. Millions poured into these flat and easily worked lands. Without hills or stumps to pull they seemed a paradise. Bumper crops of wheat and corn and train-loads of livestock soon flooded the markets, putting thousands of Eastern farms out of business and necessitating export markets to absorb the surplus.

The new prosperity soon became irregular and life a constant battle. The summers were burning hot, the winters filled with blizzards. Cyclones alternated every few years with great armies of locusts or parching droughts to destroy crops and injure animals. The droughts were followed by powerful dust-storms that in some places ripped the top soil and young crops clear off the premises. The greatest drought and dust storm in twenty years is ravaging the plains as I write these words. The blizzards were so intense that ropes had to be attached from house to barn so the farmer could find his way back in safety. The very word "blizzard" originated on these windswept flats in 1870 when a Kansas editor so named a near-cyclone as it rattled the windows of his frontier office.

Today this great region shows less growth than any other part of the nation. Millions have left it for midwestern cities or California or Florida. Beaten down by the weather, losing crops one year or overproducing in others with low prices as a result, so far from cities that the cost of what they buy is high, and in many parts far removed from modern life and facilities, the settler's existence on these plains has been one long grind. In the words of a daughter of these farms, written in 1926:

> We loved the plains but we just had to leave. The farmhouses were two miles apart, almost out of sight of each other, and lonely as the middle of the ocean. Work lasted from dawn to dusk. The kitchen stove had to be kept going on corn-cobs, and the food was mostly meat and potatoes and eggs, with no vegetables in winter. We didn't see five dollars in cash for months at a time. What we had we put into cars or machinery, or saved up so we could move to California some day and rest up. And the blizzards! Two of my uncles were found frozen stiff between the house and the barn. They had lost hold of the rope, and it was two days before we could find them!

New March of the Covered Wagon

The rush of the land-hungry pioneers kept to the cooler regions they were accustomed to and in substantial measure avoided the Southern States. One reason, perhaps, was the system of large land-holdings there and the consequent lack of free land. The South has been bitten off in huge chunks. Sitting on the porches of their white-columned mansions the planters looked over their endless acres and gambled on a single mass production crop—cotton or rice, tobacco or sugar or timber. They had to market it far away, over costly miles of middlemen and at fluctuating prices, for the handful of people in their own half-settled wilderness hardly constituted a market.

These conditions still exist widely. The plantations or tenant farms are manned by poor whites and Negroes many of whom live in shacks and see little cash money the year around. When war wages came, millions of them streamed to Northern centers or to the growing Southern cities, depopulating one rural county after another from Virginia clear down to Mississippi. Blessed with abundant resources, the South nevertheless has long been poor from a cash standpoint, for many genteel families as well as for the workers.

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Shortly after the beginning of the century Benjamin Duke, the tobacco magnate, surveyed the fertile but poverty-stricken Carolinas in which he had begun his career as a barefoot boy. He saw the many rivers rushing down the hills to the sea and he dammed them and spread electric power over the region to the smallest hamlets. He started or encouraged furniture factories, cotton mills and other enterprises to make use of the teeming resources. Within thirty years in these States the number of industrial employees had doubled, the payroll and value of product had increased ten times, the telephone installations eight times and the public-school budget thirty. Furthermore, these States today with their network of electric lines enjoy the distinction of being the only important industrial area in the East that has not crowded its workers into congested cities. The Piedmont plateau on which most of the industrial towns are located represents a well-visioned penetration of a rich wilderness and its conversion into factories and agriculture that have meant a distinctly higher standard of living than generally exists in the South.

These Carolina wilds were invaded in 1901 by a group of Waldensians from the Italian Swiss Alps. They hung together instead of scattering about the region in the old pioneer fashion. In addition to gardens and vineyards, they started a hosiery mill on a capital of $240. In later years they added a spinning mill, a Swiss embroidery factory, and a silk hosiery plant. Finally, they engaged in the manufacture of high-grade women's footwear. Today they are pointed out to strangers by the South's leaders as an example of what a group of artisans can accomplish in a largely rural atmosphere.

Shortly before the war another colony appeared in the South, settling at Llano, Louisiana. Although at one time many of its members left because of disagreements over enforced co-operation, it persevered until today its population of 500 have a security and an abundance of satisfactions that many an individualistic farmer would envy. They have supplied themselves with rice and corn and dairy products, with plums and peanuts and melons. They have a central steam plant for the main buildings, and an ice plant, a hotel and a theater. From the timber around them they manufacture building lumber, cypress shingles, cabbage crates, fence posts and other wooden articles. Their print shop turns out the colony's weekly paper and handles the printing of many small publications edited elsewhere. Their cultural activities include dancing and plays, community singing and the activities of a literary club. The presence of a beauty shop probably is one indication at least that these new pioneers are keeping in close touch with movies and magazines from the outside world.

Another notable invasion of Southern wilds is the planned industrial town of Kingsport, Tenn. During the war a group of Northern manufacturers located amid the raw materials of the Appalachians to be near cheap coal, plentiful timber for paper and wood distillates, and sand for glass products. Faced with the problem of providing housing on the moment for several thousand workers and their families from the surrounding hills, they bought land wholesale and built homes the same way. But no squalid mill village rose to disfigure the beautiful landscape. The town was planned by experts and laid out spaciously to accommodate in the future five times the 10,000 people who were being provided for. Each home has electricity and modern plumbing and is surrounded with trees and shrubbery on a plot fifty feet wide and 150 feet long. The workers were given ten to twenty years to pay for these homes if they so desired. Kingsport as I saw it ten years later looked more like a garden suburb than an industrial town. It represents the successful marriage of industry and modern facilities with the resources and people of one of the wildest sections of our Southern hinterland.

It is not a mere coincidence that these new forms of agricultural and industrial pioneering have prospered in the South. The region from Maryland to eastern Texas has almost a monopoly of the heavy rainfall belt of the United States. One-half of it is located in temperate uplands and the other has the most prolific soil and climate on the continent. It produces everything from oranges and sweet potatoes and sugar-cane to fat hogs and wild turkeys and a dazzling collection of fruits and flowers. The South has more coal and oil and natural gas than any other part of the nation and possesses almost every known mineral in addition. It is located within reach of the great Northern markets, both by rail and by 2000 miles of coast line studded with fine ports and azure resorts. From Virginia to Texas it is considerably more than twice the size of the Northeast between Boston and St. Louis and has not much more than half the population. If it were as well settled per square mile it would hold 130,000,000 people. It has only 36,000,000.

The only other region that possesses such a combination of climate, natural resources and cheap water transportation is the Pacific Coast. In this direction and toward the South the new pioneers are heading. The States of Florida, Louisiana, Texas, Arizona, California, Oregon, and Washington showed a combined growth of over 30 per cent in the last decade, far ahead of any other section, the Northeast with its thirty large city areas gaining only 17.7 per cent, and the nation as a whole 16 per cent.

This new band of pioneers to the sunshine States travels by train and motor and plane. Its advance scouts are the tourists and they often come back to stay. Whether our new pioneers dwell in flower-covered bungalows around the white, electrically run cities that stretch from Miami to Seattle, or whether they raise fruits or start industries in the smaller towns and outlying sections, they live in the open air most of the year, have a lower cost of living than the colder North, and perform prodigies of community boosting and co-operative action. Team work, whether in farm colonies or in these newer regions, is succeeding today in the still half-settled wildernesses of the South and Far West even as the widely scattered extreme individualists of the earlier pioneering found life hard and dull.

Now the government seeks to extend the colony idea to all parts of the nation as it organizes a score of subsistence farm projects. These settlements are located within close reach of cities, or near towns where unemployment has hit particularly hard. They are composed of 200 families and upwards, each family receiving a loan of approximately $2500 from the government with which to build a home and acquire from one to three acres on which a sub-

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stantial amount of vegetables, fruits, and poultry may be raised. One or more private industries are being relocated in each colony, the purpose being that the members shall work there when possible and have their land and lower cost of living to fall back on if work fails. In some of the colonies nearer cities the members seek work when it is available. A central workshop encourages full or part-time activities in making handicraft articles, repairing homes and tools, weaving homespuns for sale, and in using temporary or enforced leisure profitably in other ways.

The Tennessee Valley program of the government gives some idea of what planned colonization may be able to do in conquering the riches of our yet hostile frontier. In addition to power and fertilizer production, the government is now reclaiming valuable lands from washing away as the protecting forest is cut down. It is planning to give expert advice not only to farmers but also to small industries and business through a central research bureau that collects data on successful methods in business management, sales, accounting, and other practices. It is pointing out to the inhabitants, many of whom have known only corn, hogs, and tobacco raising, how the natural resources around them may be profitably used. These activities include game breeding, care of the public forest, raising fruits and nuts, harvesting medicinal plants, producing cheese and dairy products, and using surplus timber to manufacture ties, poles, lumber, pulp for paper or board, tanbark, toys, spindles, home furniture, and even wood-carving products.

Long before the depression began, workers in our industrial cities had emigrated in numbers to small farms within reach of the uncertain job. Surveys made around New England cities, for example, indicate that these holdings vary from two to ten acres, with a total annual output of $300 to $600 in vegetables, fruits, poultry, and sometimes a cow. Most of this is consumed at home, giving a lower cost of living in food as well as even more savings in lower rent or home-ownership costs and taxes. In addition, these workers live in the sunshine while they see the city's smokestacks and amusements within easy reach.

The resettlement of the continent is under way, first in widening circles of suburbs around our cities, then in farm colonies and in the trek toward the open living of the sunshine States, and finally in the development of whole regions such as the Tennessee Valley. The frontier still howls around us, but we are finding out how to make it smile and help us.

Crows Fly High

A STORY

By August Derleth

All morning the crows had wheeled in great circles above the valley, their blackness tense against the sunshot blue of the somnolent April day. My great-aunt kept going out into the farmyard to look up at them, a little anxious about her young chickens. But the crows kept circling endlessly and did not come nearer earth than the tops of the pines in Gus Elker's southeast quarter.

Shots had sounded fitfully throughout the morning from the direction of Gus Elker's farm, and at dinner table that noon, my great-aunt said to my great-uncle Joe, "Ain't no use your goin' over t' Gus's. He's got one a his fits again. I heard him shootin' all morning at them crows. Can't go a-visitin' when Gus is like that."

My great-uncle grunted and his rather florid face twitched. "I aim t' see Gus soon's I'm done with dinner."

"Well, all I got t' say is I hope you ain't a-goin' t' talk him out a any money for Hank Haneider's Tractor Works," said my great-aunt, her pale blue eyes flashing behind her spectacles.

My great-uncle fixed her with a drooping eye and said, "Man and boy, I run my life exactly as I pleased for nigh on sixty years, and I aim to see Gus this afternoon, and what I talk about's my affairs."

"Yes, but it's my money's well's yours, Joe," replied my great-aunt shrilly. "I never did have any use for Hank Haneider, and I ain't a speck a use for that tractor works a his'n. Ain't no sense to it. What we got horses for? And what's he want a tractor works in Sac Prairie for? That Hank Haneider's just goin' fishin' for suckers, and I like to die if I ain't got a man all primed to bite and pay out good money for to do it, too."

"Now, Lou," said my great-uncle mildly. "Hush up now. Want the boy to go home and tell his folks how you and me been fightin'?"

My great-aunt sighed and said no more, and presently my great-uncle shoved away from the table and put on his hat. "Come on along, Oldtimer," he said to me. "That aunt a your'n's bound t' sour you up sure if you hang around her too much."

My great-aunt gave him a scornful glance and said to me, "Sure, go along and keep your ears open so that good-for-nothin' man a mine don't up and sell the farm out from under me."

I got up and went along with my great-uncle, who cut across his fields toward Elker's farm. There was a south wind blowing, and the air was fresh and warm, almost summer-like. The damp marsh smell came up on the

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wind. Once in a while my great-uncle looked speculatively up at the crows, strong black scars on the cloudless blue.

Gus Elker was standing outside in the yard, half way between the house and the barn, a rifle in his hands. He was a short, stocky man with a moon-like face, on which grew a weedy, straw-colored mustache which curved around his mouth. He was staring angrily up into the sky. Seeing us, he looked almost petulantly away and said, "God damn them crows!"

"Why, you damn' fool," said my great-uncle in greeting, "what're you wastin' your time for? Them crows is flyin' too high for your gun. Besides, they're too smart for you. A crow's a mighty smart bird sometimes."

"I aim to get me some crows, Joe," Gus Elker said, looking up into the sky with eyes half-shut against the strength of the sun. "Last year they et up a dozen a my spring fries, and I don't aim for that to happen again."

"And you a-standin' here with that gun in plain sight, 's if you didn' know crows can tell a gun from a stick by the way the sun's reflected on the barrel. I bet them crows is tellin' each other what a damn' fool you are, Gus."

"Oh, shut up, you old pot-belly," said Gus. "What's brung you over this way?"

"Business."

"Hoh, business! What you know about business?"

"Want to make some money, Gus?" asked my great-uncle in a more sober voice.

Gus Elker looked suspiciously at my great-uncle and asked, "How much money?"

"Oh, maybe fifty cents to the dollar, maybe more, maybe as high's two bucks for every dollar you put in," replied my great-uncle.

"Hoh! I got to put some money in, do I? Sounds fishy."

"You ain't gonna see me holdin' back, Gus. It's a money-makin' proposition, or I ain't ever seen one."

Gus interrupted abruptly. "There—they're down in them pines on my southeast quarter." He began to run awkwardly down the slope toward a field of green winter wheat, heading for the pine grove, into which the crows had suddenly descended, cawing harshly.

My great-uncle promptly followed. "Them crows is too smart for a damn' fool like you any day," he shouted after Gus.

"Oh, shut up, Joe—you'll scare 'em up," Gus called back.

My great-uncle began to laugh, slowing his rolling run to a walk. He had a deep, hearty laugh that shook him. Besides, it was an effort for him to run. "Oh, that damn' fool," he kept saying to himself.

Sure enough, as soon as Gus Elker got near enough to the pines to get the crows within range, the birds swung lazily out into the sky and up again. Gus Elker stood there pulling at his mustache in helpless anger as we came up. "God damn them crows," he kept saying. "God damn them crows!"

"That ain't gonna get you any crows," said my great-uncle.

"Well, I'm gonna set me under them pine trees until they come back down. Then watch me nail 'em, you pot-bellied louse."

We came out of the field into the woods and sat down on an old log. Gus kept his hands on his rifle as if he expected any moment to have to use it. My great-uncle came back to business right away.

"It's this tractor works, Gus," he said. "You heard about Hank Haneider's new motor. Well, he's puttin' up a building and aims to make them tractors a his'n right here in Sac Prairie, and us farmers is gettin' first crack at the stock, which I calls fair and square."

Gus Elker looked sadly down the barrel of his rifle and appeared to consider what my great-uncle was saying. Presently he asked, "How much's he figurin' gettin' for a share?"

"Twenty-five bucks per share."

"How many shares you aimin' t' take up?"

"Oh, maybe ten, maybe twenty."

There was suddenly a great, alarming cawing, harsh sounds striking down into the woods as the crows came hurtling toward the pine trees. Gus Elker jumped to his feet and swung his rifle to his shoulder. My great-uncle looked up, puzzled.

The rifle cracked loudly, and a few moments later a crow came tumbling down through the branches some distance away.

"I said I'd get me some crows today," said Gus Elker, exposing tobacco-stained teeth in a wide grin. His watery blue eyes were twinkling.

My great-uncle smiled.

As he reached into his coat-pocket for another shell, Gus said, "I tell you what I'll do, Joe. I'll match you on those shares. What you take's all right for me. You c'n take care of it for me next time you see Hank."

"All right, Gus," said my great-uncle. "That's a deal."

He got up then and went over to the crow and picked it up. He stood looking at it for a while and presently came back, swinging it by one leg. He was grinning scornfully.

"I hate t' say it, Gus," he said, "but you didn' pot this bird. Was a hawk done it. I kinda thought them crows was too smart t' come down here knowin' we was here unless something was after 'em. A Cooper's hawk, most likely. Back's broke, and a hole in the neck ripped down the back."

Gus Elker's jaw fell, and he looked at the dead crow while an angry red flush mounted from his neck. "Well, I be damned," he said.

"You better get t' work 'stead a tryin' t' pot them birds," my great-uncle said maliciously. "They're too damn' smart for you, and they're flyin' too high. Anybody but a damn' fool knows when he's licked."

"Oh, go on home, you old pot-belly. I swear I kinda think you're hoodooin' me."

We cut across the field of winter wheat toward Gus Elker's house. My great-uncle went ahead, and Gus Elker brought up the rear. Gus was still mumbling futile curses for the crows, and my great-uncle was laughing noiselessly when we got to the house.

"I hope that stock's good, Joe," said Gus, when my great-uncle started away for his farm. "If it ain't, I'm comin' gunnin' for you, and I don't aim to miss. Leastways, I ain't missed anythin' bigger 'n the broad side of a barn yet."

"That stock's as good 's gold," said my great-uncle, cocking his head and nodding wisely.

When we got back to my great-uncle's farm, my great-aunt took a sharp look at him and said, "I see you got Gus t' put some money in it, too. Well, I always said it takes a fool t' talk t' a fool. Heavens t' Betsy, if we don't land in the poorhouse some day, 'tain't gonna be your fault!"

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II

About a month after the stock in the Haneider Tractor Works was all sold, the company blew up. The motor Hank had invented had not been patented, and when he tried to patent it, after he had put up a building in which to manufacture tractors, the motor wouldn't work. The investors' money had vanished, and Hank himself vanished not long after. The scandal had hardly broken when my great-uncle and Gus Elker came to town to see what could be done. They went down to the defunct tractor works office and my great-aunt got off at our house to tell my mother and my grandmother all about Joe's worthlessness.

"It's no wonder I got gray hairs," she said, "what with that man a mine throwin' his money out right and left 's if it was dirt. I says to him time and again, 'Now, Joe, don't you go puttin' any money into anything Hank Haneider's got his fingers in, because I don't trust that man.' But no, he had t' up and put money into that tractor works, and not alone that, but he had t' rope Gus Elker in with him. A thousand dollars a-piece—my land, you'd think we were made a money! And now it's gone, just like that!" She paused and shed a few tears into a lace handkerchief that smelled of lavender.

"Now, Lou," my grandmother said, "it ain't as if you didn't have anything left. You still got plenty, and you needn't to worry."

"It ain't that, Lizzie," complained my great-aunt. "It's just like I says time and again t' Joe. 'That Hank Haneider's just a-lookin' for suckers,' I says, and I told him he was just itchin' t' bite, and sure enough he was. I never did see the likes a that man. He's just pure contrary. He won't listen t' reason no way you tell it t' him. Lord knows, I tried all my life t' pound something into his head, but seems the space is all took up."

"Joe always was big-hearted," said my grandmother pensively.

"Oh, sure," agreed my great-aunt instantly. "Joe's got a mighty big heart. But you can't live on it and you can't store money in it. My land, no. I don't know what that man aims t' do today, neither. I can't see what good it's gonna do raisin' a fuss about that money. It's gone, that's all, and Gus Elker's mad as a hornet. My land, he swore blue streaks all the way t' town, and more 'n once I thought he was gonna jump Joe right there in the car. When a man makes his bed, he's got t' lie in it, but it don't seem right I got t' lie beside him!"

"Well, a thousand dollars don't seem like so much money, Lou," said my grandmother.

"No, if it ain't your money, I reckon it don't," replied my great-aunt tartly.

"You must have near fifteen thousand dollars left, Auntie," said my mother casually. "Seems to me you could live on that."

My great-aunt seemed slightly taken aback, and presently said, "Well, I guess it was Hank Haneider puttin' it over Joe. Joe's a good man, but he never was very bright. You take that time he set out t' sell them hogs at seven cents a pound, and old Obrecht offered him three hundred for the lot, and I like to die if my old man didn' up and take it, and it wasn't until the next day he got it figured out that Obrecht got them hogs twenty-one dollars cheaper than he should 've." She laughed a little, but went on almost immediately in a hard voice. "I always said they'd ought a run Hank Haneider out a Sac Prairie long ago. I recollect he was always into things. I guess he got it from his old man, though. They always was a worthless bunch, them Haneiders."

"Well, it ain't as if you lost everything," said my grandmother.

"No, but it's like I said to Joe when we heard it. I says, 'It's a fine beginning. There's a good slice a our money gone, and likely more goin' if somebody don't hog-tie you pretty quick.' I told him it was goin' this way, but he wouldn't listen, and I might just 's well a spoke to a fence post.

"Anyway, it was all Hank Haneider's fault. He just took advantage a them men. Why, who ever heard the likes a such a business—puttin' up a building without a patent, why, and without even a engine that could run. That's just like Hank Haneider, and only Joe and Gus Elker 'd let Hank pull the wool over their eyes. I ain't got a thing against Joe—he's always made me a fine man, and I don't reckon I'd ever a found me a better—but he sure ain't very bright, if I do say it myself. Well, I guess I got to put up with it. Ain't anything I could do even if I wanted to, I guess."

"No, seems not," said my grandmother.

My great-aunt was inveigled into other channels of conversation as the afternoon wore on, and for a while she kept up a nervous flow of talk on more prosaic subjects. But after a bit she began to hitch around in her seat.

"I got a feeling I ought 've gone along with Joe and Gus," she said suddenly. "Seems like they been gone a long time. I only hope they ain't gone and got themselves into anything. After this, I ain't trustin' anything Joe wants t' put money into. My land, no tellin' what it'll be next!"

It was two o'clock when they had come to Sac Prairie, and it was after four when my great-uncle and Gus Elker came into the house. Gus was looking very sober and stiff, but my great-uncle was grinning widely. Neither of them offered to say anything. They just sat down and looked at our expectant faces.

"Well!" demanded my great-aunt presently in a cold voice.

"I guess we put it over them fellers," said my great-uncle proudly.

"Didja get the money back?" asked my great-aunt hopefully.

"We done better 'n that," said my great-uncle. "Didn' we, Gus?"

"Well, I hope so," said Gus dryly.

"You hope so!" exclaimed my great-uncle. "Why, you damn' fool, you know right well we done better—a damn' sight better."

"Well, I hope it turns out better 'n buying the stock," said Gus. "If it don't, I be damned if I don't put some lead into your hide."

My great-aunt pressed her thin lips together, clasped her hands in her lap, and said, "Now, Joe, just you sober down. Ain't needin' t' think you can steer me off with a lot a foolishness just because you and Gus had a glass a beer down town. Out with it, did you get our money back or not? How much are we goin' t' get back on the dollar?"

"Well, you see, Lou," said my great-uncle, "we gotta sell the place first—then we get everything back. And if we're smart enough, we'll get more 'n a dollar on a dollar."

An awful suspicion began to take form in my great-aunt's mind. She looked from Gus Elker to my great-uncle, and then rather hesitantly over to my grandmother, who was listening

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politely, but not without apprehension.

"What you mean, you gotta sell the place?" asked my great-aunt in a stony voice.

"Well, when a property's no good t' the share-holders, they gotta sell it t' get as much money on it as they can," explained my great-uncle.

"Don't you try t' put me off, Joe Stoll! What have you and Gus Elker gone and done?"

My great-uncle looked at Gus resignedly.

"Well, you see, Mrs. Stoll," said Gus Elker apologetically, "Joe and me—we bought that tractor works building."

For a moment there was a silence so profound that Gus Elker's wheezy breathing sounded tremendously loud.

Then my great-aunt found her voice and shouted, "You *what?*"

"Oh, it's a good buy," said my great-uncle easily. "It was worth fifteen thousand, figurin' the land and all, but we got it for eight. That's just fifty per cent, and what I call a good buy any time." He looked very well satisfied with himself.

My great-aunt had gone very pale. She turned to my mother and grandmother and said, "You see. Didn' I just say I didn' know what it would be next? Now it's four thousand. The only thing I got to be thankful for is that there was another damn' fool besides Joe there, or else Joe'd put up the whole eight thousand himself." Her voice gradually rose, and at this point she turned on my great-uncle and screamed, "What you goin' t' do with a dead piece a property like that? There's only about two things you c'n do with it—burn it down and save work or tear it down and use it for firewood and stone walling on the farm. Ain't nothing to be got out a dead property like that. Only a crow could live on dead stuff. I be dog if you ain't nothing but a big overgrown crow, Joe Stoll!"

She sniffed into her handkerchief, but she was too angry to cry. Then she jumped up, saying, "I'm goin' straight home," and ran out of the house to the car.

My great-uncle shrugged and spread his hands to simulate helplessness. "Now if my old woman ain't the orneriest woman I ever did see," he said.

"Well, it seems to me you went pretty far," said my grandmother hotly.

My great-uncle turned to Gus. "My own sister turned against me," he said. "Well, I always said women is more bother 'n anything else. I don't know how a man a my parts ever got mixed up with one a 'em."

With that he got up and went from the house, Gus Elker trailing at his heels with a very mournful expression on his face.

III

About two months after my great-uncle and Gus Elker became sole owners of the Haneider Tractor Works building, my mother, my grandmother, and I drove out to my great-uncle's farm for an afternoon's visit. It was late September, and the country roads were heavy with the smell of ripening apples. Here and there in the orchards the apples were being picked, and occasionally we stopped along the road to talk with some one we knew. While we paused at one such place, my great-uncle Joe and Gus Elker passed us in my great-uncle's car and, recognizing us, tooted loudly and waved. They were dressed in their Sunday clothes, and my grandmother turned around to look after them in some surprise.

When we got to the farm, we found my great-aunt looking rather anxious and disturbed. She was glad to see us, however.

"You look worried, Lou," said my grandmother. "Ain't still fussin' about that money, are you?"

"My land, no," said my great-aunt. "Spilt milk ain't worth cryin' over, I always did say, no, nor spilt cream neither. I'd just as soon have it be money—I'm that worried about Joe."

"What has he done now?" asked my mother.

"Ain't done nothin' yet," said my great-aunt. "It's what he might do. The way he's been goin' on in this house is enough t' upset a body for life. I been at him about that tractor works building, and every time I tell him he ought t' get it off their hands, he says, 'The junior senator from Wisconsin 'll take it off my hands when he gets around to it,' he says. And not another word can I get out a him. Now if that ain't crazy man's talk, I don't know what is. Whatever Mr. Blaine's gonna do with that tractor works building's more 'n I can say. What's more, I bet he don't know a thing about it."

My mother agreed that if my great-uncle had been serious, it was worrying matter indeed.

"Sober as 'n owl," my great-aunt affirmed. "He stands there and tells me that every time I mentioned it. Now he's gone off t' town without a word a explanation all on account a some letter, he and Gus Elker, all dressed up in their Sunday suits. And I just finished pressing Joe's suit, too. Now it'll be all full a dust and all wrinkled. All he cares about what work I got t' keep him lookin' half way decent. I work my fingers to the bone, and seems like he never notices it a-tall."

She smiled abruptly. "I like to died the way Joe ups and flies over to Gus Elker's place when he got that letter. 'Lou,' he says t' me, 'Lou, my old woman, the senator's done it,' and off he goes t' get himself into Sunday clothes. Then Gus Elker comes over and he's all dressed up, too. And Joe, he goes out and cranks up the car, and them two hop in and away they go, rattlin' down that hill road 's if it was macadam all the way and a mile wide. It's no wonder a woman gets gray hair with Joe around. And Joe wouldn' be so bad—but Gus Elker! One crazy fool ain't so bad, but when two crazy fools get together—my land, ain't no livin' with 'em."

"They did act funny," my grandmother admitted reluctantly.

My mother laughed. "They were just feeling good," she said.

"Well, except for that senator business, he's been actin' all right. But seems t' me it's carryin' a joke—if it is a joke—mighty far, runnin' off middle a harvest time like this just t' go t' town in his Sunday clothes."

The afternoon waned, with half of it gone before my great-aunt could be got to talk about anything else. About four o'clock, the three women and I went down to the orchard to pick a few apples, and when we got back a half hour later, the car stood in the yard, and from the house came the sound of loud voices.

My great-uncle and Gus Elker were sitting in the kitchen. They had evidently just got in.

My great-uncle was saying, "My old woman she called me a big overgrown crow—recollect that, Gus? Well, crows fly mighty high. . . ." Then he caught sight of us and raised his voice to a

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shout, "You hear that, Lou? Crows fly high, and this is one crow that Gus could never pot with that gun a his. Not that he ever did pot one. . . ."

"Oh, yas, once," said Gus quickly, faintly indignant.

"Well, what you been up to now?" demanded my great-aunt, as we came into the room and sat down.

"And high-flyin' crows see far," continued my great-uncle, pointedly paying no attention to her question. "And some a 'em is damn' smart—don't you ever forgit that, old woman, when you take it into your head t' go callin' me a big, overgrown crow next time!"

"What you two been up to in town?" demanded my great-aunt again.

"We been fixin' up that tractor works buildin' just like I said. I knew the senator'd do it."

"Now, Joe Stoll," said my great-aunt firmly. "I heard about enough a that senator business, and I don't aim t' hear more. I know right well that Mr. Blaine don't know a thing about that Haneider Tractor Works unless he's out lookin' for that big crook, Hank Haneider."

"Well, Joe," asked my grandmother, "what did the senator do?"

"He put Prohibition out a commission," said my great-uncle triumphantly. "Last time Congress got together down there in Washington, didn' he up and put through a bill t' repeal Prohibition, providin' the states ratified the thing? He sure did, and the President signed it, too, and the states are ratifyin' it fast. That's what he done."

My great-aunt looked from my grandmother to my mother and nodded, as if to say, "There, didn't I tell you?" She shrugged and sighed disconsolately.

"I suppose that ain't makin' any sense to you, old woman?" asked my great-uncle.

"It ain't," she snapped.

"It's what I always said," said my great-uncle, turning to Gus Elker, "women is out a place when a man's thinkin'. They ain't built for it, seems like."

Gus Elker nodded. "Sure does," he agreed.

"Well, old woman, we sold that tractor works building," said my great-uncle then.

"Thank the Lord!" exclaimed my great-aunt fervently. "How much did we all lose?"

"Not a cent, Lou. Not a damn' cent. No siree, we made money!"

"Made money?" echoed my great-aunt incredulously.

"Sure. All we put into that place was eight thousand plus two thousand in bum stock. We sold it for twelve thousand and cleaned up a thousand a-piece. Ain't bad for a damn' fool like Gus here, and 'n old pot-belly like me, hey?"

"Joe Stoll, you're a-lyin'! Ain't nobody fool enough t' pay twelve thousand dollars for that place—unless you up and bought it from yourself!"

"There sure was, old woman. A couple a fellers from Chicago bought it t' put up a brewery in. I seen it comin', the day when that building could be sold, yes, sir, I be dog if I didn't. So I says t' myself and t' Gus here, I says, 'Here's a chance t' make some money; so I guess it's up t' us t' take it.' And we took it."

"My land!" exclaimed my great-aunt breathlessly.

"And we made the money, too!" finished my great-uncle proudly.

"I guess I can waste me some more shells on them damn' crows," said Gus Elker calculatingly.

"You sure can, Gus," said my great-uncle, smiling broadly. "And only a damn' fool like you would do it, too."

"Well, all I got t' say is, there ain't no luck like a fool's luck," said my great-aunt decisively.

My great-uncle looked pained. "You can't beat my old woman," he said expansively. "No sir, it can't be did. Ain't happy unless she has the last word." He turned to her then and said, "Well, I guess I'm goin' down cellar and get me and Gus a bottle a that old grape wine. Seems like I'm kind a thirsty."

"'S if you wasn't always thirsty, Joe Stoll," said my great-aunt, rising hastily. "You just set there. I'll get it."

JACOB SINGS

By Sara Henderson Hay

Better than valleys, and the narrow grace
Of willows leaning to the river's face,
The terrible male beauty of this place!

Better than vineyards is the brawny sand,
And the stout breathing of this lusty land,
Wind in the ears, and the sky on either hand . . .

I have abjured the subtle-bosomed south,
And the soft rains, like honey on the mouth,
This is a hardy fasting, and a drouth!

Oh I have found the grape too sickly sweet,
And I am glutted with the docile wheat,
And here, if one be strong enough, is meat!

A brave life, Israel, for the spirit grown
Wakeful and fierce—and many a man has known
A harsher pillow than an honest stone!

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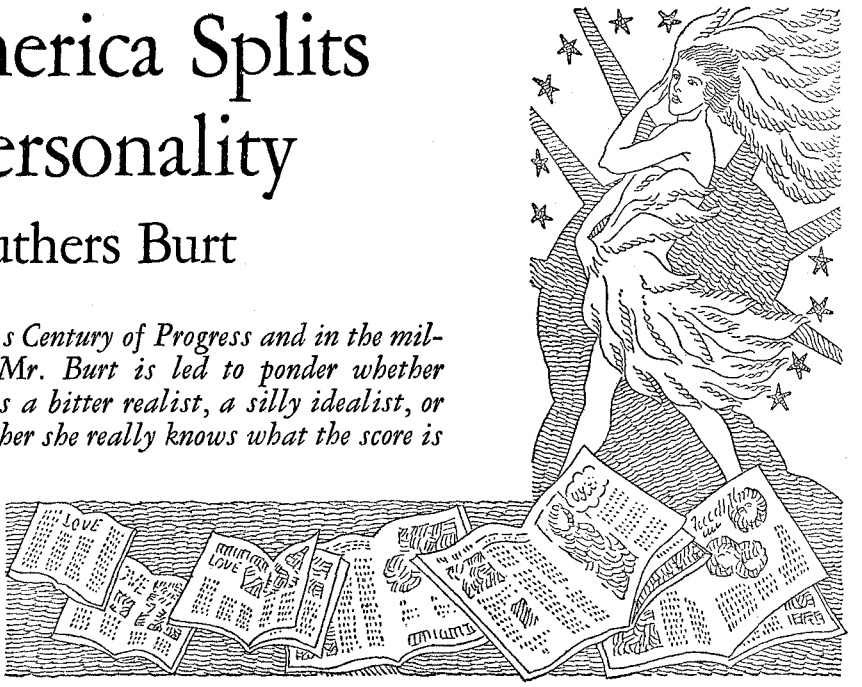
Miss America Splits Her Personality

By Struthers Burt

From observations at Chicago's Century of Progress and in the million-circulation magazines, Mr. Burt is led to ponder whether the American young woman is a bitter realist, a silly idealist, or — perish the thought — whether she really knows what the score is



THE Black Panther had just finished her dance. The locale was a restaurant in that American fantasmagoria, the Century of Progress. We—that is, I and the people I was with—couldn't quite make out what the Black Panther had on, or rather, what she hadn't on. Whatever it was, it was skin-tight and completely revealing, and shining black. Some of us thought it was a rubber suit; the rest that the Black Panther had herself painted whenever she appeared for her act . . . twice in the afternoon, twice at night.

At all events, it was deeply symbolic, and mildly provocative, and in line with what might be called the cafeteria nudity which has swept the country and which reigns supreme at the World's Fair, challenged in interest only by the stream-lined trains, and the hens who lay eggs end to end, and the huge robot who digests a meal. In that stretch of reclaimed land along Lake Michigan, where hardly more than a century ago Indians roamed, the sartorial compass has been boxed, so that now it is almost impossible to order a lemonade without a lady doing a fan dance. The Black Panther had cringed and leaped and gyrated to the cracking of a blacksnake whip in the hands of a gentleman dressed in a white Lion Tamer's costume. His seemed an easy job on that sweating, breathless night. And the audience, composed mostly, so it looked, of fatigued Iowa and Nebraska farmers and their families, seemed, if anything, more interested in the Lion Tamer's technic than in that of the Black Panther. As farmers, blacksnake whips were something they knew about.

The Black Panther bowed and ran away into the unknown, and her place in the arena between the crowded tables was taken by twelve young women, who, in hats, brassières and tiny girdles, did what is known as "a hot dance." The lights were on full now, and the orchestra, in white mess jackets, was smiling and bending forward and back, and stamping its feet, and the girls were smiling, and the whole atmosphere of the restaurant had changed. It had become home-like and reassuring. There was nothing any longer troubling, or symbolic, or exotic, or darkened. Just a lot of nice American girls doing "a hot dance" . . . in hats, brassières and girdles.

And they were nice girls. That was the odd and important thing. The baffling paradox so often found in American life. There was not a trace of the hardened passivity of, let us say, a Folies Bergère chorus. You had only to look at the smiling faces to realize that here were girls of the sort you'd run across anywhere; on farms, or in small towns, or in large shops in cities. Good-humored, and easy going, and nice. That does not mean, of course, that they weren't sufficiently hard-boiled, or wise, or that they'd refuse anything pleasant or profitable. It simply means that whatever happened to them they would still be American and nice. The former indisputably, even if the parents of a lot of them couldn't speak English. The American stamp was upon them and, wherever it counted, the American mentality moved them.

And, without doubt, we are "the nicest" people in the world.

"Nice" whether we steal a man's money, or murder him, or seduce a girl (or get seduced), or run away with another man's wife, or run over a child in an automobile, or make nuisances of ourselves in public. Always saying, or doing, it with a smile, no matter how terrible "it" may be. Consider what good fellows our gangsters are. Our Public Enemies Nos. I, II, III, or Five Hundred. No harm in them, if we accept the invariable testimony of their relatives and neighbors. Pals. Good to their families and "the kiddies." Regretting publicly, when interviewed, the stern necessity requiring them to "bump off" opponents and interfering policemen and gray-haired cashiers behind the counters of country banks. We are "nice" all the way down the alphabet from adultery to zymurgy, which is the study of fermentation, a study in which so many of us are adept.

Sunny and bright and wise-cracking and by the same token—at least in the ordinary relationships of life—the most intellectually dishonest people in the world. Not as dishonest internationally as the English, not as childishly disingenuous as the Germans, not as philosophically confused as the Russians—citing the leading self-deceived races of the present—but the most fraudulent in

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common intercourse. And with less excuse, for by nature, and fundamentally, the American has the makings of a realistic and sardonic fellow, approaching the Latin in those respects.

The climax in the lair of the Black Panther was yet to happen.

Suddenly the orchestra paused and whispered together, and the leader put down his baton and the saxaphone player laid aside his horn. Together the leader and the saxaphone player descended from their dais, and taking one of the young ladies by the hands, led her into the center of the floor, and as they did so, the rest of the orchestra began to sing:

"Happy birthday, Miss Dorothy. Happy birthday to you."

The orchestra in white mess jackets, with its hair all plastered down, and on its faces that queer borderland look —halfway between music and gangsterdom—which distinguishes the faces of most jazz musicians.

It was touching. The audience was stirred. You could hear its comments. "Yes, that's right. They say she's just twenty-one" . . . a nice American girl being congratulated on her birthday, and wearing only just a little more than when, twenty-one years before, she had been born!

And Miss Dorothy was shy. Sitting aft, one could see the embarrassed quivering of her naked, girlishly rounded flanks.

After a while you walked out into the soft, hot night . . . onto the bridge across the lagoon. All about you was America . . . young, old, infantile. Male, female. Walking, loitering. Laughing, quarrelling. To the north and south was a maze, an immense pattern, of colors; incredible blues, incredible saffrons and greens and crushed rose. Great shafts and towers of light rising above the underlying illumination. Beams of light searching the dark outer night. And back of this nearer palpitation of color, the detached shafts and floating, colored cupolas of the city itself, seeming permanent and authoritative because of greater age.

It seemed necessary to reflect upon America. The strange separation of announced intention from actuality; the determination to insist upon the impossible task of eating one's cake and having it; the national dislike of anything approximating the grim truth. And especially it seemed necessary to reflect upon Miss America.

Not the Miss America who has wealth and advantages. Opportunities and advantages may make fools, and frequently do, but they also make for a certain amount of realism. The Miss America of opportunities and advantages at least knows, as a rule, when she is naked. Nor again, was it necessary to reflect upon the Miss America so close to the bread-line that another kind of realism is inculcated. It was not imperative to think of either of these Miss Americas at one end or the other of the scale, but it did seem imperative to think about the great mass of Miss Americas in between. The Miss America who crowds the beaches, chews gum, makes too much noise—and love—crowds the movies, buys the motion-picture magazines, and, wearing a hat, a brassière and a girdle, is congratulated by an orchestra in white mess jackets on her birthday.

Important because this Miss America is so prevalent; because she is so healthy and grasping; because some day she will be the majority mother and, after that, the majority grandmother; and because, in the curious and unreal civilization we have built up for ourselves—although to date all civilizations have been curious and unreal—youth and femininity are the axes around which at least 80 per cent of our endeavors revolve. Important finally, and universally, because everywhere women form and lead the men with whom they are intimate, no matter what façades and denials men may erect to shield their vanity. This has always been so, the only difference being that, in the United States, male subservience and fulsomeness are a trifle less concealed and as a result are more likely to be accompanied by the professed contempt and loud derision of the obviously hagridden.

At any rate, Miss America occupies a unique position. The term itself implies that. There is no Mrs. America, or Mr. America, or Young Mr. America. And for the Miss America in question millions of mature citizens plan and work. For her most of our motion pictures are produced, reflecting her point of view and adding to it; at her the bulk of our advertising is aimed; and with her morals and mentality in mind, all the more popular magazines —"the big flats"—with one or two exceptions, are written and edited. That is to say, either for Miss America unmarried, or Miss America married a little while, or Miss America's mother, or father, or brother, or her "boy friend," reached through the influence and desires of Miss America.

It is the effect made upon Miss America that is supposed to induce the young man of today to enter upon a frantic régime of shaving, perfuming, hair polishing, and the taking of cathartics to keep his temper winsome. It is the effect made upon Miss America (the Miss America approaching the upper brackets) that is supposed to induce her father to buy a certain make of car or to keep his teeth from falling out. In the old days a father was allowed to lose his teeth in peace. But not nowadays. Miss America doesn't like it. To read, not idly or intermittingly, but continuously and as a document, the back pages of any popular magazine is surprising. It is more than surprising, it is hair-raising. Incidentally, to read these pages out loud is almost impossible. Try reading them in mixed company, however intimate. Again you'll be surprised. You, who think yourself so released and modern. And this in a period when the churches are closing our motion-picture houses and the free entry of *Ulysses* into the country is still an event.

But equally startling and instructive, although in an entirely different way, are the front pages of the same magazines; the fiction and article pages. The student at once perceives a national trend and a national confusion. He perceives that Miss America is either a realist . . . of the bitterest and most narrow description . . . or else that she is an idealist . . . silly beyond words. If she is neither, then she hasn't the vaguest idea what it is all about. Probably the last more nearly approximates the truth.

Let us consider these front and back pages of our more popular magazines.

Reading the back pages, or rather, beginning where advertising shyly but with increasing boldness inserts itself into the fiction columns, you speedily arrive at only one possible conclusion: Miss America is frankly and without restraint a materialist. Her hair, her teeth, her complexion, her digestion, her breath, and her shape occupy at least

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80 per cent of her attention. The other 20 per cent is equally physical; a mild interest in the bodily welfare of her relatives and her fiancé, if she has one, and a more vital interest in food, liquor, automobiles, and cigarettes. And it is, she is repeatedly told, upon this concentration that her social success, her business success, if she is a business woman, her chances for marriage, and her chances for faithfulness or a lucky divorce, depend. If she is properly unguented, depilated, pigmented and soap-sudded, every one will love her no matter how evil her temper or how vacant her mind. "Men will want her kisses," and "Her kisses will never come off . . . Regardless!"

One can follow her all through her life until a deodorized, dehydrated, but not debunked old woman, she sinks into a sanitary grave.

This is odd, when you think about it. Women nowadays have become in all respects men's equals. The question is so settled that no one even remembers that it once was a question. And the oddness increases when you reflect that it was only ten years ago, judging from the same back pages of the more popular magazines, that the nation was embarked upon a passionate quest for the intellectual. Those were the days of memory courses, sets of books, compendiums of knowledge, and nervous men who overnight became lion-hearted and sparkling conversationalists and orators. You remember "Jim," or "Jack," or sometimes "George," who was constantly surprising his wife, or his friends, or above all, the president of his firm? And who can forget Mr. Addison Sims, of Seattle? Is it possible that Mr. Sims has sunk to that animal-like state in which he is interested only in whether the lipstick of some girl he knows will, or will not, leave its mark upon his chaste face? And yet it isn't so odd . . . this change. Ten years ago we had just finished a great war, and the decade following a great war is always a masculine decade. If it is also a decade, as it sometimes is, of great prosperity, the social atmosphere is still more masculine. Women walk softly when men are buying.

There may, of course, be another explanation. Possibly as a nation we have become so wise that we need no further knowledge.

Turn now to the front pages of our more popular magazines . . . the pages where the fictional interest is supposed to capture the reader so instantly that he, or especially she, is led insensibly into the realm of mirrors, laboratories, and lavatories.

The change is abrupt. Magical. Fairy-like. The perambulating mass of germs who has occupied pages eighty to one hundred and eighty, between pages one and eighty turns into a princess; the desired of all; the heroine of countless romances. The "lonely Miss Z" shunned for this or that strange ailment, disappears, and no friend has to tell another friend anything, because there is nothing unpleasant to tell. There is never a suggestion that even the loveliest of princesses may sometimes hiccup. Nor does the change in technic, which even "the big flats" have had to meet, deceive the observant. The essential story, the formula, remains the same. Life consists in pursuing a girl and marrying her, and with that . . . God bless you!

Even the sternest realist occasionally needs pocket money, and there is nothing more revealing than to come across brutal technic, under names noted for brutality, both leading to the same old dénouement. A story ending more or less with the line, "And so Bill . . . the old bastard . . . married the broad," need not necessarily be close to life. And let it be noted, the heroine is still tempted, but never falls. Modern frankness does force even the editor of "a big flat" occasionally to admit the veniality of a minor female character, but never the heroine. For her a bed is merely a place in which to sleep.

What a step forward toward artistic truth! In fact, the whole question of our so much cherished, and referred to, modern frankness arises. In our haste to say whatever comes into our minds we are constantly overlooking the fact that the mere repetition of a word, however bawdy, may be as sentimental as its entire repression.

Now, it is traditional among authors that editors are almost always wrong and that the same can be said, only more so, of theatrical and motion-picture producers. A cloudy, temperamental, over-convinced race; gloomy and afraid of their own shadows. But even authors will admit that the all-around psychologists who run advertising bureaus are generally right. They know what the public is thinking, and if they don't, they make the public think it anyway. And as a matter of fact authors to some extent are mistaken about editors. The relationship between author, editor and advertising expert is that of The House That Jack Built. If one falls, all do. But how, then, can editorial taste be so different from advertising choice? And what does Miss America think herself to be, a princess without taint or travail, or a mammal with athlete's foot?

The editorial answer would probably be brief. In her fiction, Miss America indulges in wish-fulfilment; when she buys she's a realist. In other words, Miss America and the average editor and the average advertising writer, not to mention the average writer, are all engaged in a conspiracy, their tongues in their cheeks. It is a pity that the solution is not so simple. If Miss America really had her tongue in her cheek, her chances for happiness would be more secure. Day dreaming, wish-fulfilment, if not carried to excess, are only dangerous when those who indulge in them are unaware of what they are doing. Miss America hasn't her tongue in her cheek; to begin with, she is too young for that, and to end with, she still wants as much as ever to be a princess. Or rather, nowadays, a motion-picture star, which is the same thing as being a princess, and equally silly, if it's satisfaction you're after. But Miss America's ideas on how to become a princess—her technic—have altered. At present she believes the road lies entirely through her body. This is sad, for when she finds out that princesses . . . and even motion-picture stars . . . are not made that way, as inevitably she will find out, she will join the vast majority of Americans who are disconsolate and disillusioned because the world is not what they were told it was. Told it was, by their parents, their schools, their books, their motion pictures, their magazines, their newspapers, and their churches.

The only way to find the truth is to hunt for it yourself, and the only thing which is never advertised is that small sponge-like organ at the top of the head which, other things being equal —or even unequal—alone makes for happiness and success.

One can indulge in the fancy of what a story motivated by the adver-

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tising pages would be like and how it would be received in the average editorial office. And, yet, if we are to take advertisements at their face value, millions of women suffer tragedy or joy because of some minor physical defect. And no doubt they do, although this does not indicate any more than ever intelligence on the part of themselves or their friends. But why not, since we are told it is true, start with a lonely girl troubled with pink-toothbrush and hairy legs and see what happens to her? It is my opinion that a great many of them marry friends of mine.

God forbid that any one should deprecate the national pursuit of comeliness, cleanliness, and vigor, although it may be mentioned in passing that none of these virtues can be purchased whole out of a bottle. Cleanliness is undoubtedly next to godliness, and good health is probably more important than either. It is doubtful if any man or woman can lead "the good life" and be dangerously unclean, inside or out, and certainly it is a human obligation to be just as beautiful as personal limitations permit one to be, but having aided nature in every way, without too much loss of time from more important pursuits, in the words of Wu Ting Fang when informed that a new train had cut the time between New York and Chicago by two hours, "What then?" What does the world do with the extra two hours and what does Miss America do with her increased pulchritude and sanitation? The wife who believes, as a recent advertisement informs us, that she has recaptured her husband's love by softening her skin, knows very little about men, marriage or dermatology. There are almost as many soft skins as there are soft minds. The successful wife keeps her skin soft and at the same time hardens her brain.

The entire argument is summed up, and forever, by the ancient story of the young man who, curing himself of halitosis, found himself just as unpopular as ever.

Nor is such advertising fair . . . any more than fear-advertising is ever fair . . . to those who, do what they may, suffer, as practically every one does, from some disability. It is not even historically correct. There should be some way of informing the young that lots of nice, even famous, people have carried about with them physical handicaps. Indeed, that all of them have. The least beautiful have often been the best beloved. Cleopatra was only passing fair, Socrates was downright ugly, Washington had a set of false teeth that weighed two pounds, and that devil among the women, Henry IV, of France, was certainly hirsute. We have humanized all our heroes morally, to the great relief of troubled youth, and the next task should be to humanize them physically. You remember Robert Louis Stevenson's joy at the age of twenty-four when he discovered that he was no worse nor better than the ordinary man, and that his sins were not original? Young people—and old people—should be told to make themselves just as pretty and attractive as exercise, temperance, proper food, and even lotions, can make them, but at the same time they should be even more impressed with the fact that the physical has its limitations, whereas the limitations of the mental and spiritual have never yet been found.

Here is a chance, then, for some honest and helpful advertising.

It is common psychological knowledge that one of the commonest causes of unhappiness, unpleasant social intercourse, and insanity, is a split personality. You haven't a chance in the world for happiness and success if you're a centipede and are constantly trying to be a butterfly, or if you are constantly thinking yourself a butterfly, save for those inevitable and shocking moments when you know you're a centipede. That isn't evolution. The way to be happy is to try to be with all your might and main the most wonderful centipede in insect history. If you do . . . in ten million years or so . . . your descendants may be something like men—that is, if they want to be.

Nor is Miss America's preoccupation with skin-deep beauty without its grave and dangerous wider implications. There are grounds for disappointment. We were told by the very best prophets that our financial condition of the past five years would lead us toward reality. And in certain directions it has . . . at least, temporarily. We are wiser business men, although for how long is another question. And there seems to be a drift back to the land and a recapturing of some of man's necessary connection with the soil. But within the shrunken boundaries of our fantasies we seem to be maintaining about as high a ratio of noctambulism as ever. We have not lost our taste for patent-medicines or medicine shows, and we still think it is cheaper to buy something new, rather than preserve and repair the old and tried. I doubt if today in any of the great democratic nations—England, Holland, France, the Scandinavian nations—there is so much confusion of slogans, catch words and simple social and political terms as there is with us, nor so much unhumorous and ignorant preoccupation with panaceas already proven worthless or else incapable of effecting the cures they claim; this preoccupation opposed by a conservatism so stupid that it forms, unconsciously, a conspiracy with its worst enemies. Wall Street walking arm and arm with Fourteenth Street. Miss America's belief in lotions, and her dislike of aching and penetrating thought, are shared by her brothers and the rest of her family, especially that bright cousin who went to New York and became "an intellectual." Few of us, for example, seem to know that there is no essential connection between capitalism and democracy, *laissez-faire* and capitalism, fascism and intelligent government control; trade and war. We do not even know that communism and the rule of the proletariat are by no means the same thing. All these are purely arbitrary connections, subject to the will of man. Quaint that a great democratic nation, which implies a nation of at least rudimentary political training, should make so many mistakes! But no quainter than stripping a young lady and congratulating her on her birthday.

Should the United States ever throw its cap over the political windmill . . . although I doubt for all its folly if it ever will . . . not the least of the contributing causes will be the knowledge so many American men have acquired from their women that it is quite possible to retain a completely virginal mind, no matter how many the number of your lovers.

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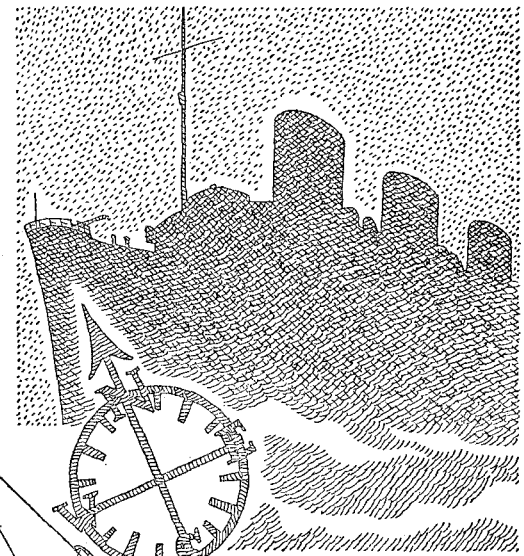
"Fog's Thickening, Sir"

By Morgan Farrell

A dramatic narrative of the way a great liner is brought into harbor



"Fog's thickening, sir. Shall I start the horn?"

The senior officer of the watch, hanging over the course chart, tacked down on a drafting table, growls: "How thick is it?"

"Can't see the bow, sir."

The cadet officer, young and trim, stands in the doorway of the brightly lighted charthouse. At another growl: "Start the whistle," he steps back into the dim light of the passageway to the bridge, reaches up and turns a small brass knob.

A prolonged blast shatters the night.

Until that knob is turned again, the two great steam-whistles, as tall as men, high up on the forward funnel, will boom through the fog once a minute, according to the "Rules for the Navigation of Steam Vessels at Sea," and to the rage of all light sleepers aboard.

The senior officer of the watch continues his game of sorting out a sheaf of radio reports, glancing sharply now and again from one of them to the chart. Tragic in import, they are laconic enough in form:

From NIDK Ice Patrol 44–24; 47–47. Barometer 29.97. Wind south, force 2. Overcast, dense fog. Sighted berg, 21st, 43–20; 46–34. Sighted two bergs 22d, 44–06; 44–23

For twenty years, since the sinking of the *Titanic* by collision with an iceberg, the cutters of the International Ice Patrol have kept their faithful vigil along the northerly edge of the transatlantic steamer track. American cutters report bergs immediately to the Department of Commerce, which broadcasts a daily consolidated report to all ships and stations. Foreign patrol headquarters exchange information with us so that all bergs and their probable course are noted on the charts of all steamers at sea, within a few hours after the cutters sight them.

Another and longer report reads:

Weather Bureau, Washington, D. C. Weather Report, July 1st, 1934:

Ile de France	51670	22336	50021
Berengaria	28656	33422	31226
American Banker	43311	56781	31226

and so on through a list of thirty-three ships.

Translated from code, the numbers give the latitude and longitude of the ship reporting and the barometer, temperature, wind, sea, sky, and visibility prevailing at her particular little spot in the vast reaches of the ocean. The Bureau broadcasts reports from twenty to forty ships at eleven, Greenwich time, each night. From these reports a complete weather map is made up.

Other reports give the positions of vessels. Still others request information or appeal for help. Interspersed are owners' instructions, directions for coming into port, berthing and so on. They must all be decoded, arranged for study by the master of the ship and the results posted on the chart by him. No other hand may touch that chart, for it is the master map by which this floating town is guided through all the lurking dangers of the deep.

In this little room back of the bridge, center the soundless messages from one-quarter of the face of the earth. Out of it go the orders to the hands that guide and the muscles that drive these 57,000 tons of humming, whirling, plunging steel. Tonight, she is ripping through the sea at twenty-five knots although a thick fog has settled down. New York, with its bright lights and reckless nights, lies one hundred and fifty miles ahead. The ship must dock there in the early morning. Two clocks point to eleven. It seems an impossible assignment. A few years ago it would have been entirely so. Proceeding at less than half speed and more than half blind, the ship would have groped her way to port in twelve hours at the best.

The new navigation has changed all that. No more does the captain of a liner hang on a heave of the lead, a reading of the log, a squint through the sextant. No more does he cock a weather-eye at the gathering clouds to

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guess what the night may bring forth. Why should he? Here in this room, he has only to glance at this dial for his ship's speed, at that one for the depth of water beneath her racing keel. Voices of the sea and air are whispering his exact position in his ear and as for the weather, he knows the full history of every breeze of wind within a thousand miles.

There is not much for him to guess any more. A hundred instruments, like a company of robots, listen and peer and act for him. Through them he becomes infallible. He can stay in this cabin out of sight of sea or sky and, with absolute confidence and sure knowledge, bring his ship into Ambrose Channel by dawn tomorrow. And this is how it is done:

The senior officer looks at the clocks. Eleven-five. He automatically verifies the time from a group of three chronometers in a case along the wall at his left. Twice a day, for three and five minute periods, Greenwich time, signals flash from the high-powered radio stations at Arlington, Nauen and Eiffel Tower and twice a day are these ship's chronometers corrected.

The officer straightens, squares his shoulders. In the corner of the room, a seaman wearing earphones sits before a contrivance like a small round table with an A-shaped frame standing on it. This is the radio directional compass.

The officer asks: "Have you raised Fire Island yet?"

The seaman rotates the A-frame antennæ slightly. The radio beacon signal of Fire Island Light grows stronger in his ears. He looks at the compass dial. "Yes, sir; direction two nine two."

This means that the light is west-northwest of them. North, east, south, and west have disappeared from the new navigation. They are now zero (or three-six-o), nine-o, one-eight-o, two-seven-o. Alas, for the romance of the sea!

The officer says: "Pick up what ships you can and report to me."

"Ay, ay, sir. I have the U. S. S. *New Orleans* at direction one-one-eight. There are two ships at one-four-three and three-one-one. I am listening for their letters."

A tall figure in uniform appears at the doorway opening from the officer's quarters. The senior watch officer salutes: "Good evening, sir."

"Good evening, Mr. King." Bronzed and hardy, the commander of the ship and commodore of the fleet steps into the chart-room. No need to call him when danger begins to close in. In fact, the foghorn will bring all the officers off-duty to this all-night watch.

An even taller figure stoops through the doorway. The three stripes on his cuff mark him as the chief officer. A junior officer enters, followed by a captain in the United States Naval Reserve. He is called the staff captain and he ranks immediately below the ship's commander, whose duties he must be qualified to assume in an emergency.

The room is full. They are big men. It is, after all, an amazingly tiny chamber to contain the brains of this huge sea-monster plunging through the thick night to safety or destruction. It is barely ten feet square and contains, in addition to the chart-table, chronometer case, and radio compass, a bench, a small book-case, a telephone, a loud-speaker, and a row of strange instruments on the wall. Among them are mercury and aneroid barometers, two speed indicators, a fathometer, and a gyro course-indicator.

The speed indicator takes the place of the old-time log. Its business end is a rotor, placed in the bottom of the ship and turned by water, whose velocity is that of the ship. The fathometer takes the place of the lead. It records, continuously, the depth of water beneath the ship by registering the length of time it takes an electric "howl" to reach the sea-bottom and re-echo back. The course-indicator records every change of direction of the gyro-compass and its duration.

The commodore studies the chart tacked to the table-top and the stacks of reports on it. With a deft hand he lays off bearings, intersections, points. Soon he has made a complete map of the neighborhood, showing the positions of other ships, ice, soundings. He draws a light line prolonging his present course—light, for it may have to be erased at any minute. The other officers stand, respectfully waiting.

"Mr. Grove," he orders a junior officer, "start the fathometer. If we have less than fifty fathoms, keep it going. Plot three-minute soundings and compare every hour with the chart. Report discrepancies." He turns to his chief officer.

"Mr. Sassoon, will you kindly take charge of the radio compass. Get all bearings you can. Let me know as soon as you can get a distance range on Fire Island Light. The *Bremen, Washington, Olympic,* and *Statendam* are in this area. Mr. King, will you come with me."

The commodore and senior watch officer step briskly out of the bright, mahogany warmth of the chart-room, into the dim murk of the wheel-house just ahead of it. There the dark and silent form of a quartermaster stands grasping the spokes of the big wheel, eyes fixed on the compass before him. In his black, glass-enclosed cell he can see nothing of sky, sea, fog or the ship herself—nothing except the lighted compass-dial. He is the one typical figure that has come down unchanged through the centuries of man's navigation of the waters of the world—the helmsman. His not to reason why, his to keep that compass-needle pointing to two-three-seven until some one whose authority he recognizes tells him to do otherwise.

The highest expression of that Authority stands beside him for a moment. "Steering easily?" inquires the commodore.

"Yes, sir; she's much steadier."

This refers to some trouble with the steering engine, repaired during the present watch, but the commodore already knows about it. It is his business to know about a thousand things on his complex floating island. He seems to sense most of them.

Now he is out on the high, dark, open wing of the bridge with his senior watch officer. The fog swirls between them and the feeble, hooded lights in the enclosed center of the bridge. The visible world has grown exceedingly small—just the loom of the forward deck below, a suspicion of racing foam far below that, a white burst of steam up in the darkness behind them, where the horn bellows.

There is a faint, vaporous light up above in the heavens and another dimmer one aft. They are the masthead and range lights. A ruby splash on the surface of the fog on this side and an emerald one on that, tell that the side-lights are burning. Somewhere aft in the blackness, there is a solitary white light glowing in the stern. Otherwise, the ship is dark.

Yet, almost within arm's reach of the

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two officers is a row of switches. A flick of the fingers and the huge searchlights on the foremast platform and another on the flying bridge would stab the fog with their million candlepower. Another flick and lights would flood the boat deck with radiance even on a night like this.

If the commander gives a thought to the sleeping thousands below, his precious cargo, the mails—delivery guaranteed by a nation—the roaring oil-burners in the stokehold, the whirring turbines or the four great screws thrusting all ahead, he keeps it to himself.

A row of engine-room telegraphs, extending across the bridge, stands at attention. The dials are dripping with the fog.

Along the front apron of the enclosed central section of the bridge are several revolution counters. The turns of the screws per minute, less the slip of the propeller, measure the speed of the steamer. A nearby chart gives the turns and knots corresponding to each position of the control handle of the engine-room telegraphs. It reads:

Dead Slow	50 r.p.m.	7 knots
Slow	60 r.p.m.	8 knots
One-half Speed	90 r.p.m.	12 knots
Cruising Speed	180 r.p.m.	24 knots
Full Speed	187 r.p.m.	25 knots

Another instrument indicates the angle of the helm. Then there are several gyro compass repeaters. They repeat the reading of the master gyroscopic compass in the wheel-house. This instrument always points to the true north. Its working part is an electrically rotated gyroscope, whose property it is always to seek the plane of the meridian, however much the gyro may be displaced.

The same principle operates the automatic steering machine, whose stout pedestal, two compasses and pair of spoked wheels occupy the place of honor in the exact center of the bridge. It is known to its human companions as "Iron Mike."

Like the flesh and blood quartermaster in the wheel-house back of him, when Mike is once set to steer a certain course, he will steer it through hell, hurricane, and high-water. Unlike the quartermaster, however, the voice of authority means nothing to Mike. So if the keen eye of the commodore should detect a ghostly white mountain dead ahead and the commanding voice of the commodore roar in Mike's metal ear: "Hard right—hard," that placid robot would continue to steer straight for the iceberg, which is one reason why the gyroscopic steering machine is uncoupled and out of use on a thick night like this.

The commodore does not even favor idle Mike with a glance as his inspection march continues. He stops to question and instruct the junior officer of the watch, who is in charge out here in the wet and gloom and says a word to the alert young cadet officer. He notes that the two bridge lookoutmen, a quartermaster and an A. B. (able seaman), are at their posts, peering through the clear circles in the fog-grayed windows in front of them. The circles are traced by a powerful, rotating wind-shield wiper. On shipboard they call it a clear vision screen.

Suddenly a repeating gong explodes right beside them. The eyes of the officers flash to the dark corner under the low ceiling, whence the clamor clangs. There, letters of luminous scarlet burn with a fateful message: "Danger Ahead."

The junior watch officer leaps to one of the phones in the wheelhouse. These are clumsy but sturdy caricatures of land phones and, when they ring, they always spell trouble. Read the nameplates on them: Engine Room, Steering Engine Room, Crowsnest, Forecastle Head, After Wheel House.

The officer is listening to a voice crackling from the forecastle head. Two A. B. lookoutmen are out there, swallowed up in the fog and chilled to the marrow but straining their expert eyes to see something solid in the shifting shapes of the murk. They do see it this time.

"Trawler three points off the starboard bow. Hard right helm," roars the officer to the quartermaster. "Mr. Lees, ring for Half Speed," to the cadet officer, who promptly seizes the handle of the nearest engine-room telegraph (that is why there are so many of them) and throws it to the position ordered. The swinging vibrations of the bridge structure lessen suddenly. The junior officer turns to the commodore for further orders. The commander nods his head: "There are probably more of them around. Proceed with caution. Listen for their bells or sirens. If you hear nothing in five minutes, resume speed."

The commander strides into the passage leading back to the chart-room. As he passes them, his eye roves over the ship's draft indicator and the watertight door diagram. One shows how much water the ship draws, forward, aft, and amidships. The other indicates by little lights the open or closed position of all doors in the watertight bulkheads. The principal doors can be closed from here.

The commodore is back in the chart-room again, his inspection of the bridge and the lookout system completed.

The staff captain is engaged in noting down the fathometer readings as the junior officer calls them off. The depth is read directly on a dial. As many as twenty soundings a minute can be made. When plotted, the readings give a perfect profile of the sea's bottom in that area. By locating a similar series of soundings printed on a U. S. hydrographic chart, an additional check on the ship's position can be secured.

The commodore himself seems suddenly to become the symbol of the new navigation. From the disconnected reports of a dozen men he is about to perform the miracle of bringing his mighty ship into the busiest port in the world at night, in a dense fog, at full speed, without being able to see or hear a single thing on the face of the deep.

Reports are arriving thick and fast. The commodore takes them as they come, noting down, plotting, issuing orders—all through a rapid fire of questions to his subordinates.

"What is Fire Island's bearing now? Can you get her distance? Try for a cross-bearing on Ambrose and Barnegat. Check the position of all ships between here and Sandy Hook."

Lightships and lighthouses along the Atlantic Coast operate in groups of three in broadcasting their radio signals. The three mentioned by the commodore form one such group, perhaps the most important anywhere. One is at Fire Island near the center of the South Shore of Long Island, the other is near Barnegat, New Jersey, while the third marks the outer end of Ambrose Channel, the main entry to the Port of New York.

They send out their radio fog signals in rotation, each broadcasting its own dot-and-dash warning for one minute and keeping silent for the next two

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minutes. The radio-compassman on the ship can thus get the direction of all three within three minutes. He gives the bearings to the chief officer, who relays them to the commodore. That busy person draws corresponding directional lines on his chart from the three light-stations. Where they intersect is his position. But this is not enough for him. He wants a check.

"Mr. King," he addresses the senior watch officer, "I make it eighteen point nine miles to Fire Island lightship. Please verify that on the distance finder. I shall want a set of bearings and a check every fifteen minutes."

King goes into a kind of telephone booth outside, picks up the two earpieces of the distance finder, puts one to each ear and listens. He hears the shrill, stuttering squeal of the Ambrose Lightship's signal. Fire Island will start in a few seconds when Ambrose is through. At the first tap of Fire Island's code, coming to him at the speed of light, the officer presses a button under a dial graduated in sea-miles. Just as the hand is about to point to nineteen, his ear catches a louder and deeper squeal in the second earpiece. It is the lightship's submarine signal, which was sent out simultaneously with the radio signal but which, travelling under water at a mile a second, has just reached the ship's listening device. He presses the button and stops the hand at eighteen point nine. This is the distance to the lightship. He reports to the commodore.

The skipper has now checked his position in two ways. He then proceeds to make a third check. He calls for the fathometer record, which has been set down to scale on a strip of tracing paper. He takes this and fits it to his course and position on the chart. Yes; the soundings for the last hour check with the figures on the Government chart. So his position reckoning is correct.

He glances at the speed indicator on the wall over his table. Twenty-four knots. Time to slow down soon.

Meanwhile, sheaves of messages have been handed the commander from the ship's radio room. This is an entirely distinct department from the radio-signal group in the chart-house, which is concerned single-mindedly with navigational safety.

"Ship will berth Pier 59." "Will you enter port tonight?" "Advise expected time of arrival Ambrose." Etcetera.

Generally the shore-folks let the commander of one of their incoming ships severely alone. His is the full responsibility while his ship is on the high seas. No one tells him what to do nor does any one do anything except upon his order. That much of the old seamanship remains—the captain's absolute power.

The busy hours of the twelve-to-four watch slip away. Relief officers and men appear but no one leaves except the quartermaster and seamen. Up in the cro'nest on the foremast and out in the eye of the ship, tired lookout-men report to their reliefs and stagger aft along slippery decks, rubbing their salt-stung eyes. The fog is as thick as the proverbial pea-soup.

A distant siren moans from out the thick night on one side of the speeding liner and a deep horn bellows upon the other. It is a curious fact that, after listening to the two for a while, it is impossible to be certain of the direction of either.

In the chart-room, though, the commodore knows that just two points forward of the ship's beam, distant seven miles, the crack Lloyd flier *Bremen* is paralleling his course at twenty-eight knots. He also knows that the bleating siren is on a motor-ship, also heading for New York. Both have been spotted on his chart.

The latest bearings show the ship pointed directly for Ambrose Lightship, sixteen miles away. The commodore orders half speed and a change of course of twelve degrees to starboard to clear the lightship. All hands on the bridge and in the chart-room are busier than ever as the liner closes in on the harbor mouth.

Bearings and soundings are taken incessantly. Lookouts' telephones are jangling and the chief engineer, who, in his depths below, has not been heard from since the ship left Europe, now phones for instructions. Messengers from the radio room snap in and out again. The blasts of the neighboring steamers grow louder. Ahead, somewhere, the diaphone and fog-bell of Ambrose Lightship sound their code signals. The radio compass and distance finder locate her well to port but a sharper lookout is kept. Lightships have been run down before, by the liners they were guiding to safety. That is one of the dangers of the radio beacon.

At length, she is well past. The liner has slowed down to eight knots. Her single blast per minute is stopped. Then from all three of her giant whistles booms the l-o-o-ong, short, short, l-o-o-ong blasts of journey's end—the call for the pilot.

Faintly it is answered from the fog. The ship's engines are stopped but her immense bulk slides on. The pilot's call is repeated and answered, each time more loudly. The liner's screws begin to churn and swirls of foam spin forward along her side. She trembles with the exertion of bringing her thousand-foot body to rest.

A small steamer appears out of the fog, fast thinning in the pallid light of morning. A boat is lowered away from her. Its crew step aboard, last of all a stocky figure in oilskins. The boat pushes off and short, choppy strokes send her toward the liner.

On board the ship, the doors of one of the big sideports are thrown open with a ceremonial air. A ladder is briskly lowered over the side. An officer stands in charge. Two masters-at-arms stand by. Two saloon deckmen tend the ropes. The small boat comes alongside. The bow-painter coils through the air and is deftly caught and held. Then, measuring his time to a rising wave, his guard of honor ready to receive him, the pilot comes aboard.

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Good-bye

By Sara Haardt

As skilful and moving as her short stories, this brief narrative by Miss Haardt has the added effectiveness of autobiography

I was going home. Of the nine patients in the sanatorium who had been there for a year or more I alone was leaving with healthy lungs, I alone could resume my old life—or any life, for I was young: and surely, oh, surely, something of great adventure awaited me in the world outside. Anyway, I was going home!

The senior nurse had taken my temperature for the last time and put it down on my chart. My bags were packed. Far down the valley a car came humming; it came closer, closer, curved beautifully into the driveway, and stopped. The car belonged to Bill Emory, an ex-patient who had left three months before, and it was coming for me. I reached for my hat from the top of the dressing-table in my dismantled room. There remained only to say good-bye.

Many and many a day I had joined in the chorus with the other patients, saying, "If ever I'm well enough to leave this place, you won't be able to see me for the dust! You can kiss me good-bye then."

Now the time had come at last, everything was over but the kissing, and patients in such places did precious little of that.

The senior nurse, Miss Thomas, reappeared in the doorway. "All ready?" she asked crisply. I had never seen her so resplendent in her white linen.

"Yes," I nodded, and picked up my gloves. But still I lingered. "One last look," I pleaded.

Miss Thomas tapped her rubber heels impatiently, but still I lingered. The room in itself was surely not impressive —the ivory walls and furniture and steel cabinet disguised as bedside table were typical of thousands of other hospital rooms, but here, at long last, I had learned not to be afraid of the gray dawn; here I had learned to be patient and patient and patient; here I had learned that at the moment my last reserves were gone, nature stepped in quietly and blotted everything out. I draw comfort from that discovery to this day—that there is a limit to the capacity for suffering, a peace of utter despair.

I had lived through tortures in this room, and now it was mine in a sense that nothing else had been mine in my whole life. I walked over to the bed and laid my purse and gloves upon the bare mattress. From here I had stared out of the windows by the hour. Winter. Spring. Summer. And now Autumn. The months had slipped by so swiftly that I was scarcely aware of their coming and going. But now I remembered, absurdly, that in winter the snowflakes drifting down from the apple trees reminded me of the white petals of flowers, and that in spring the petals of the apple blossoms reminded me of the snowflakes. In such pitiful ways had I diverted myself.

Today I stared past the windows with eyes intent upon imprinting every detail of the scene upon my mind. I saw, as I had seen so often before, the graceful green slope of the land toward the valley, golden leaves in the air, and heavy red clusters of apples among the branches of the trees. I turned and gathered up my gloves and purse. I could go now. Nothing short of death could ever take that picture from me.

"The patients are all waiting on the second-floor porch," said Miss Thomas.

"I am ready."

I followed her down a long hall and a short flight of steps, my heels clattering loudly, like those of the clumsy visitors from the alien world who filled the halls every visiting day.

There they were, just as she had said, half-lying in their long cure chairs, waiting with a suppressed yet glittering excitement to say good-bye. Two or three among them hadn't liked me particularly, but their animosities were swallowed up in the larger fact, which bore so directly upon them, that I had got well and was leaving. If I could do it, then so could they!

I flashed a look at Amos Markham, a tall, big-boned westerner, a civil engineer who had once built bridges, just as he glanced up from the leather he was tooling.

"Good-bye, Miss Haardt," he called in his booming voice. "It's damned good news that you are leaving, though you know we'll miss you."

I nodded and let my eyes wander to Evie Glenn, sitting next to him. I still hadn't become used to an engineer making tiny purses and silly what-nots out of leather.

Evie Glenn hadn't liked me, and once she had been rather nasty about it, but today she smiled up at me sweetly. "I hope you'll *stay* well, Miss Haardt."

I might have known she wouldn't let me go without aiming one more barb at my lurking fear. She was the daughter of fabulously wealthy parents, and she had got everything she wanted until she came to this place. She had entered a few hours after I had, and she would never forgive me for getting well before she did.

"Of course she'll stay well!" answered Alex Fisher. "You look swell, Miss Haardt; don't let 'em kid you."

He was a huge man, still weighing two hundred pounds, who owned a store in Kentucky, and who shared his numerous boxes of home-made delicacies with everybody in the place. His wife, a birdlike little creature, came up to see him every other week, and when she left he sobbed like a child.

"I'll say she looks swell," gasped Ed Painter, an insurance broker whose brother had died of tuberculosis and who was now dying himself. He was

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allowed up because he had been in bed two years, and he was going to die anyway. I took his thin heavily veined hand.

"I can't understand how you've got well without gaining fifty pounds," said Marcia North peevishly; "I gain and gain for no reason at all."

She had played small parts on the road with the imperishable hope that some wandering director from Hollywood would offer her a contract in pictures. But the camera was cruel, and now she seemed to gain a pound with every quart of milk.

"Let us hear from you," trilled Dorothy Worthington. "We'll be interested to hear how you come along."

She was dressed, as usual, in a lacey pink negligée, elaborate and slightly messy, and she was wearing her flirty, slightly slimy manner. Poor thing! She flirted with Ed Painter in the daytime, but at the first fall of dusk she dug her head in her pillows, and wouldn't come out. It was nerves, she told the nurses. They fed her triple bromides.

"Good-bye!" My voice floated away from me and hung there, like a fluttering pennant for all of them to see. They shifted in their long chairs, and I backed slowly toward the door. I had never been so close to them. For the moment they shared my small triumph, but there was no denying the fact that they regarded me already as an outsider. One of those lucky beings—and I realized with a stab that lucky people are forever suspect—who belonged to the world of healthy lungs.

"Well, I guess we must be going," murmured Miss Thomas. "We still have a lot to do." Her smile was as immaculate and as impersonal as her white uniform. Inside the hall she laid a hand upon my arm. "I don't think it is advisable for you to see the others."

She paused, and I nodded. The others were the ones in bed, too sick to be let up for the fraction of a second, whose temperature shot up at the slightest excitement, and who had the occult intuition of the very sick. Difficult, the nurses called them.

Downstairs on the lawn the nurses were waiting. Miss Evans, the night nurse, who had answered my bell many a bleak midnight; Miss Lewis, the day nurse, who had got me out of bed the first time and felt the strain of my dead weight until I could right myself; Miss Janson, the diet nurse, who had slipped an extra gill of cream on my tray twice a day for twelve months; Miss Norris, the relief nurse, who had taken her half-holiday to shampoo my hair when I first sat up. All of them had helped me in ways in which I could not help myself. I was deeply in their debt, and there should be some way of acknowledging it now that I was saying good-bye.

Yet I heard myself saying, exactly, that I was so glad to have known them; that I couldn't tell them how much they had meant to me; that I would surely, oh, surely, write to them, and they must surely, oh, surely, write to me.

Miss Thomas gripped my hand with both of hers; Miss Evans patted me fleetingly on the shoulder; Miss Lewis whispered to be sure and take care of myself; Miss Janson nodded brightly, and added, "Be good"; Miss Norris pumped my hand like a boy.

Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye.

Presently I was walking past them. I came to the end of the semi-circle they made on the lawn—and there, at the very end, stood Anne Fleming, the little nurse who had joined the staff only three days before, and who wasn't a regular nurse at all but only a T. B. nurse, a former patient in the State sanatorium, an arrested case like myself. She hadn't helped me in the slightest, she was too new to know her work, yet I had felt a something about her from the moment I saw her.

She was young, not more than twenty, and lovely. Dark hair that clustered close to her head in little curls. Big brown eyes. A twisty smile about her lips that was both sad and gay.

"You don't belong here," I had protested the second night, when she came into my room.

She sat down on my bed then, and flashed me a charming smile. "I don't belong on your bed either," she said, "but you'll believe me when I say I'm tired. I went out dancing with John two nights straight running, and I haven't caught up on my rest. I was much sicker, oh, ever so much sicker than you, and I have to be careful. Whenever I do things I shouldn't do I get nervous. I knew I shouldn't dance two nights running and come on this job—but I did! And just for fun I took my temperature a minute ago, and it's 99.2."

"That's nothing," I declared in the positive tone I knew she wanted to hear. "You should know better by now than to take your temperature when you're tired. Who's John?"

She was consoled. "He's *my* John"—she flashed me another smile—"the man I'm going to marry, and there's nobody in the world like him."

"I'm glad you're not going to stay," I said.

"I'm glad you're not, too," she answered simply as she slid off the bed. "Oh, there's the telephone! That's my John."

How like Anne Fleming to be out of line with the rest of the nurses today! Her cap was askew, too, and I heard Miss Thomas asking, "Where has that child been, looking such a sight?"

Anne Fleming did not say a word. We rushed into each other's arms and for a fleeting instant I felt her wet cheek against mine. She clung to me and I clung to her while my real nurses looked on. What must they be thinking of my kissing the little nurse who, far from having helped me, had demanded help of me?

I didn't know and I didn't care. I only knew that I was bound to that little nurse by some fearful thing that we had both lived, conquered, and still dreaded. No matter how many good-byes I said to it I knew and she knew that the bright butterfly of danger would hover over us as long as we stayed alive. Trying to live normal lives in a world with healthy people would involve for us inevitably the risks of fatigue, reinfection, collapse. Even love, the absolutely perfect Johns, would take their toll of our precious energy, and of that we had so pitifully little to give.

"And just for fun I took my temperature——"

Her words came back to me, and my heart twisted with pain. Next time I would not be near to console her. In the course of natural events we would never see each other again. We, who knew each other so well! This was good-bye at last.

I tore away from her, and started running down the drive to where Bill Emory's car was parked, waiting.

"Good God," he exclaimed, "you're not crying! Why, even Alabama will look swell to you after this dump."

"Don't be foolish," I flung at him. "Haven't you ever heard of a person being glad enough to cry?"

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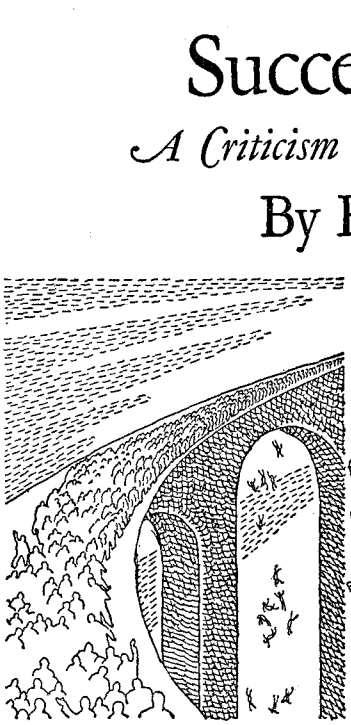
STRAWS IN THE WIND

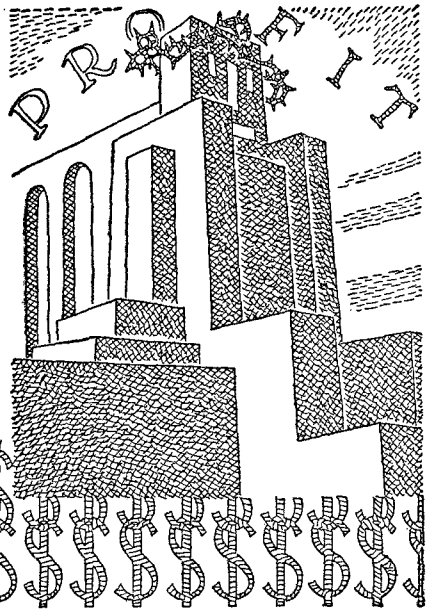
SIGNIFICANT NOTES IN WORLD AFFAIRS TODAY

Success at Last

A Criticism of Business Morality

By H. Stephen





A business man in a highly competitive industry relates his personal experience, a bitter commentary on the life of trade

I SYMPATHIZE with the thousands of students who leave their studies each year to seek a livelihood in the business world. I remember my own longings and expectations. Naturally, I did not anticipate that business procedure would be guided wholly by college spirit, nor did I respect scrupulously all the idealism and intellectual rigmarole that were so important in the classroom. It was to be expected that business would be more callous and unmannerly, and place a great deal of emphasis on selfishness and self-advancement. But fundamentally I believed, as I think most students believe today, that business, in spite of its crudities and struggles, was on the whole an honest and respectable form of endeavor.

I have an excellent recollection of the shocks I experienced when I discovered after graduation that my services were unwanted even by friends and relatives, and that my education was considered in the business world more of a liability and detriment than an asset and benefit. The things and accomplishments that I had been taught to prize in the university, became more or less inconsequential and valueless in commercial life. Soon I realized I could not secure a position on the strength of my academic training, and resolved to go into business for myself. Then my education began.

One would have to be very naïve to think that human nature could manifest itself without sordidness or harshness. But I never imagined that business morality would exclude the very essentials of common honesty and decency. Once I was embarked on a business venture, the whole business atmosphere impressed me with the idea that henceforth only one goal was before me —business success. Every scruple that would lead me astray must be surrendered, and every consideration that would imperil my profits and, therefore, my business integrity, must be forgotten. In business, there is only one thing that is important—business success; and nothing else matters.

I, of course, knew that the fundamental method of making a profit was for me to pay as little as possible for material and labor, and sell for as much as I could get. Yet I never realized the exact implications of such a process. Soliciting business, I had to compete with a vast number of manufacturers. The buyers would not change their sources of supply and purchase from me or my salesmen simply to be accommodating. I was a new concern and the buyers insisted on some form of concession if I wanted their business. But how could I lower my price, and still make a profit, unless I produced my merchandise for less money? Those who sold me material or furnished labor would have to finance this saving by accepting lower prices or reduced wages. If I decided to stay in business, I must admit that fair price and fair wage were only fictions. It would certainly be inadvisable to liquidate, and suffer all the losses that liquidation entailed. People are still standing in bread lines, and "there but for the grace of 'profit' go I." I had to continue even if it meant doing whatever was necessary to compete.

There were competitors who were content with the lowest standard of living, and possessed no scruples in the conduct of their business. They welcomed each opportunity to buy raw material at a ruinous price for the producer, and paid so low a wage that the worker could not live like a decent human being. How could this competition be met without adopting the same procedure? However considerate I may

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have wanted to be, I was swept inevitably into a current of ruthlessness and harshness. I could not judge the next man's requirements but only what I myself could afford to pay. If one employee or producer would not accept the proffered wage or price, another would. There were always those whom misfortune had beaten down to the point where they could not refuse any offer. A mere existence to them became preferable to none at all. At times a producer pleaded for a slight increase in price solely in order to be able to keep his plant solvent. But if I felt that I could not pay this increase, I could not allow myself to be swayed by sentiment. Business morality and business procedure would not permit me to provide for another's welfare. Similarly, I was compelled to react against the employee who had been diligent and faithful, and appealed against a decrease in salary. If he could be replaced for less money, I had no right to consider the effect of a wage reduction on his plans and standard of living. I was not grasping for enormous profits, but was determined to preserve my economic security. Many times I was deeply perturbed, and again and again scribbled my list of costs seeking in vain some item that would include sympathy and fairness; but when I could find it, competition gave me no choice but to omit it.

In my quest for profit, it was impossible for me to entertain any social outlook that would interfere with my business interests. The world is not the comprehensive, mutually dependent habitation I imagined, but instead is composed of elements each seeking its own immediate gain, no matter what disaster ultimately results. One morning I picked up a newspaper and read of an investigation of the Celestial Mills Inc., and the disclosures of the inhuman treatment accorded the workers. I had had many dealings with these mills and had found them a lucrative source of supply of raw material. Obviously the moral thing for me to have done would have been to cease my business relations with this concern, and thereby penalize it for its unsavory practices, and deter it from any repetition. But this procedure seemed illogical. I needed cheap raw material to operate at a profit, and why blame the producer for supplying the demand? True, patronizing such a concern appeared like surrendering every ideal and becoming an accomplice to the cruelty and exploitation practised. However, under business morality, which was guiding my business successfully, it was not my province to concern myself with sociological problems. I was not expected to delve behind the scenes and consider who the producer was, and what methods he followed in running his business. It was my duty to ignore everything but the enhancement of my own profit. I must narrow my vision to exclude national or social or labor problems. My thoughts were not to dwell on the unity of mankind and the brotherhood of man, but on my own personal success, my own selfish aggrandizement above everything.

In the course of events, I opened a factory in a small town. The new establishment was welcomed by the chamber of commerce, granted local tax exemptions, and rental concessions. However the people of the neighborhood are shiftless and unreliable. After each small sum of money they earn, they must take a vacation to spend it. The steady and industrious employee who would learn to do his work and stay at his machine is a rarity. Local advertisements were run for sober and diligent help, and a satisfactory wage and advancement were offered. The factory superintendent lectured the lazy and indifferent, and could not resist the temptation to be moral in his discourse and laud the noble virtues of industriousness and thrift. Through these a worker could make progress, better his station in life and become somebody.

One day, a competitor in a nearby city, manufacturing a carefully tailored garment, closed his factory, and a large number of experienced and trustworthy former employees migrated to the small town seeking employment. They had been paid higher wages in the city but were willing to accept the prevailing price paid the less competent worker. Overnight, my labor problem was solved. The factory superintendent neglected the elaborate rest rooms that had been constructed to make the factory more inviting. He also discontinued the regular outings. He even discharged a temperamental fellow who had been tolerated because he was the best baseball pitcher in town and played on the factory team. All these luxuries and attractions had now become wasteful. Competition for employment was keen. A man would approach the factory to learn the rate of wages but would not consider accepting employment at so low a price. A few months later he returned, driven by necessity, and was willing to work at the prevailing rate. But no additional help was needed. A few more weeks and he appeared again, and offered to work for less than the usual wage. He must secure a job. The foreman accepted his services and wages became smaller and smaller. The salesmen clamored for lower selling prices to meet competition, and the only alternative was to pay less and less for labor. I did not forget the foreman's dissertations on the advantages of sobriety and skill, but the significance of virtue when possessed by too many, is like the price of corn when overproduced. Virtue in business has no value by itself and for itself.

Those who have at last reached success, like to picture themselves as staunch and sincere men of character whose ability and independence have brought untold prosperity to the community. However, the picture is only an illusion. Such men of character could not survive under present business conditions. The first essential of business is to sell the merchandise produced. The buyer is, therefore, placed in an exceptionally favorable position. I did not need much acumen to realize that my success depended upon the buyer's good-will and graciousness. I discovered that the buyer's friendship was more of a determining factor in securing an order than was the price of my merchandise. No matter how low my price was, there were always others who could sell as cheaply. The way to success was to number among my friends and companions, not men of intellectual capacity and erudition, but those who bought the merchandise I sold. I must cater to them, humor them, and agree with them. However degrading the personal habits of some of them, however unintelligent their opinions, and unconscionable their methods, it was my duty as a business man to be tactful and diplomatic and accept them as bosom comrades. The more of their habits that they thought were also my habits, the greater the community of

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interest that could be established between us. Our arrival at a mutually agreeable business understanding was greatly facilitated by a preference for the same whiskey and the same amusements. I could not afford to express independence of thought, and if my actions could be condemned as hypocritical, they could always be defended as good business.

In attempting to interest certain buyers in my merchandise, I was forced to recognize that it seemed impossible to interest them under any circumstances. Tempting offers of merchandise at cost just to open the account were spurned. In time I learned that these buyers would purchase only from those who gave them two per cent commission in cash. A number of my salesmen approached me and wanted certain buyers put on the payroll. More than one evening I rode home meditating on how extensively bribery was practised in business. A cash bribe is illegal and under no circumstances would I secure business in this fashion. Nevertheless, the salesmen argued and attributed my reluctance to the trash taught me at college. "Will your college professors support you if you do not operate at a profit?" "Why should bribery be any more despicable than the payment of an inhuman wage?" "What business man does not bribe indirectly?" "Why be punctilious about form and affrighted at the word cash?"

Truthfully I must admit I was making a concession to form alone. I know multitudes of business men who will refuse to pay a cash commission but instead will make loans to buyers which will never be repaid, finance trips to Florida and Atlantic City, and send elaborate gifts that cost thousands of dollars. From my own personal experience, I can recall that when Jim was in town one season, he placed an exceptionally large order with me. During lunch, he asked me for a loan because his wife was ill and he needed some additional money for medicinal expenses. I saw Jim many times subsequently but neither of us ever mentioned the indebtedness. In fact I could not say that I ever expected to be repaid. I certainly would not risk alienating Jim's good-will by asking for the money. The same situation occurred with Harry. This buyer was walking with me when he stopped before an exclusive haberdashery store and asked me whether I would not help him select some neckwear and pajamas. At the moment it seemed strange to me that Harry should patronize such an expensive establishment. Pajamas at twenty-seven dollars a pair seemed exorbitant. But Harry had left his purse home with his cash and blank checks, and asked me to accommodate him and pay the bill. However, Harry forgot entirely about the incident, and as a business man, it would be too inadvisable for me to remind him.

There are numerous ways to give what in effect is nothing but graft, and the business man does not lack ingenuity. Bob was the kind of buyer who would not take even a cigar from you. His reply was that it was not necessary. One day I had an appointment with him but he had a cold and told me to meet him in his hotel room. When I arrived, I found him playing poker with another buyer, a salesman, and a manufacturer in a kindred line to mine, whom I happened to know, and who did a tremendous business with Bob. I was urged to take a hand but I decided to watch and sat behind the manufacturer. The buyers were winning and in excellent spirits. The manufacturer was a heavy loser. On the last deal, every one raised the stakes until there was a fairly large sum of money in the game. Finally every one but the manufacturer showed his cards and Bob so far had the winning hand, three aces. The manufacturer looked at his cards and I glanced over his shoulder and saw four kings. But he carefully picked out three kings, threw them on the table, and telling Bob to take the money, he threw away the other two cards, unexposed. Going down the elevator with the manufacturer, who received a three-sheet confirmation of order, I looked at my single sheet, and all the manufacturer said, with a knowing smile, was, "You were a fool not to join the game." Under circumstances as they are, and human nature as it is, almost anybody would feel that he was a fool.

Business morality is at the same low level in the credit aspect. I have lost many thousands of dollars learning that the business relationship never incurs any moral obligation. In business, there can be no true friendship, and gratitude is an alien sentiment. I remember many instances in which I had extended credit to buyers solely on the basis of friendship and the character of the moral risk, only to have these friends go subsequently into bankruptcy under circumstances that made the friendship a mere opportunity for deception. On other occasions, I spent valuable time and made strenuous efforts to benefit a customer, only to receive ingratitude in return. I shall mention only one illustration. The Hub was in financial difficulties, and needed an extension of time to pay its debts. If creditors started lawsuits, the account would suffer irreparable losses that would make its economic survival doubtful. I never knew why the Hub picked on me. But it did. The owner persuaded me as if I were doing an act of the finest charity, and one that he would never forget and always repay as long as he lived. I visited creditors and argued, cajoled, and ridiculed until the extension was granted. Six months later the debtor's emergency had passed and he was in a sound credit position. Did he remember me? In fact I lost the account completely. After all, business is business, and if my salesman is not on hand, I should not expect an account to come to me with his order.

I am not exaggerating when I say that the customer who buys merchandise assumes no moral obligation to pay for it. Every day orders are placed by buyers who know that payment will never be made in the regular course of business. This is true not only of the fraudulent but of the business man with a reputation for honesty—who happens to be in an insolvent condition. Among the thousands of bankrupts, the majority overbuy immediately before they are declared legally insolvent, and at a time when they must realize that the seller will not be paid. Men above reproach have found themselves insolvent due to causes beyond their control, and have had no compunctions in compelling their creditors to finance a reorganization. My experience with C. M. was strictly in accordance with regular business procedure. This party was an honorable man, duly respected and president of the Rotary Club. He had been in business for twenty years and was an outstanding merchant. However, he had been slowly retrogressing and hiding

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his losses by personal borrowings and buying on very long terms. One day he found that he had only $10,000 and owed $40,000. With proper legal advice, he came to me, and many others, boasted of his reputation, and bought $100,000 merchandise. He never knew I was such a fine fellow and would try to do a larger business with me. A short time afterward, I received a long letter from an attorney offering me one-third in full settlement of my account. If I and the other creditors did not accept, the debtor would go into bankruptcy; and I was reminded that in bankruptcy the wastes and cost of administration would result in a shrinkage of even more than two-thirds. Surely, as a business man I could not allow sentiment to interfere with good judgment, and one-third was better than one-eighth. The creditors did accept the one-third. The debtor ran a great clearance sale of his stock of merchandise, advertising that he was being pressed by creditors, and would sell below cost. Under these conditions, his sale was successful, and he sold his $110,000 stock for $100,000. After paying his creditors their one-third, to the amount of $46,666.67, and other expenses totaling $25,000, his net profit from the settlement was almost $30,000. Instances of this procedure are so common that they are not reported in the regular daily newspaper but only in trade journals.

After years spent in an atmosphere of deceit, self-advancement, and constant conniving to outsmart and gain an advantage over competitors, I can readily see why a business man makes no concession for the human element in his business. His world does not recognize social or human obligations. If business practice is callous and cruel, he must not be disturbed. Irritations should be dismissed as if life were ordained to be as it is. Business procedure seems to be the normal way of things. If it dominates and excludes the human factor, the reason must be that man is made for business, not business for man. I recall an experience that shows the unyielding harshness of the business machine which we have created supposedly for the greater happiness of each one of us—including Irene.

Irene was employed as an examiner. Her duty was to inspect the garments in the factory just before they were placed in stock ready to be shipped to customers. If a garment was damaged, she was to reject it, and these rejected garments would be either repaired or sold as seconds at a loss. While her salary was small, her position was important. If, due to her negligence, perfect garments were classified as seconds, there would be an unnecessary loss; and if seconds were sent to customers, the garments would be returned, the customers would deduct transportation charges, and our reputation for excellence would be blemished. The foreman claimed Irene was inefficient, and discharged her. One day, Irene's last working day, she suddenly confronted me and asked me to reverse the foreman's decision. I explained to her that the foreman was in charge and it would not be proper to overrule him on a matter that was within his jurisdiction. The girl became frantic and accused the foreman of persecuting her. Then in a torrent of emotion, she begged not to be sent away. She was the sole support of her family. Her father was sick; her brother had been hurt and was unable to work. They were practically destitute. Her mother would not be able to withstand the shock of this additional misfortune. She could not force herself to go home with the news. I had intended to tell her about efficiency and profit but the words suddenly had become meaningless even to me.

I called the foreman and peremptorily told him to reinstate her. After all, she was only a small cog in the machine. In my mood at the moment, her imperfections did not seem so vital that we could not overlook them. But the foreman began to protest. The factory morale would be broken. The girl should have been a bookkeeper, and while she was educated and intelligent, she was too "high class" for this kind of work. He could not disregard her carelessness without jeopardizing the efficiency of the whole examining department. Every examiner recognized the prime necessity of satisfying the customer, and if mistakes were excusable for one girl, the others would claim the same privilege. He would not accept responsibility if she were returned. Place her in the office or pension her. I realized that I could not very well, from a business point of view, disrupt my organization for Irene's benefit. I did not need her services in the office; and pensioning her was out of the question. The bitter callousness of business appalled me but I was compelled to tell her I could do nothing for her. I was caught up in a system that made me helpless. But I would give her two weeks' additional salary in spite of the foreman's protest that this would establish a dangerous precedent; and to help her secure another job, I would give her a special letter of recommendation praising her personality, honesty of purpose, and willingness to work. In uttermost despair and weeping softly, she went away.

No one who tries to see clearly can underestimate the importance of the profit motive, and how essential it is to incite man's best creative and productive efforts. But must the profit motive be allowed to function as if man were a barbarian? Is success through savage selfishness and indecent struggle worth the price man must pay in losing the finer sentiments which alone make life desirable? No one can foretell the future of Western civilization, whether it be fascism, communism, rugged individualism, anarchy, or democracy. But one can readily understand that if the profit motive is retained, it must be made harmonious with the right of the individual to earn a living in a decent and human fashion.

The craze for personal success has brought us stupendous material prosperity; but whether we enjoy this prosperity depends upon our intelligence in regulating and controlling our business methods. The vast waste in competition, the brutishness in the struggle to survive, the lack of principle in ordinary business, must all be remedied, softened, and made consistent with what we should expect in a social order of intelligent and self-respecting men. If this development is impossible and beyond our capabilities, then we shall forever remain barbarians, in spite of all our material success, our scientific inventions, and our lofty accomplishments.

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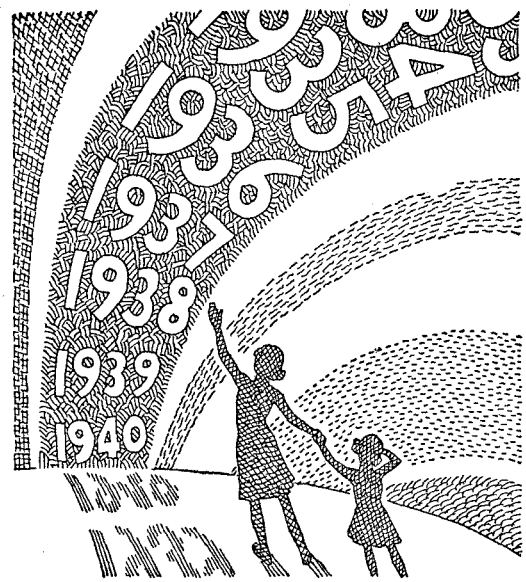
My Children Face A Changing World

By Narcissa Vanderlip Street

A modern mother who had "all the advantages" considers how best to equip her two daughters for the years ahead



I CAN imagine my mother rustling in from a drive, twenty-five years ago, unskewering her picture hat, fluffing out her pompadour, and then running into the nursery. She probably sat for a little while in the low rocking-chair, pondering about the best way to bring up her daughters, and visioning clearly, probably very clearly, what their futures would be. My mother expected me to be a lady of leisure, intelligent, gracious, with a proper interest in charitable work, the fine arts, possibly in reform politics. I am sure she wanted me to be of use to society, and an ornament to it.

But when I go into the nursery, look around for the ash tray, and sit down to ponder the future of my young, I regret to say that my vision of that future is not by any means as clear and confident as was my mother's; and my ambition for my two small daughters necessarily must be quite different; for the world has changed more completely than any one, twenty-five years ago, could have imagined possible, and it is going to change more.

Just how to equip my children for this new world is a big problem. As I think of it, I often wonder whether the intelligent and competent woman really gets on any better, in spite of all we like to claim for her, than the clinging vine. Wouldn't it after all be easier, as well as much more fun, to bring up my daughters to be languid, lovely creatures with the gift for rolling up the eyes and looking helpless? Even though they live in a changing world, might they not get along just as well that way?

I wonder how the clinging vine is getting on today in Soviet Russia. Can social regimentation destroy her age-old powers? Isn't there a commissar who loves her more than he loves Stalin and the memory of Lenin? I think so. In my mind's eye I see him stealing half a pound of butter for her, and I am sure she has a cake of scented soap, while her competent sisters, scorning her, eat their black bread dry and sternly bathe in ice-water.

One motivating force in human progress is, of course, the desire of each generation to help the succeeding generation forward; and so, like all other mothers, I must try, in spite of doubts and perplexities, to map out a program for my daughters.

The first step is to get it through our heads that our children are not our possessions. They came into the world through us, and go on into a future in which we cannot protect them and which we cannot possibly foresee. All we can do is to prepare them as best we can for complete self-realization.

As I look back, I believe that my upbringing was planned with more than average enlightenment. I went to a progressive, coeducational school and to a big woman's college; I was started early on languages and did an unusual amount of travelling. I was exposed to music, but it didn't take, and I never became proficient at any form of artistic expression, though ballet and Greek dancing were among my joys. My father cultivated my taste for books, and I am very grateful to him, as continual reading has greatly enriched my life. When I was eighteen, I "came out," with all the futile nonsense of a New York début in pre-depression days. I was pretty well fitted for the life my mother had foreseen for me, but if I followed the same plan for my daughters they would be as inadequate as Clarissa Harlow in a Ford factory.

A lacuna in my education, which I find a serious drawback today, makes me extremely anxious that my daughters should be trained for a profession. Nobody needs to tell me that this is a day of experts; I know too well that a girl with a definite, concrete knowledge of something—commercial art, dietetics, stenography, whatever it may be—has a big head start over untrained people in the race for a job; and I feel almost certain that at some time in their lives my girls will be faced with the problem of earning money.

The time, I think, is close at hand when every individual must be a useful, productive member of society in order to exist, and I hope that my children will be trained to take their places with self-confidence and efficiency. As yet, I naturally have no idea what fields would interest them; the eldest is at the moment an enthusiastic dolls' laundress, while the younger considers her day's work well done if she has picked up her rattle. But as they grow older I shall watch for some special bent to develop, and try to help them discover what line they would like to pursue. I want them to take it for granted, just as boys do, that when they grow up they will have to go to work, and if they manifest no talent in any definite direction, I am sure that observation of their characters and personalities will help us to guide them toward the type of job for which they are fitted. The knowledge that they are competent to take care of themselves financially if they should ever need to should be a solid comfort to them, giving them a subconscious

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sense of independence and self-reliance.

No matter how much the world changes, woman's place is still in the home, and of course I want to make my daughters capable in that department too. When I was married, I didn't know whether it took one or twenty pounds of spinach to feed two people; when they told me chicken was forty cents, I thought they meant for a whole chicken, not for a pound; and as far as I was concerned, gas and electricity and telephones were simply gifts of the gods—I had never stopped to think that they had to be paid for, and I had absolutely no idea how much they cost.

I should like to start my children out, when they are a little older, taking care of their own rooms. The simple routine of bed-making, dusting, and sweeping will become a matter of course, quickly and easily done, and they will have accustomed themselves to being responsible for the order and cleanliness of at least a part of the house. Also, they will learn the invaluable lesson of picking up after themselves, which will prevent bickering with their college room-mates and their husbands. When one of them reaches her early teens, she will have to take on more responsibility around the house; a few months of marketing and planning meals may be a little hard on the family, but will be a valuable experience for her. Probably the most important item in this course of training will be the months when she pays the family bills, and discovers the hitherto unsuspected expenses of coal, insurance, laundry, taxes, and all the things that make her life run smoothly and that she had never even thought about before. I want my girls to learn to take housekeeping in their stride instead of making it an all-day struggle.

Another thing I hope they will learn in their early teens is taste in dress, and the routine of caring for, and making the most of, their appearance. We all know how self-esteem is bolstered by the knowledge that we look our best. Being well-groomed is nothing but a habit, after all—a habit worth while teaching to a child. Every woman should know something about the art of dress, and have a fairly definite idea of the effect she is trying to produce. She needs to be armed with realistic knowledge of what is appropriate and becoming and practical.

When my children are old enough to shop with me, I shall give them reasons for the choice of clothes. "This material wears well and is the right weight, it will match your blue hat, and it is very becoming." I shall give them an increasing amount of choice, controlled by a carefully explained budget. "What color scarf would you like to have to wear with your coat? Would you rather have an extra sweater or a new purse?" We must try to teach them, but however hard we try we shall probably be faced with a sixteen-year-old tastefully done up in black lace and earrings the first chance she gets to shop on her own hook. And why not, after all? Was I ever happier, or dressed in worse taste, than in the blue and gold lamé I sneaked out and bought myself in London when I was sixteen?

I am ambitious for my daughters in the field of athletics, and I want very much to have them excel at some sport, perhaps because I never did myself. The more sports they try the better, but I should like to have them rather impassioned about one, and really good at it. Of course they must know how to swim, merely as a matter of safety. They don't have to be Olympic champions at their chosen sports to satisfy me, but just good enough so that no feeling of inferiority or embarrassment will mar the pure joy of exercising their bodies in whatever sport they like.

An intellectual hobby is as important as an athletic one, and one can continue to enjoy it long years after rheumatism or hardening of the arteries have made golf and riding impossible. As I have already said, I think one's education should contain one main line of training, leading to the professional work one plans to pursue. But in addition to that, I should like to have my girls try a great variety of courses in every subject they suspect might interest them, no matter how disconnected the subjects may be. They will then have a smattering knowledge in a good many diverse fields, and among these they will surely have found something sufficiently fascinating to lead them on to want to know more about it. Here they will have their intellectual hobby; their interest in it will give plan and direction to their reading and travel for the rest of their lives, and ought also to bring stimulating contacts with people interested in their chosen field, whether it is period furniture, the life of the bee, African exploration, or French literature.

I want to teach my children while they are still quite young how to use reference books; it will not only save me many trips to the dictionary and encyclopedia to find the answers to their appalling questions, but it will be a valuable lesson to them. Later, they will learn the more complicated methods of research; how to weigh and question the facts they gather; to evaluate their sources, and to organize their findings into a conclusion that has meaning and form and the originality of independent thinking.

I hope that they will find good teachers. It is a great experience for a child to watch the workings of a first-class mind, but even more than brilliance, I should look for enthusiasm in a teacher. We all remember the teachers we had who were inspiring, and I would much rather have my children acquire enthusiasm than acquire facts. They have the rest of their lives to learn about a subject, but they won't want to do it unless their curiosity and eagerness have been aroused.

I have wrestled with myself a good deal trying to decide what I think about coeducation, and have been forced to the somewhat unsatisfactory conclusion that I think it is fine for girls and bad for boys. Since I have daughters, I shall simply stick to this story, and let the mothers of sons worry about the other side of the problem.

Obviously it is essential for girls to know how to get along with girls, and a certain amount of intimacy, uncomplicated by older people or by boys, is necessary to teach them to like their own sex and be congenial with it, but I hope my two girls can accomplish this during several summers at camp rather than at a girls' boarding school; for I have often wondered whether the strict unnatural rules of some girls' schools, and the hothouse forcing of schoolgirl "crushes," were fully offset by purely educational features, however excellent.

If I continue to feel as I feel now, I shall send my daughters to a good, coeducational day school, where the boys and girls learn to take each other for granted and where they are living at home, associating with older people every day.

Presupposing a better preparation in elementary and high school, and more enlightened colleges than existed when I was being educated, I think that two

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years at college are enough for most girls. In that time they will learn the methods of study and research, and will take enough courses to stir their curiosity at least in some directions. To be shut up in a scholastic environment longer than that, in a group utterly unlike any they will meet when they get out in the world, may be a waste of time, unless they plan a pedagogical career or some profession in which a college degree is required. The other two years, I think, might better be spent in studying the profession they plan to make their life work.

We all know that the yearning for self-expression is a universal characteristic, and that people who cannot find an outlet for this natural desire are frustrated and incomplete. I shall of course be very happy if my daughters turn out to be among those lucky people with a definite artistic bent. I want to expose them to music and drawing and modelling, in the hope that one or both may be possessed of a talent which will be a joy to her, and perhaps, if she is fortunate, to the rest of the world. Naturally, I realize that such a hope is hardly more than a rosy dream. Probably I shall find that they belong to the great majority with no particular talent in any direction. But I do not propose to let this prevent them from knowing the pleasure of being able to do something well with their hands. If they can learn to sew beautifully, to cook with art, to garden with passion, or even to paint china, they will have found something to do with their hands that will be an immense mental relaxation as well as a satisfying form of self-expression. If book-binding or model-making prove to be too expensive as hobbies, let them try knitting or photography, or become expert on the sewing-machine. There is nothing more soothing, I believe, than to be able to work physically and constructively at something that has no connection with the main stream of one's daily endeavor, and if my daughters learn this lesson it will help them to become well-balanced women.

I have been interested to hear that a well-known authority on child welfare, a man who has arranged for the adoption of countless children, has, in the last few years, generally refused to send his foundlings into rich families. They have a much better chance, he says, in families where the mother takes care of the children and does her own work. Personally, if I could afford to have a maid and a nurse I should prefer to do so, for I think it is a mother's duty to live her own life, to be as attractive as possible, and to have interests of her own, so that as her children grow older she will be a stimulating companion for them, and they will be enthusiastic about her as an individual, instead of taking her for granted as a person who looks after their physical needs, and has no time to enter into the other side of their lives.

Naturally, I want to do everything I can for my children, but I don't want to make them feel over-important by realizing that I am sacrificing anything for them. I have known several families of moderate means in which the parents have lived on the principle that nothing was too good for their children, and that they must give them everything in their power. The children took it quite for granted that the mother would go without a new dress so that they could go to dancing school, or that the father would give up his vacation so they might have just the right clothes in which to visit their friends. It has been my observation that children brought up in this way often lack gratitude, and even proper respect for their parents and have no use at all for them as companions and advisors.

On the other hand, I have known rich parents to create deliberately an atmosphere of bogus simplicity for the supposed good of their children. In one case the parents feared that great wealth would cause an atmosphere unnatural and rarefied. To counteract this they limited their children's allowances to a point that killed all possibility of independence. The children were not dressed as well as their much less wealthy friends, they did not go to the same schools, and even when they were grown up they had so little pocket-money that they could not make a move of their own free wills. Grown, they lack self-confidence and creep about feeling inferior, bullied, and frustrated—and all because the germ of a good idea was carried to a ridiculous extreme.

I have seen the same principle beautifully applied in another family which was also wealthy. Parents and children used to go on week-ends and longer holidays to a camp where they did all their own work, and lived with the utmost simplicity, but because of the attitude of the parents, the children never felt that they were doing anything noble or remarkable in living the simple life. The father sincerely enjoyed the homely place, and considered it a great treat to do the cooking, while the mother was interested in organizing the work so that it was done quickly and efficiently, with everyone contributing his share. The children looked forward to these holidays with enthusiasm, at first taking the routine of work as an unusual treat, and finally entirely for granted.

Just as I hope to guard against making life too difficult for my children, I hope to guard against making it too easy. We must be Spartan sometimes in order to teach courage and hardihood. As a child I was sheltered from as many minor unpleasantnesses as possible, and I am as a result hypersensitive about some things to which an adult ought to be hardened—the sight of blood, for instance, and even spiders.

The other day my three-year-old found a dead chicken, and I was shocked at her having been allowed to see such a gruesome sight. But when I questioned her I was happy to find that she had been interested rather than repelled. She had in fact associated the chicken's demise with the withering of flowers. "The chicken faded and died," she said, and added that a little boy had been picking off the feathers because the chicken didn't need them any more, since it could never fly up into the trees again. She had, in short, figured out for herself a natural and not unpleasant explanation of death.

I realize as well as anybody can that all this sounds like a great deal of planning—definite planning—and a great deal of trouble not only for myself but for the children. Nor am I oblivious to the likelihood that my efforts to foresee and meet the future may come to nothing. For in spite of war, depression, the machine age, the Nazis, the Fascists, and the Brain Trust, and even "EPIC" and "Utopia," human nature goes on being human nature.

Whatever the outcome of my planning, I have before me an interesting job; and if I do not have a good percentage of success with my children, perhaps I shall have helped them to do better than they otherwise might have in some day raising children of their own.

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The philosopher whose most recent book is "Freedom Versus Organization" writes a note on the possibilities of a conquest of insects

Men Versus Insects

By Bertrand Russell

Amid wars and rumors of wars, while "disarmament" proposals and non-aggression pacts threaten the human race with unprecedented disaster, another conflict, perhaps even more important, is receiving much less notice than it deserves—I mean the conflict between men and insects.

We are accustomed to being the lords of creation; we no longer have occasion, like the cave men, to fear lions and tigers, mammoths, and wild boars. Except against each other, we feel ourselves safe. But while big animals no longer threaten our existence, it is otherwise with small animals. Once before in the history of life on this planet, large animals gave place to small ones. For many ages mastodons ranged unconcerned through swamp and forest, fearing nothing but each other, not doubting the absoluteness of their Empire. But they disappeared, to give place to tiny mammals—mice, small hedgehogs, miniature horses no bigger than rats, and such like. Why the mastodons died out is not known, but it is supposed to be because they had minute brains and devoted themselves to the growth of weapons of offense in the shape of numerous horns. However that may be, it was not through their line that life developed.

The mammals, having become supreme, proceeded to grow big. But the biggest, the mammoth, is extinct, and the other large animals have grown rare, except man and those that he has domesticated. Man, by his intelligence, has succeeded in finding nourishment for a larger population, in spite of his size. He is safe, except from the little creatures—the insects and the micro-organisms.

Insects have an initial advantage in their numbers. A small wood may easily contain as many ants as there are human beings in the whole world. They have another advantage in the fact that they eat our food before it is ripe for us. Many noxious insects which used to live only in some one comparatively small region have been unintentionally transported by man to new environments where they have done immense damage. Travel and trade are useful to insects as well as to micro-organisms. Yellow fever formerly exsited only in West Africa, but was carried to the Western Hemisphere by the slave trade. Now, owing to the opening up of Africa, it is gradually travelling eastward across that continent. When the disease reaches the east coast it can hardly be kept out of India and China, where it may be expected to halve the population. Sleeping sickness is an even more deadly African disease which is gradually spreading.

Fortunately science has discovered ways by which insect pests can be kept under. Most of them are liable to parasites which kill so many that the survivors cease to be a serious problem, and entomologists are engaged in studying and breeding such parasites. Official reports of their activities are fascinating; they are full of such sentences as: "He proceeded to Brazil, at the request of the planters of Trinidad, to search for the natural enemies of the sugar cane Froghopper." One would say that the sugar cane Froghopper would have little chance in this contest. Unfortunately, as long as war continues, all scientific knowledge is double edged. For example, Professor Fritz Haber invented a process for the fixation of nitrogen. He intended it to increase the fertility of the soil, but the German Government used it for the manufacture of high explosives, and exiled him for preferring manure to bombs.

In the next great war, the scientists on either side will let loose pests on the crops of the other side, and it may prove scarcely possible to destroy the pests when peace comes. The more we know, the more harm we can do each other. If human beings, in their rage against each other, invoke the aid of insects and micro-organisms, as they certainly will do if there is another big war, it is by no means unlikely that the insects will remain the sole ultimate victors. Perhaps, from a cosmic point of view, this is not to be regretted; but as a human being I cannot help heaving a sigh over my own species.

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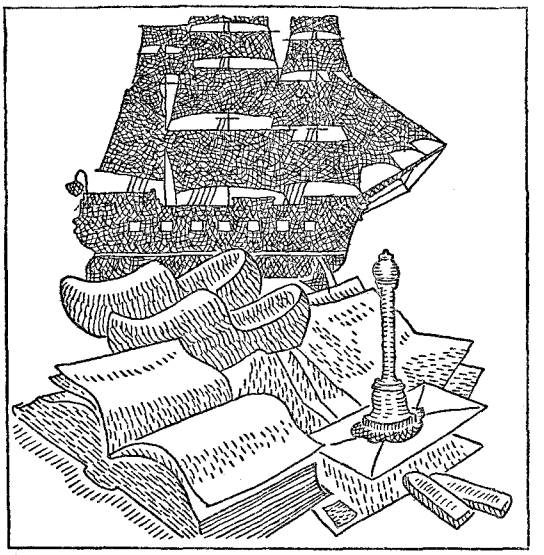
AS I LIKE IT

William Lyon Phelps



Dictionary History and Dictionary Reading . . . English as Spoken by American Woman . . . More about Science, Philosophy, and Religion . . . Greek Puns

A book that seems to have arrived almost providentially for purposes of Christmas giving, is *Webster's New International Dictionary,* The Second Edition, Unabridged: also known as *The New Merriam-Webster Dictionary.*

If you have the money to buy this book, one of your most perplexing Christmas problems is admirably settled. For man or woman, boy or girl, it is a noble, beautiful, useful, valuable gift. One does not often take the advertisements of publishers seriously; but there is not much exaggeration in two statements that appear on the jacket—one might call it the overcoat—of this stupendous work. "The most notable publishing event of the century" and "Greatest single volume ever published"—well, well, it may be so; anyhow, it would be difficult to praise it too highly.

I have sentimentally a faint regret that it is not a Yale production; for the first Webster's Dictionary, 1828, by Noah Webster, came out of Yale; so did the Revision in 1840; so did the next Revision in 1847, edited by Chauncey Goodrich, Webster's son-in-law and Professor at Yale; he also edited the next Revision, 1859. The Unabridged in 1864, and its following three Revisions, 1879, 1884, 1890, bore the name as Editor-in-Chief of the President of Yale, Noah Porter; then came the International in 1900; the New International, in 1909. This leviathan of 1934 has the name of the President of Smith College, William Allan Neilson, as Editor-in-Chief.

My local pride is somewhat soothed by observing that another honored President of Yale, Arthur T. Hadley, was on the general staff, having been responsible for Economics.

The first edition, 1828, was written entirely in the handwriting of Noah Webster, who was born at West Hartford in 1758 and died in New Haven in 1843, nearly eighty-five years old. It was as much the work of one man as was Doctor Johnson's. Webster wrote a good deal of it in France and England, and completed his bulky manuscript at Cambridge University. That was published in two volumes, whereas this is compressed into only one. However, it has 3210 pages.

Incidentally, it should be remembered that the mighty Century Dictionary was also a Yale production, whose Editor-in-Chief was the great scholar William Dwight Whitney.

Although this new Webster has at the end a Biographical Dictionary and a Pronouncing Gazetteer, an immense amount of biographical information is furnished in the main part of the work; also miscellaneous information on foreign words and phrases and on historical and scientific subjects. It is in truth what it claims to be—an encyclopedia as well as a dictionary, "A whole reference library in one volume."

An extremely interesting table is given (in the prefatory matter) of the varying pronunciations of certain words in eight authoritative dictionaries, four English and four American. There are seven parallel columns, Webster, Oxford, Jones, Wyld, Century, Funk and Wagnalls, Hempl.

I am glad the name WEBSTER has been kept; and the frontispiece is his portrait in colors.

Incidentally, *what has become of Worcester?*

At the graduation exercises of the West Middle School in Hartford many years ago, I remember Mark Twain happily presenting the prizes. To Willie Matson, a midget in size but not in brains, he handed Webster's Dictionary, almost as big as its recipient. Mark said, "This is a splendid book, but I'm afraid you won't get the hang of the story."

I wonder if every one enjoys reading dictionaries as much as I do; I suppose I read something in them every day. It is dangerous to open them, because of their fascination. I own the great Oxford English Dictionary, the Shorter Oxford, Wyld's Universal English Dictionary, the Century Dictionary, Funk and Wagnalls' Standard Dictionary, Winston's Dictionary, and the abbreviated or concise forms of nearly all of these works. And of course I could not live without H. W. Fowler's *Dictionary of Modern English Usage,* which is full of wisdom, wit, and humor.

I suppose few persons have ever read a big dictionary straight through, as one reads a biography or a novel. But when young Robert Browning decided to become a poet, he read Johnson's Dictionary from beginning to end.

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It is said that the late Andrew Lang wrote so many books that he kept unfinished manuscripts in various rooms in his house, and then continued writing a book in the room that seemed at the moment to be most comfortable. Well, it might be a good idea to have a dictionary in every room.

How Shakespeare would have enjoyed reading these big dictionaries! He loved words as men love things of beauty and grandeur, and he loved words as men love children and pet animals. He loved to play with them, in every kind of fantastic pun, one word always suggesting another. It is interesting to read *Love's Labour's Lost* exclusively from that point of view.

I have often wished that American women would ponder carefully on Lear's description of the voice of Cordelia. Thus, I am very glad to print this composition from an American living in Paris.

LINES INDITED BY A GROUCHY AMERICAN LIVING IN PARIS

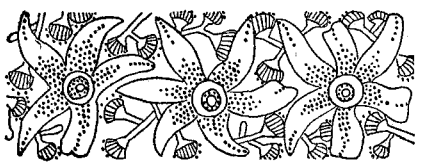
A pretty mid-west maiden with a smile
As lovely as a flower, called today—
Niece of an oldtime friend—smart, charming, gay,
But oh, the voice! As rasping as a file!
And when she mentioned *aunt* and called her *ant*
My impulse was to kick her in the pant.

A very little thing you say? But, man,
It's little things that cause most irritation.
Why *should* we be so careless as a nation!
Why not Ameri- (not Amurri-) can?
We're fine! Just add a modulated voice
And gods and little fishes will rejoice.

A reasonable respect for spoken English
Won't make us climb a high pedantic steeple.
Our language has a glamour which our people
All seem to do their damnedest to extinguish.
Our slang's piquant as catsup; I decry it
Not as a condiment but an entire diet.

So having spent much vitriolic juice
I add a milk-and-water: What's the Use!

PETER NITWIT.



THE FANO CLUB

Here is wonderful news for all the FANIANS. The latest member of the Club actually writes me from a hotel in Fano! The club has been in existence now exactly twenty-two years and six months; and never have I received a line from a hotel in Fano. On the two occasions when we ourselves visited the ancient city, we saw no inn worth attention; hence we stopped at the best hotel in Ancona, which is the worst hotel in the world. In the language of Mark Twain, Perdition is filled with better hotels than the best in Ancona. But at long last, on stationery headed

SAVOIA HOTEL LIDO
Casa di prim' ordine sul mare
APERTA TUTTO L'ANNO
Direttore: C. Cavazzoni
FANO

comes a letter from Miss Lucy R. Gorham, of Westport, Conn., who, with her mother, joined the Club on August 26; and this is what she says of the hotel:

A new very modern modernistic hotel has been erected on the site of the old one. It is very comfortable and attractive and especially livable.

I am going there again, and don't you see the thrilling nature of this news?—it means, of course, that there never would have been a fine hotel in Fano if it had not been for the FANO CLUB. On the night when the two Roman consuls defeated Hasdrubal almost in the protection of the Fano walls, how little could they have imagined that some day the old Roman town would be placed on the map of the world by the FANO CLUB. Little, indeed!

And while I was reading this letter from Miss Gorham, there came another, from Mrs. W. B. Norris, of St. Joseph, Mo. She was accompanied by her sister, the Countess Boseli Bianchi of Florence, who, with the Count her husband, joined the Club on the same day, August 31. They had not known of the picture and were enthusiastic. Mrs. Norris writes:

. . . which has given me the inspiration to organize a group of receptive people who will forever be indebted to you for directing their steps to this spot. During the many times I have been in Italy no reason or incentive did I ever have for coming here—I simply did not know—but now I shall place this day's experience in my alabaster box of precious memories.

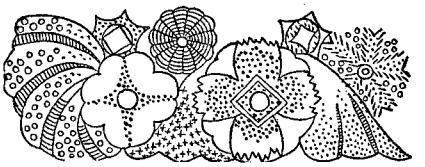
THE FAERIE QUEENE CLUB

The Reverend Doctor Hooper R. Goodwin, Rector of Trinity Church, Tilton, N. H., joins the club with the following original contribution:

Long since my mind th' ambition hath conceived,
Sir, in your Faery Queene Club to enroll;
But dull 'Twould be, and tiresome, I believed,
To read of Spenser's famous work the whole.
And yet for yeares I longed to reach the goal
And see my name on SCRIBNER'S page ywrit.
At last I did resolve: "Now, by my soul,
This summer I will find the time to sit
In patience many an hour, and read the whole of it.

So from the shelf I got the volume down
And blew from it the dust of many a yeare.
With heavie sigh and eke with inward frowne
I prayed the gods for grace to persevere
Until that I should reach the utmost meare
And be enrolled on your illustrious list.
I read the opening lines with little cheer,
But plodded on; and very soon I wist
How much of beauty heedlessly I long had missed.

I read a score of pages; and my mind
Was in a web of loveliness ycaught.
A willing prey within its mesh entwined
I found myself, and yet no rescue sought.
Now Amoret I've learned to love; and naught
But admiration have for Britomart.
I've thrilled at tales of battle fierce and hot . . .
So now for luring me this work to start
To read, my thanks to you, dear sir, I do impart.



Mrs. Elizabeth Case, who writes a column on "Literary Topics" in *The Hartford Courant,* commenting on Mr. O. O. McIntyre's statement that the roughest, most disagreeable sounding of all words is "ornery," votes herself for "gubernatorial." That is indeed a woolly and dreadful mouthful.

With reference to my remarks on science and religion in the September SCRIBNER'S and also to a statement I made that the most beautiful and lofty edifices (like cathedrals) have their foundations deep in the dirt, Mr. Arthur J. Carr, an undergraduate at the University of Michigan, sends me a quotation (unfamiliar to me) from *La Nouvelle Idole* by François de Curel.

The play deals with the conflict between science and religion as the two forces converge in the life of a French medical scientist.

The doctor, who has been speaking for some time, continues: "Trouvez-vous que sans Dieu l'énigme du monde soit simplifiée? Moi, pas. Et alors le problème vient m'assaillir de tant de manières! Ainsi, au mois de mai dernier, pendant le séjour que j'ai fait dans ma propriété du Dauphiné, j'allais souvent m'asseoir au bord d'un étang ordinairement couvert de superbes nénuphars blancs. Cette année, à cause de la fonte des neiges qui a été tardive, le niveau

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d'eau est resté longtemps très élevé et les nénuphars, dont la tige est rélativement courte et que ne poussent que sur les bas-fonds, ne parvenaient pas à percer. On voyait, sous une mince couche d'eau, des centaines de boutons à couture blanche, pareils à de petites têtes au bout de longs cous tendus, oh! mais tendus à se rompre! Tous les jours les tiges s'allongeaient, mais s'effilaient en même temps. Je voyais mes plantes à la limite de l'effort. Leur désir de vivre avait quelque chose d'héroïque. Je disais au soleil que les attirait: 'Soleil, triompheras-tu?' Et puis je voyais l'eau que ne diminuait pas assez vite et je tremblais: 'Ils n'arriveront pas! Demain, je les verrai morts sur la vase.' A la fin, le soleil a triomphé. Avant mon départ, toutes les belles fleurs de cire s'étalaient sur l'eau. Voyez-vous, mon petit, devant celà, je n'ai pu me défendre de réfléchir. Vous, moi, tous les chercheurs, nous sommes de petites têtes noyées sous un lac d'ignorance et nous tendons le cou avec une touchante unanimité vers une lumière passionément voulue. Sous quel soleil s'épanouiront nos intelligences lorsqu'elles arriveront au jour? . . . Il faut qu'il y ait un soleil!"

Some one thereupon protested that science, art, philosophy, was each man's sun. And the doctor replied, "Mes petites têtes de nénuphars visaient toutes le même astre."

Here is an interesting showboat-Mark Twain letter from two brothers, both professors of English, J. R. Schultz and W. E. Schultz. It is written from Canton, Mo.:

A few nights ago we attended an old-fashioned showboat—the former *Columbia,* now re-christened, in the spirit of the times, the *Hollywood.* (The catfish probably laugh at this attempt to modernize.) The play was a masterpiece of sentimentality and melodrama, presented by a company of eight. It was a mixture of all the ingredients—plots, scenes, characters, pathos, and humor—in the history of the English stage. You should have sat with us while the pale young heroine gushed and trembled and the villain wound up his mustache. Between the acts the usual vaudeville program was perpetrated. Have you ever, in addition to your unchallenged experience with drama, visited this great American institution—the floating theatre?

The following week we drove to Florida, in Monroe County, to see the Mark Twain birthplace and the new state park that has been built around it. After that we went to Hannibal to explore the cave, which was larger than we had expected and quite interesting. (After teaching Mark Twain for years, and, what is worse, living near these places for years, two English pedagogues put the genuine background behind the picture!) The guide at the cave insisted on refreshing our minds with bits of the story of Tom Sawyer. We were very innocent—had not heard of the book—and learned a lot.

Knowing my delight in puns, a former Yale pupil of mine, now Professor of Greek at the University of Vermont, Samuel E. Bassett, writes:

"Thana tops his" reminded me that Greek words are full of hidden meanings. I was asked what was the specialty of a most conceited zoologist (he is interested in fishes). I said: "Ich-theology."

In reviewing a book on cryptograms in Homer I became interested in such things for the moment, with surprising results. Iliad VI, 417, σεβάσσατο (σεβασσετο Homer doubtless said) γάρ τό γε θυμῳ ("a scruple kept him from that"). Said I, if Homer immortalized a piker like Σ· Ε· Βασσετ, he must have mentioned the great Homerist John Scott (whose *Luke* you warmly commended). Sure enough, Iliad VI, 24, σκότιον δέ ἐ γείνατο μήτηρ ("out of wedlock his mother bore him"). The spelling is a bit archaic, but there it is, Σκοτ Ιον.

Professor Waldo H. Dunn of Wooster College, Ohio (now at Scripps College, California), was in New Zealand last year, doing special research in the great library. He came across this New Zealand poem, which, if it were or were not widely known at the time of its publication, deserves renewed recognition.

I did a great operation
—Ether prevented pain—
So I took a man's intestines
And grafted them to his brain.
All was consummate, expert;
Each stitch a triumph of Art;
The technique a surgical marvel,
Perfect in every part.
But this was the flaw in the picture:
He suffered till he was dead
With meditative bowels
And flatulence in the head.
Yet in the time's full ripeness
We climbed to the height of fame:
I was the land's chief surgeon;
He Premier of the same.

Alfred Clark, "My Erratic Pal," London, John Lane, 1918.

A curious effect of the repeal of prohibition is seen in the report in a Michigan newspaper of a lecture I recently delivered. The newspaper readers were informed that amongst the new novels I especially praised *So Red the Nose.*

MORTALITY

By Joanna Arany

He had strained at the plow like an ox,
And the furrow ran true, and dark and deep.
He had planted the acres all alone,
Knowing the harvest was not his to reap.
Mighty the man was. Weaponless, unstaffed,
In a count of five he tamed a goaded bull, and laughed.
A very mountain in endurance, and incredibly strong,
We thought him ageless and untakable by death. But long
Before his time, he heard no sound to call him from a sleep,
And slept. They put him in a box,
Muscle and sinew, heart and bone,
And buried him. Eternal mountains stand, the star-throng
Abide, the earth stirs, and rivers creep.
The gods this strong man prayed to were of stone.
As strength goes, strong as these eternal things,
He hears no sound to call him from his sleep.

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Brain-Testers III

How many of these questions can you answer?

THE following questions, the third group in a series, are taken from the College Achievement Test and were used in the as yet unpublished educational study made in Pennsylvania under the direction of the Carnegie Foundation. They are published by permission of the Co-operative Test Service. Articles by John R. Tunis on the Pennsylvania Study appeared in the September and November numbers of the Magazine.

We shall again be glad to furnish reprints, in limited numbers for use by a small group, upon request accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope. As we go to press, the supply of reprints of the first two sets of questions is exhausted. We ask the indulgence of our readers. More will be forthcoming. Address requests to The Editors, Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Answers on advertising page 49.

Indicate which of the numbered phrases in the left-hand column below best applies to each of the phrases in the right-hand column. Do this by placing the appropriate number in the parenthesis to the right of the phrase.

1. 1. Debussy
   2. Elgar
   3. Holst
   4. Honegger
   5. MacDowell
   6. Ravel
   7. Scriabin
   8. Stravinsky

   Enigma Variations ( )
   La Valse ( )
   Pacific 231 ( )
   The Divine Poem ( )
   The Rites of Spring ( )

2. 1. Max Beerbohm
   2. George Jean Nathan
   3. Chaplain de Stagumber
   4. Joseph Conrad
   5. Carol Kennicott
   6. Theodore Dreiser
   7. Ellen Olenska
   8. Joseph Hergesheimer

   The Nigger of the Narcissus ( )
   Main Street ( )
   The Age of Innocence ( )
   Enoch Soames ( )
   The Three Black Pennies ( )

3. 1. Harry Emerson Fosdick
   2. J. G. Machen
   3. Walter Rauschenbusch
   4. Bishop Gore
   5. Felix Adler
   6. W. R. Inge
   7. A. Loisy
   8. Mary B. Eddy

   Protestant Fundamentalism ( )
   Catholic Modernism ( )
   Anglo-Catholicism ( )
   Ethical Culture ( )
   Christian Science ( )

4. 1. Becquerel
   2. Planck
   3. Lorentz
   4. Larmor
   5. Mayer
   6. Minkowski
   7. Joule
   8. Hamilton

   Electronic theory of matter ( )
   Theory of relativity ( )
   World lines ( )
   Quaternions ( )
   Quantum theory ( )

5. 1. Gerrymandering
   2. Log-rolling
   3. Pork barrel
   4. Lobbying
   5. Franking
   6. Strike bill
   7. Spoils system
   8. Espionage

   Influencing legislation by appealing directly to members of legislative bodies ( )
   A term applied to appropriations (made by law) to be spent in a Congressman's home district ( )
   Appointing persons to public office in return for party service ( )
   The drawing of district boundaries in the interest of the party in power ( )
   A custom under which one legislator supports bills proposed by another in return for like support from him ( )

6. 1. Erasmus
   2. Vondel
   3. Tegner
   4. Holberg
   5. Strindberg
   6. Lägerlof
   7. Bjornson
   8. Ibsen

   The Master Builder ( )
   Dream Play ( )
   Gosta Berling's Saga ( )
   Lucifer ( )
   The Gauntlet ( )
   Colloquies ( )
   Frithiof's Saga ( )
   Ghosts ( )

7. 1. Pennsylvania
   2. Massachusetts
   3. New York
   4. Virginia
   5. Georgia
   6. Delaware

   Patroon system ( )
   Cod fishing ( )
   Tobacco ( )
   College of William and Mary ( )
   Largest number of German settlers ( )
   Last colony to be established ( )
   Rum manufacture ( )
   Complete religious toleration ( )
   First permanent English settlement ( )

In the following questions, indicate which of the several responses best completes the given statement. Do this by placing the number of the preferred response in the parenthesis to the right of the statement.

8. Nirvana is an ideal striven for in
   1. Buddhism. 2. Sikhism. 3. Mohammedanism. 4 Theosophy. ( )

9. Pointillisme
   1. meticulous fidelity to nature. 2. the effort to geometrize painting. 3. the repetition, many times over, of a simple plastic design within the frame of a picture. 4. the juxtaposition of spots of pure color. ( )

10. Richard Strauss's instrumental compositions are distinguished for
    1. their slight dependence on the wood-winds and brasses. 2. their reversion to the ideals of abstract music. 3. their structural magnificence. 4. their simple flowing rhythms ( )

11. Schopenhauer believed the essence of nature was
    1. a striving without rest or respite. 2. a dialectic process. 3. a malevolent force. 4. the Will to Power. ( )

12. "To see a world in a grain of sand,
    And a heaven in a wild flower;
    Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
    And eternity in an hour"
    was written by
    1. John Donne. 2. William Blake. 3. Swinburne. 4. Longfellow. ( )

13. Paul's doctrine of the first and second man applies to
    1. the body and the spirit. 2. Moses and David. 3. Jesus and the Christ. 4. David and Jesus. ( )

In the following, if the statement is true, place a plus sign in the parenthesis (+); if false, a zero (O).

14. Though clashes between Hindus and Moslems are still reported in India, the common hatred of the English has effectually drawn together the vast masses of Hindus and Moslems. ( )

15. *Le Sacre du Printemps* includes many changes of rhythm. ( )

16. Cubist pictures in general appear flat rather than three-dimensional. ( )

17. Nietzsche was an enthusiastic supporter of Prussian militarism. ( )

18. To Rousseau direct contact with physical nature constitutes the most important kind of education. ( )

19. The Federal Government, according to the Constitution, possesses only the powers specifically delegated to it by the Constitution. ( )

20. It is conventional to introduce Protestant clergymen as "The Reverend Mr. Smith," rather than as "Mr. Smith." ( )

21. Anti-social traits are sometimes socially created. ( )

22. The Fascist theory of the corporative state is a reactionary protest against syndicalistic ideas. ( )

23. Prior to the Civil War the Southern States had been gradually losing their control of the Federal Government. ( )

24. Psychologists are agreed that images are necessary for thinking. ( )

25. The planet Jupiter has no satellites. ( )

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One day in the life of a Visiting Nurse

Just one incident in the busy day of a Visiting Nurse—Dressing an injured foot to guard against infection.

SHE is but one of about 16,000 women whose days are too short to do all they are asked to do and indeed eager to do, in accordance with the doctor's orders, for those who need their skillful and sympathetic care and direction in hygiene.

Looking for no praise, this Visiting Nurse turned in her report for a single day. From early morning until late afternoon every minute was occupied. But there was no place in her record for her own energy, tact, courage and resourcefulness, or for fatigue, climbing dark stairs, constant drain on sympathy for acute suffering or lost hope.

Her appointments, which averaged about an hour each, began with a call on Mrs. Schmidt — an enema for intestinal disturbance, as ordered by doctor. Then Tim Kelly—lobar pneumonia. Next, Mrs. Jacobs and new baby. John Hopkins—infected leg. Audrey Cohen next—under doctor's orders, gave insulin injection for diabetes. Mrs. Marziotti—prenatal care. Mr. Simmons—a chronic invalid: paralysis. Finally, Lucy Carleton—diphtheria: assisted the doctor in immunizing the other children; arranged home for communicable disease isolation.

The Visiting Nurse Service is one of America's distinguished contributions to the health movement of the world and has been adopted in other countries. Here it is supported by patients whose payments are supplemented by those of organizations that recognize the vast importance of this work which includes education in health. The Visiting Nurse whole-heartedly extends to each patient the benefit of her expert training.

The wage-earner who cannot stay at home when there is illness in the family, but who can afford the part-time service of a Visiting Nurse, goes to work with a lighter heart knowing that she will call at a definite time to do what is required. When possible the Visiting Nurse teaches some member of the family how to give bedside care before she hurries on to her next patient.

Through your telephone book or your doctor, you can find out whether or not there is a Visiting Nurse Service in your neighborhood. These trained graduate nurses are on call in more than 6,000 cities and towns in the United States. The bedside care given by them may help turn a serious illness to full recovery of health and strength.

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If I Should Ever Travel

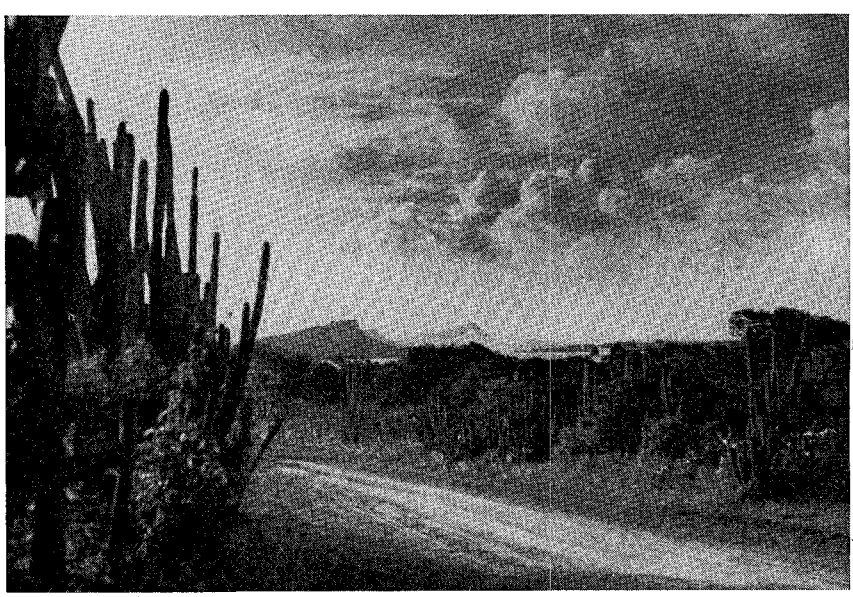
By Katherine Gauss Jackson

● Christmas Cruises. . . . Gifts for Travellers. . . . Mexico and how to get there. . . . Austria and Switzerland offer winter sports and reduced railroad rates. . . . The record-breaking streamline train thrills a continent.

If I were a real travel-talker, I suppose I should start right out explaining that Christmas, of all times of the year, is the season for getting up and going. Personally the home hearthstone looks just about right to me at Christmas, so if to mine own self I'm to be true, I can't talk travel. But I am enough of a realist to see, looking over the possibilities, that if you're the going kind—and why not—you're nothing short of mad to stay at home over the holidays.

POPOCATEPETL FROM A LITTLE VILLAGE IN THE VALLEY OF MEXICO

For instance. You can leave on a West Indies Cruise on December 21, touch at Nassau, Kingston and Havana, and arrive back in New York at noon on January 2—all for $145. This on a boat of one of the large Atlantic lines. Or, if you prefer, you can sail from New York at 5 o'clock on December 22 and not be heard of again till you return, healthier, happier and very little poorer, on January 4. You mustn't ask where the boat stops. If you wish to be understood, you must say, "And what, please, are the ports of call?" They are Kingston, Cristobal, Havana, and Nassau. The minimum rate is $155, and this is also on one of the boats of a trans-Atlantic line. Or, if it suits your plans better, sail on December 19, pay $155, call at La Guaira, Curacao, Cartagena, Colon, and Nassau and return January 2. It's just as if the lines had all got together and planned their cruises to suit everybody's schedule and everybody's pocketbook. They've even thought of people who want to stay at home for Christmas. Rates begin at $65 for a cruise on an ocean liner to Nassau, leaving New York December 26, after the last stocking has been opened.



ALONG THE ROAD TO WILLEMSTAD IN CURACAO *Courtesy Hamburg American Line*

Going Away Giving

Except for those rare occasions on which I myself am the lucky one to be setting sail, it has always seemed a little unfair to me that the person who is going away, having all the fun, should in addition be showered with gifts, and by those very ones whose lot is to remain at home and grieve. If your Christmas list includes a lady who plans a cruise, Bonwit Teller, Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, has several bright suggestions for combination Christmas and bon voyage giving. Small gold identification bracelets may be ordered in their jewelry department, allowing a little time for name and address to be engraved. Spacious handbags with many zipper compartments and a special compartment for passport will help the regular pocketbook to avoid that overstuffed look. There are beautifully tailored dark silk pajamas with dressing gowns to match which are particularly good in navy blue. A hand-quilted moiré handkerchief case, in any color, costs a dollar. For the not-up-to-par days, or for cabin entertaining you might offer attractive bed-jackets to your departing friends. Compact little travelling bags with all necessary cosmetics, charming small sequin and brocaded evening bags that go with all evening dresses, and fabric and suede gloves that may be laundered over night, are other ideas.

Mexico

It seems absurd after all that Stuart Chase and others have written about Mexico in the last few years, that the first things that come to mind still,

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when we hear it mentioned, should be Aztecs, revolution, and bandits set up vaguely against a brilliant semi-tropical background. So much may childhood impressions condition our future thinking. If any such impressions persist in your own mind all you need do is to read Grace Flandrau's article on page 350. Then what you will want to know is rates. An all-rail round trip to Mexico, via Chicago and St. Louis; St. Louis direct; New Orleans; or any of the four Texas border gateways—Laredo, El Paso, Eagle Pass or Brownsville—costs $116.80 for a twenty-five day limit ticket. Pullman is about $50 extra, round trip. A six-month limit ticket costs $150.10. Don't forget the ten cents. Or, a thirty-day round trip ticket on the Rail-Water Circuit costs $141.20.

If you prefer, for $220 you can make a twelve-day tour, all expenses except meals on trains, and for $225 a rail-water circle tour of fifteen days. Rail-water means, of course, one way by boat, one way by rail. These tours include rail transportation, Pullman, room with private bath in Mexico City, four sightseeing trips, all meals except on trains, first class steamer accommodations. And Mexico into the bargain. Mexico at its best in December.

Winter Sports

Apparently the trip from Paris to Vienna on the Arlberg Orient Express —the very name is glamourous—is just one ski-jump after another. Innsbruck, Salzburg, Kitzbuehel. And Obergurgl in Tyrol with a magnificent ski-jump is only a few hours by auto-bus from the main line of the railway. Moreover, if you choose to winter in Vienna among the art galleries, universities, riding schools, operas and coffee houses, even then it appears to be but waltzing

(*Continued on page 40*)

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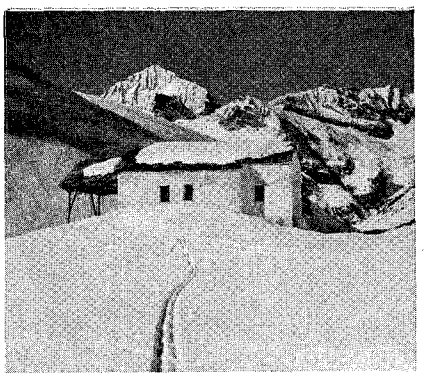

Courtesy Swiss Federal Railroads

THE SOLITARY CHAPEL ON THE SCHWARZSEE ABOVE ZERMATT, SWITZERLAND

(Continued from page 39)

distance to the finest skating rinks in the world, right in the heart of the city, and only a little farther to the skiing in the Vienna woods. (Does the name start you whistling?) Incidentally the Austrian Railways offer 30 per cent reduction to all foreigners who spend at least seven consecutive days in Austria.

You may be one of those to whom winter sports mean one thing and one thing only: Switzerland and the Swiss Alps, or more particularly St. Moritz. I confess I lean that way. I who have never come nearer a ski-jump than a slight slope in Northampton, Mass., with which I became very intimate one wintry afternoon on and off my roommate's skiis. Still Switzerland is a tradition. The Swiss Federal Railroads also offer a 30 per cent reduction to those who stay at least seven days in Switzerland. Switzerland—Austria—you can't go wrong.

The New Streamlined Train

I couldn't get down to the Grand Central the day the train came in after its record run across the country to make use of my handsome press pass. So the next morning with my pass and my pride in my pocket I stood in line with hundreds of thousands of others—so it seemed to me anyway—and I wouldn't have missed it for anything. Seeing the people was as exciting as seeing the train, and that's saying a lot. The middle of a Friday morning, mind you, and mobs and mobs of people eager to ring out the old and ring in the new. Old men, young men, fathers and children, pretty girls, elderly ladies—in ones and twos and parties. I was behind two very important, graying gentlemen of the prosperous-looking type whom I term big-business men. They were commenting back and forth, how accurately I'm not at all sure. Looking at the shining smooth lines of the train, contrasting buff and yellow separated with a narrow red line,

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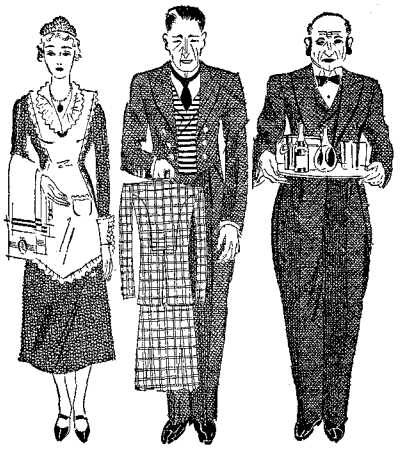

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"H'm," they informed the world, "Duco finish." We passed the open door of the engine room. "Turbine-driven apparently." "Apparently," I longed to add. (They *were* wrong there.) Why do overheard conversations always sound ridiculous to any one who isn't in them? As we passed through the narrow cars, ducking our heads here and there for a low door, I had the exciting feeling of being in a plane, and realized that streamlining means saving space. Yet every comfort and convenience, compartments that can be made private, mirrors and wash-bowls in every berth, upper and lower. I was impressed, thoroughly, but I longed for some voice to echo my own unreasonable "It's awfully fine, but don't you hate to have the old—" Not a voice. I saw one eager father carrying a small boy, too young to walk, down that long ramp while we waited in line. And I thought, "There's a lad whose vocabulary will never include 'choo-choo' except as an anachronism. Who'll never stand in awe and wonder while a great black monster goes thundering through some little station, taking away his hat and his breath and firing his imagination with noisy winds from places he has never seen." These streamlined gasoline engines with their hidden wheels are good things, of course, but what's to become of a generation which never in its youth felt the immensity of the world while, small and lonely, it watched those black and giant wheels go round?

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Phonograph Records

By Richard Gilbert

● A month of classics. . . . Artur Schnabel temporarily deserts Beethoven to record Mozart concerto. . . . Beethoven and Brahms chamber works played by Busch quartet. . . . Minneapolis Orchestra resurrects Rachmaninoff symphony. . . . Dance Music reviewed by Douglas E. Stuart.

Artur Schnabel has interrupted his ambitious program of recording the entire collection of thirty-two piano sonatas of Beethoven with a happy excursion into the copious concerti literature of Mozart. The outstanding proponent of Beethoven's keyboard works of our day, Schnabel, as this new engravure generously attests, is equally familiar with the creations of the master of Salzburg. From the rich collection of twenty-seven piano concerti, he has selected the cheerful one in B-flat major (*K595*) which has the distinction of being the last work of its type written by the composer; and which, by its sunny and trusting nature, belies its date—the year (1791) that saw the ill, impecunious and overworked musician in his grave.

Both Schnabel and the recorders have lavished upon this concerto the highest degree of artistic and technical treatment imaginable. The magnificent pianism distinguishing his other records is in effect here. Schnabel plays with deep sentiment and nobility; but the charm of his sentiment lies wholly in the manner in which it is bound to the nobility of Mozart's limpid music. Indescribably clear technic and feeling pervade every measure of the music. The consummate skill with which the concerto's themes, tender or spritely, are shaped; the subtle gradations of tone which envelop the music with a continuously shifting iridescence; and the highly intellectual building of pattern upon pattern—these are the psychic and technical characteristics of a great interpretive art. . . . The tone of the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by John Barbirolli, is notably opulent, its portion of the music paced with precision. . . . The different orchestral choirs reproduce faithfully, as does also the solo instrument, and a fine balance between the two is maintained throughout. (Victor album No. M240 is my first suggestion for a Christmas gift for any music lover.

It is honestly necessary to stamp the Busch String Quartet's playing of the Beethoven *op. 59, No. 3* work with complete approbation. This ensemble, led by the violinist, Adolf Busch, give as fine a performance of this energetic work, which completes the Rasoumofsky group, as could be desired. Moreover, the recording is easily the finest ever given a string quartet. The mysterious introduction, with its delicate and questioning pianissimi and broad, sturdy fortes, boldly contrasted, proposed particular problems of dynamics to the recorders, all of which have been surmounted admirably. Every note is perfect. For the benefit of those who must have a label, this C major quartet has sometimes been called the "Eroica" by reason of its analogy to the third symphony of Beehoven. This set (Victor album No. M171) should not be overlooked by chamber music devotees.

Brahms' *Quartet in C minor, op. 51, No. 1,* played by the Busch Quartet, also appears in this month's broadside. As music it is a considerable let-down after the Beethoven piece. The playing, however, equals the standard set in the greater work, and the performers are to be commended for their avoidance of sentimentality, a quality too easily indulged in with Brahms. The thicker texture here has been more difficult to record (Victor album No. M227).

Among orchestral recordings will be found a new Weingartner version of Beethoven's *Symphony No. 4 in B flat, op. 60,* played by the London Philharmonic Orchestra (Columbia set No. 197). Of slighter dimensions and import than the "Eroica," which preceded it, or the "Fifth," this spontaneous and romantic symphony should make a pleasurable substitute for the more popular ones heard incessantly. Weingartner's reading is polished and the recording is almost brilliant.

Bach is represented by two splendid reproductions. The violin *Concerto in E Major* is played by that irrepressible phenomenon, Yehudi Menuhin. The pedestal is furnished by the strings of the Paris Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Georges Enesco, Roumania's contribution to the list of Menuhin's mentors. All is well with the solo part, but I find the Gallic strings a trifle dry, occasionally grating (Victor set No. M221). . . . The other recording is of the *Brandenburg Concerto No. 3* of which, in common with its five fellows, I can never hear too much. Alfred Cortot's Ecole Normale Orchestra of Paris has made all six; the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth are now available in domestic pressings. Many thanks, I feel, are still due the enthusiastic Margrave of Brandenburg for instigating the series. Bach's duties as cantor precluded the composition of much strictly secular music, and the Cöthen period, at which time the Margrave extended his invitation, was productive of most of Bach's purely instrumental works. The Brandenburg concerti, with four overtures or suites, constitute all that is left to us of Bach's works for orchestra alone. Perhaps the finest of the set, No. 3, for strings alone, is diligently projected by Cortot (Victor Nos. 4225 and 4226). Another gift suggestion.

The Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra continues its series of discs, under the direction of Eugene Ormandy, with a recording of Rachmaninoff's *Symphony No. 2 in E minor,* the second engravure of this music to be made in America (The Cleveland Orchestra, Brunswick, 1928). I wonder where else Rachmaninoff's turgid and ponderous work is heard today? A glamorous name, people who have never heard him play the piano have an almost religious respect for the composer of the *Prelude in C-sharp minor.* There can be no question regarding the sincerity of this 1908 composition, its elaborate but academic planning, and its worthiness to rank with a large number of other prize-winning symphonies. Too redundant scoring, complex counterpoint, and effusive alliteration—all at

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* *Or, if you prefer, to the local Salvation Army Center. Gifts may be designated for any specific purpose or district.*

the expense of simplified order, generative design and economy of means. If you must have this introspective work, Ormandy sets it out audaciously, and the recording is up to "Higher Fidelity" standards (Victor album No. M239).

Anatol Liadow has been bracketed sometimes with Rachmaninoff as representing the "Moscow School" of Russian composers, a group more or less opposed to the nationalistic bourgeonings of Rimsky-Korsakow, Moussorgsky and other members of the famous Russian "Five." Liadow's *Eight Russian Folk Dances,* recorded by Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra (Victor Nos. 8491 and 1681), does not justify that association. Here Liadow manages to achieve, with vigorous simplicity and happy economy, many of the felicities that distinguished the composer of *Scheherazade.* This set will be splendid for the children. Not only because of the suggestive titles attached to the individual numbers, but for the excellent opportunities it affords by the scoring for becoming familiar with the different timbres of the orchestra. The registration is exceedingly clear; the solo parts as well as the ensemble work stand out vividly.

Further gift suggestions: For the pianist—Vladimir Horowitz's crisp publication of Haydn's *Sonata No. 1 in E flat* (Victor Nos. 8489 and 8490). . . . Most keyboard amateurs will respond heartily to such an inexpensive but rewarding item as Daquin's *Le Coucou* and *Bourée d'Auvergne* (traditional French) played by that unforgettable high priestess of the harpsichord, Wanda Landowska (Victor No. 1423).

DANCING ON THE RECORDS

By Douglas E. Stuart

Modern dance music can no more properly be called jazz than an automobile can be called a horseless carriage. When the jazz age was in full and noisy blast, for example, the drummer who could tap on a wood-block with the speed and musical effect of a telegraph operator going crazy on a key was pretty much of an ace musician in the dance world. And a clarinet player who would stand up in front of his band and with a certain amount of finesse and a great amount of bad notes, screech out his interpretation of a "Hot chorous" was the toast of a Charlestoning, Black Bottoming United States.

Now we find the drummers sitting disconsolately in the background, doing

Two outstanding NEW VICTOR RECORDINGS

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BEETHOVEN'S NINTH SYMPHONY BY STOKOWSKI
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Eugene Ormandy and Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra play this superb masterpiece...as the second outstanding work in a series of new Higher Fidelity Victor Recordings. This is a musical masterpiece you must own. Its composition—by the great Russian, Rachmaninoff—is of such outstanding melodic beauty it appeals instantly and permanently to every music lover.

In this new Victor Higher Fidelity Recording (one of a very important series) the Second Symphony is a beautiful work, superbly directed by Eugene Ormandy . . . and realistically recorded, as only Victor can!

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- During the past 12 months 316,366 passengers were carried away from the Wanamaker Store by the Fifth Avenue buses. A survey made by the Fifth Avenue Coach Company a few years ago, when the coaches were carrying only 46,000,000 passengers, showed that based on a month's tabulations the buses delivered to the following stores the number of passengers listed:

Wanamaker's	284,294 *passengers a year*
Lord & Taylor's	378,000 *passengers a year*
Altman's	423,000 *passengers a year*
McCreery's Fifth Avenue Entrance	233,400 *passengers a year*
Best & Co.	184,500 *passengers a year*
Franklin Simon & Co.	134,700 *passengers a year*

- To sell your merchandise you must advertise to people with the money to purchase it. Bus passengers have money. They are discriminating. They pay a ten cent fare for a comfortable, seated ride when they could reach any destination reached by the Fifth Avenue buses for five cents by subway, elevated or surface car.

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their best to read music instead of banging out their own rhythmic whims. We find the clarinet players trying to make their notes sound as little like a pig stuck under a gate as possible.

Yet with all the changes for the better since then, the Golden Age of Cacophony, the Every Man for Himself Era tended to develop far better soloists than are turned out now. Trumpet players like the man named, believe it or not, Bix Beiderbecke, saxophone soloists like Jimmie Dorsey do not develop in these days when dance orchestras are well-drilled units rather than groups of exceptionally good or unfortunately bad individuals.

This change in dance music and the way in which it is presented is especially apparent in phonograph records. Back in the early twenties it took about three component parts to make up the average recording: a simple chord sequence for the music; something like "The Web-Foot Wobble" for a name; and six or seven men all blowing at once to put it over.

But now the Victor and Brunswick companies, for instance, get about two hundred new tunes a month. Out of these they pick the best thirty. Then they assign them to various bands that are best adapted to put them over. The slower, smoother numbers go to the "society" bands, in which violins and piano are featured; the more rhythmic tunes to bands where there is much brass in the line-up. The pieces are then arranged specially for the orchestra and are rehearsed till every note is in its proper place, after which the record is made.

Now to consider some of the bands that are making these records. Eddie Duchin, famous for his rippling piano choruses played by himself, is Victor's pride and joy. His band has a commendable habit of getting the latest pieces out first well, if not ornately, presented.

Then there is Rudy Vallee, in case you still like Yale-in-Music. He has a nice, well-mannered band, and he always works in one of his catarrhal vocals which we have come to know so—and I think too—well. He records for Victor.

Richard Himber with his harp does very well where he can use his violins and clarinets to good effect. His is a "society" band. Incidentally, if you like soloists, try Paul Whiteman's records.

With Brunswick we find Hal Kemp and his band full of University of North Carolina graduates as the big seller. His records are all clean-cut af-

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fairs with fine vocals every now and again by his drummer, Skinny Ennis. Kemp's rapid-fire brass figures are notable.

Freddie Martin's "society" outfit has some nice three-fiddle choruses, but I think Duchin is quite a bit better as far as that type of band goes. Ozzie Nelson, loyal son of Rutgers, is just the opposite of these two. His band features rhythmic numbers and puts them over with good arranging and fine brass work.

In case you think that seventy-five cents is too big a proportion of your income to spend on the discs, the Decca Company will offer you a fine collection of bands for thirty-five cents a recording. For instance, Guy Lombardo, of the Royal Canadian Lombardoes, is having his band sob into Decca's microphones. Isham Jones is also with Decca, and his band seems to be getting back that full, melodious richness of tone that so distinguished it two years ago.

Glen Grey, to you, Spike Knoblauch, to his family, and his Casa Loma Orchestra have set up in Decca's studio and are turning out their specialties—old favorites with super-swell arrangements. And Mr. Walter Gerhart "Pee-Wee" Hunt, of Mt. Healthy, Ohio, and his friend, Mr. Kenneth Sargent, take turns doing the vocals. For rhythm, buy Casa Loma.

The only drawback to Decca is that, owing to the necessary cutting of production expenses, the recordings lack some of the richness and depth of tone that are found on the higher priced records. But you cannot go wrong for thirty-five cents, and Decca is putting on some of the best bands.

And with that we shall leave American recordings. But if you can get hold of any of Victor's English records by Ray Noble and his band, buy them. Before he went to Hollywood, Noble had a big band composed of men selected from all the best bands around London and especially chosen for their recording ability. His arrangements took hours to learn; but the results were worth it for his records are, it seems to me, the most outstanding in musical technic, precision, and beauty.

Now, for some of the records:

VICTOR: Duchin—"Flirtation Walk"; Vallee—"The Drunkard Song"; Himber—"Tea for Two"; Whiteman—"Here Come the British."

BRUNSWICK: Kemp—"Irresistible"; Martin—"What a Difference a Day Made"; Nelson—"If I Had a Million Dollars."

DECCA: Lombardo—"I Saw Stars"; Jones—"Don't Let It Happen Again"; Grey—"Nagasaki."

*December

The American Mercury

THE NEW DEAL VS. RECOVERY
by Benjamin Stolberg & Warren Jay Vinton

ATTORNEY-GENERAL CUMMINGS
by Hugh Russell Fraser

Pan-Americanism: Myth and Failure	*Robert Hammond Murray*
Stupidities of the Military	*H. A. De Weerd*
The New Deal Woos the Army	*Samuel Grafton*
The Hindenburg Myth	*S. Miles Bouton*
Gone Native	*John Collier*
The Child Labor Disgrace	*Anthony M. Turano*
The Saar Plebiscite	*M. W. Fodor*
Singers Are Dumber than Fiddlers	*Bernard Preston*
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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF MARCH 3, 1933,
of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for Oct. 1st, 1934

State of NEW YORK, County of NEW YORK

Before me, a NOTARY PUBLIC in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared CARROLL B. MERRITT, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the BUSINESS MANAGER of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

PUBLISHER: Charles Scribner's Sons, 597 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

EDITOR: None

MANAGING EDITOR: Alfred S. Dashiell, 597 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

BUSINESS MANAGER: Carroll B. Merritt, 597 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of the total amount of stock.)

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: . . . . None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

CARROLL B. MERRITT, *Business Manager.*

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of Sept., 1934
Percival A. Bedford, Notary Public, Queens County
(SEAL.) Clerk's No. 90, Register's No. 4191
Certificate filed in N. Y. Co., N. Y. County Clerk's No. 8, Register's No. 5B3.
Commission expires March 30, 1935.

Behind the Scenes

WITH SCRIBNER AUTHORS

In 1922 **Henry A. Wallace** predicted a crash in this country when American loans to Europe stopped, unless the United States cut the tariff or reduced production of exportable surpluses. His own experience as an experimental worker in the field of production in Iowa where he was born, and where he still owns and supervises a farm, and his wide knowledge of history and of post-war conditons in the past, enabled him to see into the future with surprising accuracy. His grandfather, Henry Wallace, founded the magazine *Wallace's Farmer* in 1895. His father became editor in 1916 and in 1921 the present Henry Wallace became editor. He published in 1920 *Agricultural Prices,* in 1924 a scientific bulletin, *Correlation and Machine Calculation,* and he is also the author of a text-book, *Corn and Corn Growing.* His two recent books, *Statesmanship and Religion* and *New Frontiers,* present, against a convincing background of history and economics, his own deep conviction that "We Are More Than Economic Men."

Dean **Bernard Iddings Bell** is Canon of St. John's Cathedral in Providence. He is well known as a leader of college thought and is slated to preach in twenty-one colleges this year. In addition, he is to give the Lyman Coleman Lectures at Lafayette in January on "A Preface to Christianity," which will be published as a book in April. At one time Dean Bell was a mechanistic agnostic and worked his way, by reason, into becoming an Anglo-Catholic.

Henry Pringle decided upon a journalistic career while still at Cornell, where he graduated in 1920. He became a reporter for *The New York Sun,* then *The Globe,* and in 1925 joined the staff of *The World,* where he stayed till 1927. Since then he has given his time to books, magazine articles, and editing. His books include *Alfred E. Smith, a Critical Study, Big Frogs,* and *Theodore Roosevelt, a Biography,* which won the Pulitzer Prize for the best biography in 1931.

Struthers Burt was born in Baltimore, brought up in Philadelphia, and is a citizen of Wyoming. He started his writing career at fifteen as the youngest regular reporter in Philadelphia. At twenty-four he homesteaded and desert-claimed with another man and thus started his four ranches near Jackson's Hole, Wyoming, where he spends his summers. He is now president of the Bar BC Ranches, Inc. In the winter he lives in Southern Pines. He has a son who is a talented musician, studying in New York, and a daughter, who is studying to become an actress. His latest book is *Entertaining the Islanders.*

The author of "Our Unconquered Frontier," **John A. Piquet,** was originally in Chamber of Commerce work in many cities, and then wrote a long series of articles on the migration of industry and population. These activities took him into almost every part of the United States. He observed so many half-deserted sections and so much returning wilderness that he investigated further, and now discusses his findings.

Sara Haardt Mencken is at present at work on a novel. Between times she keeps house, covers the junk shops for Victoriana, which she collects, and otherwise entertains herself with small talk, her favorite authors, and an occasional journey to foreign parts.

In "My Children Face a Changing World," **Narcissa Street** presents her slant on a problem that confronts every family with children today. The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Vanderlip, she had a conventional education designed to fit her for her place in a secure and ordered world. She came out, she graduated from Vassar, she travelled. Now, keenly aware of social trends and changing thought, she plans quite a different sort of education for her own two daughters. Her husband is Julian Street, Jr.

August Derleth has been writing since he was thirteen and publishing since he was fifteen. He is now twenty-four. He lives in Sauk City, Wis., and draws most of his material from there and from its twin city, Prairie du Sac.

Jo Pagano says of himself: "My early years were complicated by three ambitions, to be a boxer, in imitation of my oldest brother; to be a painter, in imitation of the unknown painter who rendered the pastoral scene which graced

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the calendar that embellished our kitchen; and to be a writer in imitation of—well, I'm afraid the last was my own idea. In the course of my twenty-eight years I have worked at a variety of occupations, ranging from art 'critic' and commercial illustrator to clerk in a vegetable market." He is now at work on a novel.

Caroline Gordon is a writer of short stories and author of the novel *Penhally* and the recently published *Aleck Maury: Sportsman.* She has done much newspaper writing, both in Chattanooga and in New York.

Bertrand Russell is—Bertrand Russell. Though he has written, among other things, many learned documents on mathematics, in which he specialized at Cambridge, and a book on *The Practice and Theory of Bolshevism,* he is probably best known in this country for having been a conscientious objector in England during the War, for his book *Marriage and Morals,* and for his system of nursery schools.

Morgan Farrell is an industrial engineer whose hobbies are ships and aviation. He has designed and constructed plants for the Willys-Overland Co., Seneca Falls Mfg. Co., and others. During the War he was Major of Engineers. He has written for numerous publications and edited several engineering journals.

Grace Flandrau is one of the hardest people in the world to keep track of. One day you may telephone her in Connecticut, where she spent this summer, and find the next week that she is in France, Mexico, or the Congo. At present she is in her native St. Paul, Minn.

Answers to Brain-Testers III

(from page 384)

The numbers for the first seven questions are listed as they should appear in the parenthesis.

Question 1: 2, 6, 4, 7, 8.
2: 4, 5, 7, 1, 8.
3: 2, 7, 4, 5, 8.
4: 4, 3, 6, 8, 2.
5: 4, 3, 7, 1, 2.
6: 8, 5, 6, 2, 7, 1, 3, 8.
7: 3, 2, 4, 4, 1, 5, 2, 4, 4.
8: 1.
9: 4.
10: 3.
11: 1.
12: 2.
13: 1.
14: O.
15: +.
16: +.
Question 17: O.
18: +.
19: +.
20: O.
21: +.
22: O.
23: +.
24: O.
25: O.

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Courtesy of *Electricity on the Farm*

FARMERS want electricity. Someone has counted 140 ways in which electric power relieves the drudgery of farm work. Yet, only 25,000 farms have been electrified since 1931. More than three times that number were electrified in single previous years. Eighty-eight per cent of all farms are still without electric service from central plants.

Utilities realize that farm electrification is one of their best fields for service. But their efforts in this direction have been hampered by their inability to raise money for rural line extensions. Increasing taxes, government competition, and forced rate reductions so injure the credit of utilities that investors hesitate to put money into this industry.

Farm electrification is of especial importance to areas served by the Associated System. Of 4,000 communities served, only 86 have more than 10,000 population.

• • •

Have you read the discussion of utility security holders' problems in the October Associated Magazine? Copies may still be obtained at 10c each from Associated Magazine, Inc., Ithaca, N. Y.

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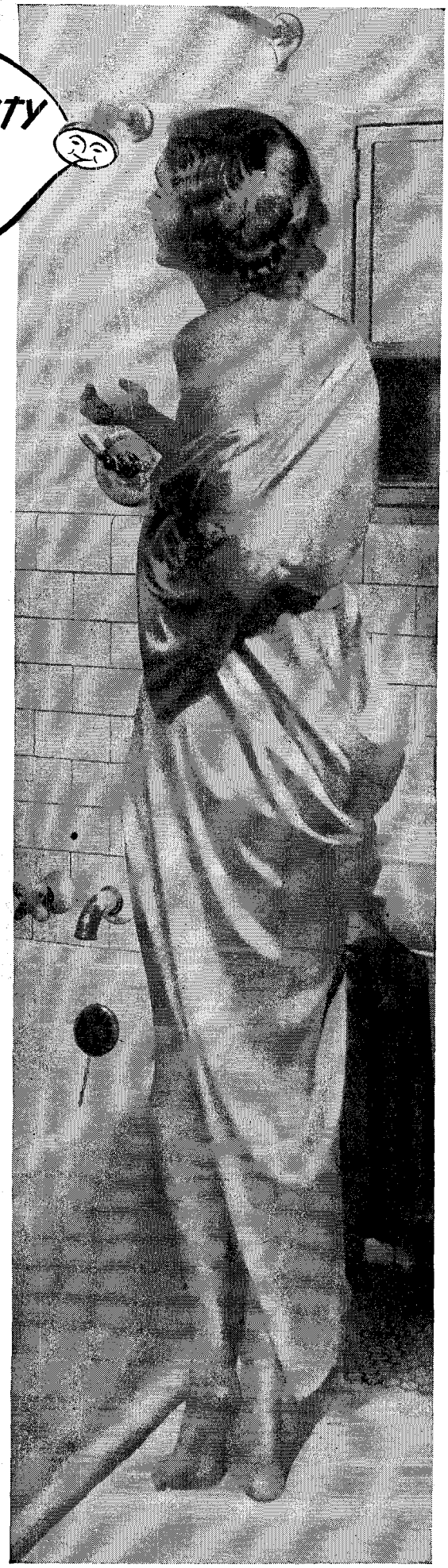

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In every Statler Hotel, hot water is constantly kept at a safe temperature by automatic control, inspected regularly by an Engineer, as shown above.

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This may seem a "little thing". Many hotels do not provide it. But it is further proof of how Statler Hotels accept, as a duty, the constant protection of your health and comfort . . . the provision of every feature essential to *complete* satisfaction.

While we're in the bathroom, let's look at some other "little things". There's a towel hook placed at convenient height so you won't have to grope overhead with water dripping from your hands and face ... a water mixer valve to regulate the temperature of the shower with a simple twist of your wrist. The shower itself is something you've probably taken for granted ...but few hotels have followed the Statlers' lead in providing a shower in *every* bath.

Space permitting, we could list dozens of such things..."little things" we have discovered in our pursuit of perfection in hotel service. Clean, new pen points, both "stub", and "fine"... fresh, free-flowing ink ...a pin cushion with its quick-repair supply of buttons, pins and *threaded* needles ...a gadget for hanging trousers properly ...the convenient desk calendar... tourist and visitor's city map... a generous supply of stationery, both business and social ...a telephone-attached memorandum pad, etc., etc.

And when it comes to slumber, no one could be more solicitous than we of your comfort. You lie on a luxurious inner-spring *hair* mattress, with its protector pad to give unusual smoothness. Your downy pillows are sheathed in sanitary inner slips as well as snowy-white outer ones. You sleep better because we have thought of such things as sound-proof floor and wall construction... felted, double connecting doors... controlled volume of your neighbor's radio... supply carts with rubber tires and bumpers... even an ingenious device outside your door to tell employees the room is occupied and the door locked.

Some of these things you get at *some* hotels. *All* of them you'll get only at a Statler. To them we add an unparalleled service, rendered by a staff of selected, trained employees.

We could go on and on... telling about "little things" and big things, too. But from whatever angle we approach our story, the conclusion is the same: Statler Hotels are fulfilling a self-assigned obligation to pioneer in the development of new ideas that will continually add to the pleasure of staying at these hotels... and to give you *complete* hotel service — Statler Service.

Ernest M. Statler

PRESIDENT

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